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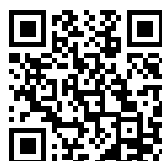
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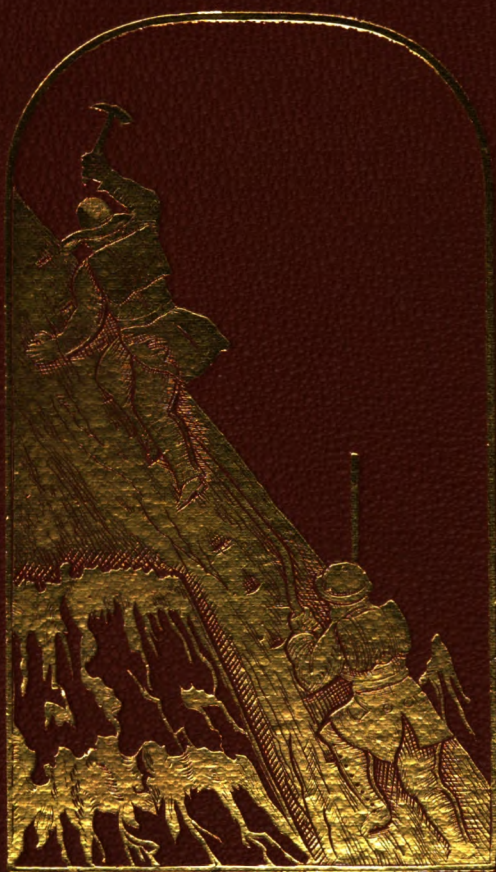
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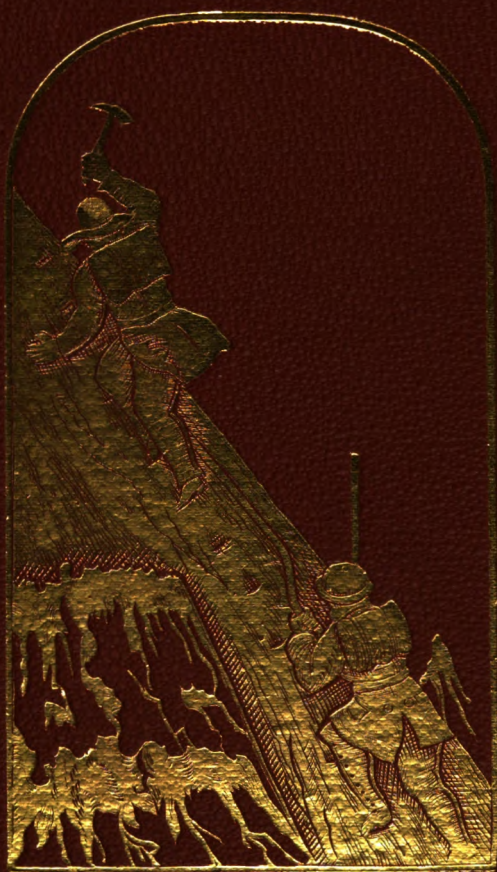
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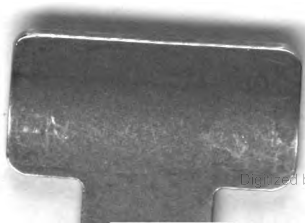
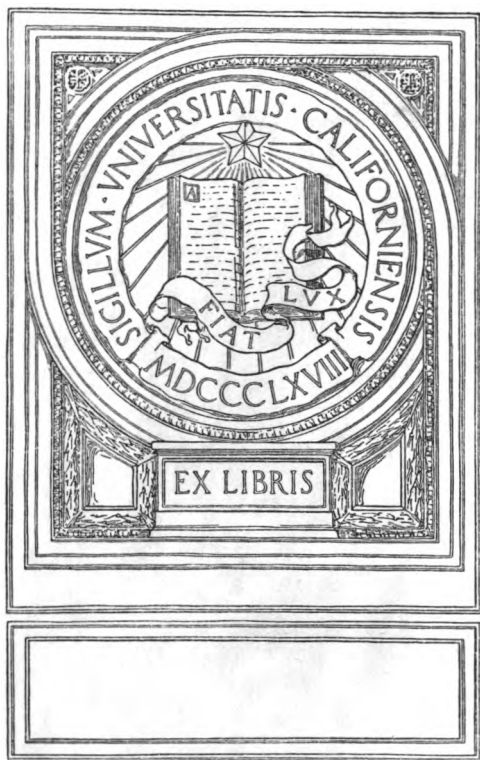
















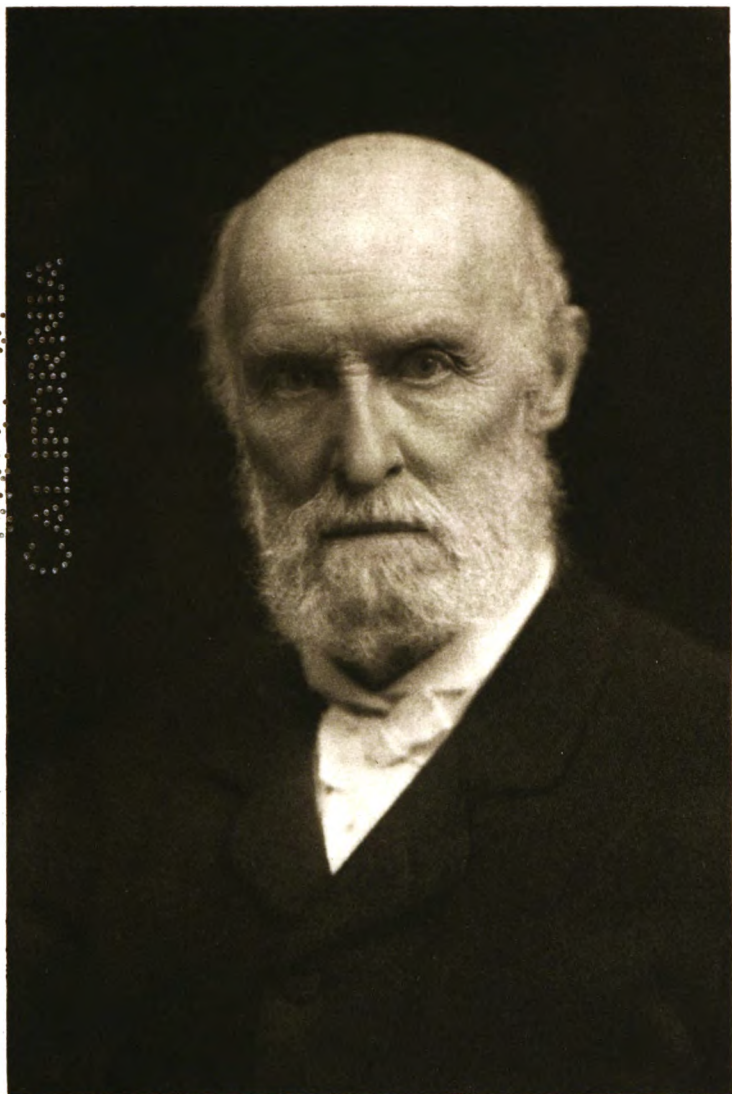
**THE ALPINE JOURNAL**

**VOL. XXX. Nos. 211-213**



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*Photo. Elliott & Fry.*

*Rev. John Llewelyn Davies, D.D.*  
*Original member of the Alpine Club.*

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## ADDITION TO LIST OF MEMBERS SERVING IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

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## THE SOUTHERN FRONTIERS OF AUSTRIA.

By DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD.

(Read before the Alpine Club, December 13, 1915.)

**H**ISTORIANS and poets, amongst others, Livy, Tacitus, and Petrarch, have apostrophised the Alps as the citadel or the rampart of Italy. But this claim is surely inconsistent with the facts. In the earliest times of which we have any record the Gauls, Livy tells us, had already crossed the Western Alps and dwelt on both sides of them. The plains of the Po were known to the Romans as Gallia Cisalpina. It was the Apennine, running transversely across the peninsula from the Gulf of Genoa to where the slender stream of the Rubicon trickles into the Adriatic, that was for centuries both the real and official limit of Italy. Its invaders from the north, from Hannibal and Hasdrubal to Francis I. of France and Napoleon, found ways over the Alps for their armies. In modern history the same state has at many times and in many places held the country on either side of the mountains. To take only one or two of the most conspicuous examples, we

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find in the past the Holy Roman Empire, Burgundy, and the dominions of the House of Savoy, at the present day Switzerland and Austria, disregarding the Alpine watershed in their political boundaries.

One reason for the failure of the Alps to serve as a protection to Italy from northern invasions may be found in the fact that, since the fall of the Roman Empire, the Italians have seldom been masters of the southern approaches to their crest. A mountain region—the Alps are no single range—may serve, at any rate temporarily, as a good defence to those who hold it strongly up to the summit ridge. The Alps are proving so now in the case of Austria. But if you hold only the lower slopes on one side it may be more of a snare than a support. In popular estimation the importance of mountains in warfare has been exaggerated; they play as a rule but a secondary part, and mostly a preliminary one. The decisive battles of history, as many strategists have pointed out, are fought in the plains.

To-night, however, my task is not to deal with the Alps as a whole, but with the portion of them that serves as the political frontier of Austria, the mountains that stretch from the easternmost wedge of Switzerland to the head of the Adriatic. In its western section the Austro-Italian frontier, as at present defined, coincides roughly with the southern limits of the former Prince-bishopric of Trent. This district, properly known as the Trentino, has (with a disregard of ethnological, linguistic, and historical facts the motives of which are obvious) been renamed by Austrian officialism, 'Süd-Tirol.' I shall next say something of the continuation of the frontier eastwards through the Carnic Alps, the range that overlooks the flats of Friuli. Of all this country I can speak with more or less of personal knowledge. With the Trentino, in particular, I have been familiar in all its recesses for the last half-century. It is fifty-one years since I was one of the first party to reach its highest peak, the Presanella (11,800 feet), anticipating by a few weeks the R.G.S. Gold Medallist, the late Julius Payer, of Arctic fame. Payer described his own work in the then unmapped Adamello and Ortler districts in more than one article in *Petermanns Mittheilungen*.

In 1875 I published a volume named 'Italian Alps,' which dealt in great part with the fascinating valleys and fantastic peaks of this, the most beautiful of the many beautiful thresholds of Italy.

Politically my title 'Italian Alps' was no doubt incorrect, though we trust it will not long remain so. But for the sake of anyone who may be inclined to dispute its geographical

accuracy I will quote the reasoned opinion of that high authority, the late Dr. Ratzel, of Leipzig. The following are the sentences in which he summarises his views :—

‘ It must not be overlooked that the Swiss Central Alps are not flanked by a developed South Alpine system such as that which first rises to importance in the Bergamasque Alps. This constitutes a distinct Italian Alpine land, which extends through the Brescian, Vicentine, and Venetian Alps to the western slopes of the Julian Alps. The Western Alps Italy shares with France ; the Central Alps with Switzerland ; the Southern Alps, where they stand out as an independent group, are wholly Italian ’ ( ‘ ganz Italienisch ’ ).

Yes ; Italian they are, and their peculiar charm lies in the combination they display of Italian space and serenity with Alpine grandeur. There is a delightful element of surprise when the wide harmonious sweep of the landscape is interrupted by the strange shapes of the spires and obelisks that suddenly surge up above the lower hills. The eyes of the traveller, in place of being confined between two mountain walls, wander out into great distances, over wide expanses, and his imagination follows them to recall past rambles, or anticipate fresh adventure.

The district south of the Ortler group, the country between the Stelvio Pass and Botzen on the north and Brescia and Verona on the south, is, I repeat, from the picturesque point of view one of the most varied and fascinating districts in the Alps. Its charm is due not so much to the height of its peaks, which do not quite reach 12,000 feet, as to their variety ; granite walls and glacier curtains facing dolomitic towers and pinnacles of the strangest forms. At the feet of the mountains lie open valleys rich in all the luxuriance of southern foliage and studded with prosperous villages ; it is a land of maize and vines, of fertile slopes linked by wild gorges through which the rivers cut a devious way for themselves out of the mountains. Seen from any moderate eminence the hilltops compose instead of confining and bounding the landscape ; they spread out their broad backs to the sunshine instead of cutting it off. In place of striking against one predominant range our gaze sweeps across twenty surging ridges and wanders in and out of a hundred hollows, distinct or veiled according as the sun or shadow falls on them, until it meets on the horizon the snows of the Adamello or the spires of the Dolomites.

I must deal more in particular with the chief features of this district—the Western Trentino—since they have, I believe, had a material influence on the strategy of the campaign.

East of the Lake of Como, extending as far as the junction of the Adige and the Eisack at Botzen, a continuous range, roughly parallel to the watershed of the Alps, separates the two longitudinal valleys of the Adda and the Upper Adige (the Vintschgau) from the waters flowing more directly to the Lombard plain. Beginning in the Bergamasque Alps, this water-parting is continued in the great spurs of the Ortler group. But south of this range and east of Lago d'Iseo the eyes rest on three lofty ridges, running transversely to the general trend of the Alps—running, that is, north and south. The western ridge, separated from the mountains behind and north of it by the depression of the Tonale Pass, culminates in the Adamello group, a noble mass of snow and ice with glaciers 12 miles broad, crowned by three peaks of over 11,000 feet, the southernmost outposts of the Eastern Alps. From their summits the climber lookswest to the far-off Monte Viso and away south over the battlefield of Solferino to 'the line of the olive-sandalled Apennine.'

This crest, gradually falling in height till it sinks into the plain near Brescia, forms the boundary between the Trentino and Lombardy. The only carriage road over it is that of the Tonale Pass, obviously a point of high strategic value.

Immediately south of the Tonale and Val di Sole, and in the very heart of the Adamello group, lies one of the noblest of the high valleys of the Alps, the Val di Genova. In glaciers and precipices it rivals the vale of Lauterbrunnen, in waterfalls and primeval forests it surpasses its Swiss rival. Rising in true granitic fashion in successive steps, it presents at each step a waterfall in addition to those that pour down its sides from hidden icefields. It is in its whole length without a village or permanent inhabitants; the only dwellings until a few years ago were the summer chalets, which in this region still retain the classical name of mandra or mandrone. In winter it is left to the bears, who were a few years ago fairly numerous. An old hunter whose exploits are recorded by Payer boasted of having slain twenty bears and 350 chamois.

According to local legend, as recorded in the Year-book of the Trentino Alpine Club, the Council of Trent availed itself of this mountain fastness as a place of banishment for the witches of the countryside. The familiar spirits with whom they had been on good terms did not desert their friends, and the neighbourhood was reputed to be infested by lively young devils, invisible by day but apt to break out at night on the belated hunter or herdsman who lingered too long in their haunts.

‘Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.’

In the last twenty years the devils have disappeared, driven away by the members of the Leipzig branch of the German Alpine Club, which has erected a substantial hut, or rather barrack, above the head of the valley. This has been used by the Austrians as a base in attempts (of which more hereafter) to turn the Tonale.

Between the Adamello range and the Lower Adige we find two parallel troughs and two ridges, all running north and south. There is the ridge of the Brenta Group, starting from the south side of Val di Sole, culminating in the fantastic dolomite crags of the Cima Tosa (10,420 feet) and its neighbours, and stretching down to Salo on Lago di Garda. It is broken in two places, by the formidable gorges of the Sarca, and, further south, by the hollow in which nestles the charming little Lago di Ledro, a Cumberland tarn transported to Italy. But this latter gap is ineffectual for strategic aims, for it is closed by the abrupt precipices that fall on the head of Lago di Garda behind Riva. Still further east and immediately overhanging the trough of the Adige the long ridge of Monte Baldo (7210 feet), precipitous on its eastern side, reaches from the gorge that gives access to Val di Non down to Verona. It is, however, crossed by a railway and two carriage roads through narrow passes strongly fortified.

But it is not until we come to consider the drainage system of the district, and its distinctive and singular feature, the zigzag course of the Sarca, that we shall fully realise the nature of the obstacles that meet an invader who wants to get to the Adige valley and Trent. It may be relatively easy for a force advancing from the south to penetrate the Giudicaria over the low watershed that separates the Chiese and the Sarca, but it finds no sure means of progressing eastward.

[C] Of the two troughs the western has at its head the broad meadows of the Campo di Carlomagno, which afford easy access to Val di Sole. Through its middle portion, Val Rendena, a sunny vale clothed in maizefields and chestnut woods and sprinkled with prosperous villages, runs the Sarca, until at Tione the river turns east and the natural course of the valley is interrupted by a low hill (2280 feet), on the other side of which the stream of the Chiese flows to Lago d’Idro and the plain through a district known as the Giudicaria, from certain rights granted by the Bishops of Trent to its inhabitants. The eastern trough, also open at its head behind the Lake of Molveno—a spot some day to be frequented for the sake of the

view of the Brenta dolomites reflected in its bright waters—receives the Sarca on its exit from the gorges and leads it past Arco to the Lago di Garda, there to be re-formed from a mountain torrent into the smooth-flowing Mincio.

Now you may grasp why an invader attacking the Trentino from the west must strike north or south of the Adamello glaciers by the Tonale or the Giudicaria. If he takes the Tonale he is liable to be attacked in flank from the broad uplands in which the two troughs end, at Campiglio and Molveno, or to be checked later on in the narrow defile where the Noce issues into the Adige valley.

If he comes up from Brescia by Val Ampola past Lago d'Idro the low water-parting between him and the upper Sarca is insignificant, but his way east is more or less barred by the precipices that overhang Riva, and further up by the defiles of the Sarca. And then, even if master of the head of Lago di Garda, he has in front of him the high and steep crest that rises immediately west of the Adige valley and cuts him off from Trent and Rovereto.

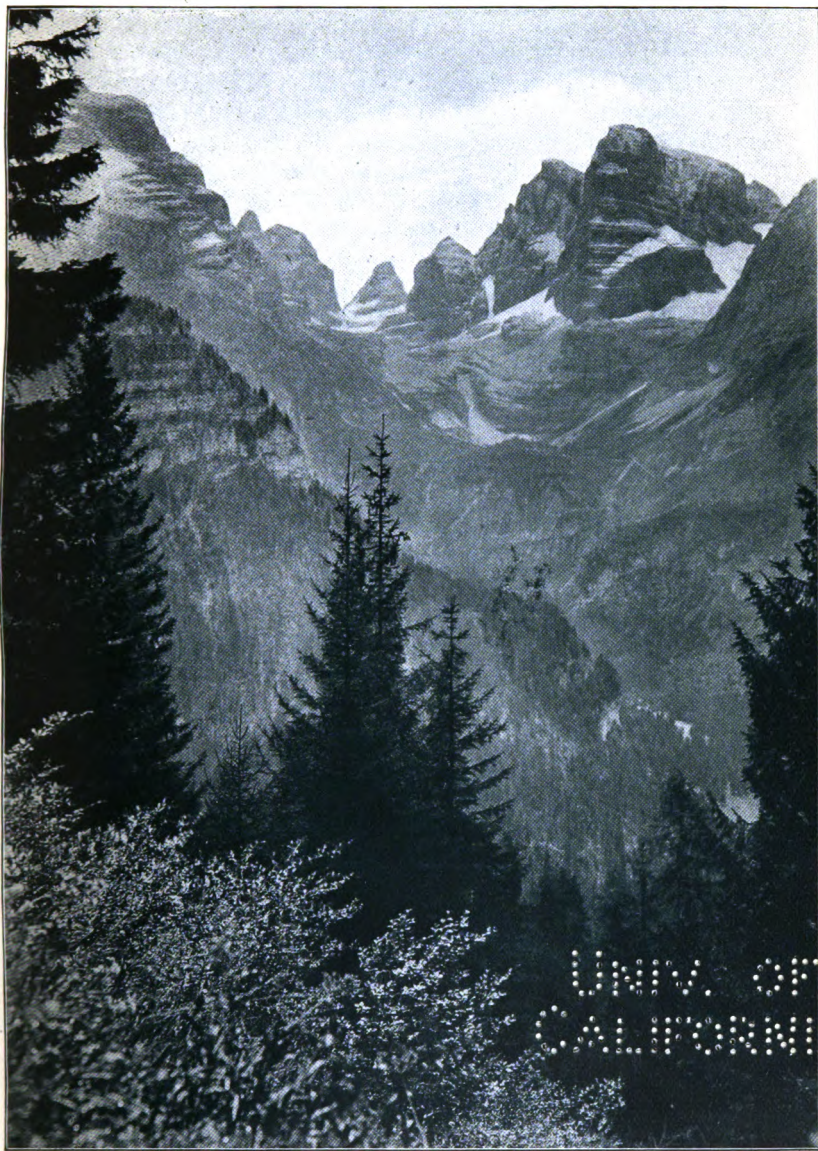
There seem to me, therefore, to be substantial reasons for no serious invasion of the Trentino having been as yet undertaken from this quarter. The Italian aim, except near the head of Lago di Garda, where they have apparently got possession of the Ledro and Riva-Mori gaps, would seem to be limited to occupying a certain number of the enemy's troops by glacier incursions which, if they are not very serious war, are certainly magnificent.

Before I go further I must deal with the frontier question. Here I must ask your attention to the maps, on which are shown (1) the present boundaries of the Trentino; (2) the new boundary claimed by the Italian Government in Baron Sonnino's despatch of April 8 last; (3) that offered in reply on behalf of Austria by Baron Burian; and (4) the boundary claimed on popular Italian maps.

For the last hundred years the Austrian Government has no longer recognised 'the Trentino' as a political expression. The former territory of the bishopric has been merged in a district of South Tyrol,<sup>1</sup> including the portion of Tyrol lying south of the Alpine watershed, with the towns of Botzen, Meran, Brixen, and Brunecken.

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<sup>1</sup> I adhere to the form Tyrol for the reasons given in the note to my book *The Italian Alps*, which still seem to me good. Mr. Coolidge, a sound authority, supports this view against his editor in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.



*Sydney Spencer, photo.*

*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

BOCCA DI BRENTA,  
from the Pass to the Malga Ritorto, from Campiglio.



70. 1911  
1911. 1911

In the recent negotiations the official Italian claim was a frontier running along the eastern spur of the Ortler group to a point above the Adige halfway between Meran and Botzen. Here it crossed the valley and ran across the uplands that lie in the fork between the Adige and the Eisack, a region of broad pastoral hills and farmhouses with the wide thatched roofs made familiar to us by Titian's drawings. The line crossed the Eisack at Klausen, a name significant of an important strategic fact, and then ran up the ridge south of the Grödnerthal. Approaching near the Falzarego Pass the present frontier, it diverged from it again to give the Ampezzo district, Cortina and its surroundings, to Italy.

The merits of this frontier, from the Italian point of view, are obvious. It gives the command of the entrance to the Vintschgau, the valley of the Upper Adige, and also, and more important, of the gorge of the Eisack at Klausen with the issue of the Brenner and Pusterthal railways. It is, moreover, identical with the frontier of the bishopric from A.D. 1106 to the date of the Reformation, and with that which recommended itself to Napoleon in 1810 as the limit of his kingdom of Italy.

East of the Tagliamento a new frontier, giving to Italy a line beyond the Isonzo, Gorizia and Gradisca, with the approaches to Trieste, was demanded. This line is shown in detail on my map.<sup>2</sup>

In the substitute finally offered by Austria <sup>3</sup> (a slight advance

\* There are several serious mistranslations in the English version of Baron Sonnino's despatch of April 8, 1915. The note to Article 1 should be translated as follows: 'The new frontier leaves the existing frontier at Monte Cevedale; follows at first the spur between Val Venosta (the Vintschgau) and Val di Noce (the Nonsberg), then descends on the Adige at Gargazzone between Meran and Botzen, reascends on to the high ground on its left bank, cuts in half Val Serentina (Sarnthal), and the valley of the Isarca (Eisack) at La Chiusa (Klausen), and running through the dolomitic district on the right bank of the Avisio, so as to leave out the Gardona (Grödnerthal) and Badia (Abteithal) valleys, but to include the Ampezzo valley, rejoins the existing frontier.' I have inserted the German local names.

In Article 2, in place of 'the track of the Chiappovano' read 'the hollow.' The Chiappovano is a waterless glen (see Ball's *Alpine Guide*).

<sup>2</sup> See *Italian Greenbook*, p. 93. This differs substantially from the terms stated and guaranteed by the German Chancellor on May 18, 1915. These are correctly quoted by Mr. Buchan in his *History of the War*, vol. vii.

on a previous proposal) the frontier line deviated from the eastern spur of the Ortler at the Illmenspitze, some 16 miles from Monte Cevedale, and ran down south along a tributary of the Noce to that river, which it followed nearly to its junction with the Adige. East of the Adige it followed with minor deviations the ridge west of the Avisio to the Latemar, then crossing Val Fiemme below Moena, ran south of Val di San Pellegrino to abut on the old frontier just north of Paneveggio and the peaks of Primiero. By this proposal Austria would have retained an outpost only 12 miles north of Trent, and would have commanded not only the upper valleys of the Adige and Eisack but also the entrance to the Val di Non and the route of the Tonale Pass. The line corresponds roughly with the frontier of the Bishopric previous to the twelfth century. Austria further refused to give up the Fassa and Anpezzo districts, or to make any rectification of frontiers in the Carnic Alps.

According to the popular Italian claim, drawn on the principle that the basins of all the streams that flow into the Adriatic should belong to Italy, the frontier would run from the Malser Heide (4596 feet), one of the lowest, and also one of the most frequently overlooked of Alpine passes, along the icy crests of the Ötztal and Stubai Ferner to the Brenner, and then along the Tauern ridge past the Gross Venediger to the Drei Herrn Spitze; there it would turn sharply south along the low bank that divides the sources of the Eisack and the Drave and gain the ridge of the Carnic Alps, henceforth the water-parting between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. I may mention that a German writer, after careful inquiry, can find no historical connection for the name Venediger. It occurs for the first time in a document of 1797. The story that Venice can be seen from the top is quite groundless.

These various frontiers illustrate very aptly a subject we discussed here last session, the difficulties involved in any decision as to what is a practical and expedient frontier. How in the case of the Trentino are physical, linguistic, racial, commercial, and strategic considerations to be reconciled?

The watershed of the Alps may seize on popular imagination as the ideal natural frontier. The Vetta d'Italia the Italians call it, and they may quote Dante's

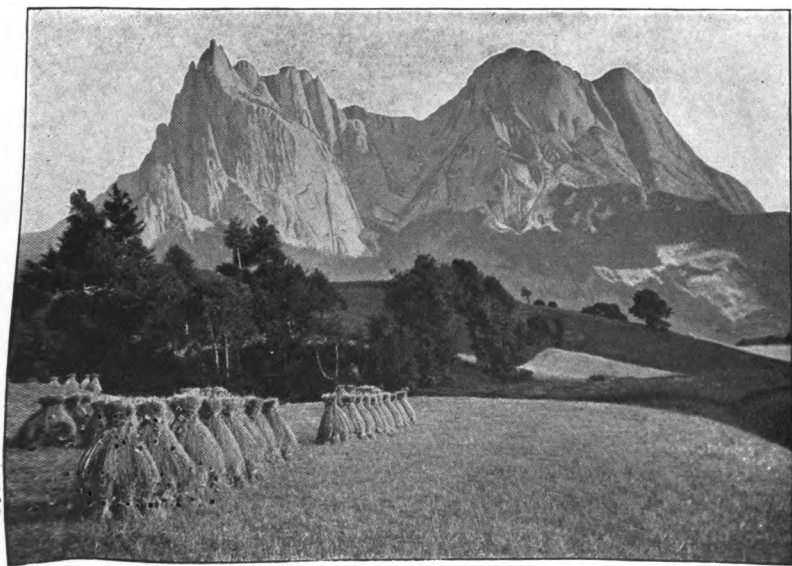
'. . . l'Alpe che serra Lamagna  
'Sopra Tirallo,'

for Schloss Tyrol, which gave its name to the country, stands north of Meran. But in this region it altogether fails as a

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IN THE CARNIC ALPS.



THE SCHLERN.

racial and linguistic one. In the main, and with one important exception, the boundary suggested by Baron Sonnino is a racial and linguistic frontier.<sup>4</sup> The village names of Welsch Metz and Deutsch Metz may seem to indicate the true line of racial division in the Adige valley. But the late John Ball, a high authority in these parts, asserts in 'The Alpine Guide,' and more recent authorities confirm the statement, that the tide of Italian emigration has flowed upwards to the vicinity of Botzen. Botzen itself, however, though from A.D. 1106 to the middle of the sixteenth century it formed part of the Bishopric of Trent, is undoubtedly Teutonic in its language and its architecture, if not in its landscape. I note in passing that Baron Burian on April 30 last made to the Italian ambassador the remarkable statement that the population of Val Fassa and Ampezzo was 'not Italian but Ladinian, and attached to Austria with all the strength of its soul.' But Ladinian—a race and dialect akin to the Romansch of Graubünden—has no Teutonic affinity; and as to 'soul'—well, perhaps our enemies are hardly in a position to ask us to accept their judgment on questions of soul.

The Ampezzo district, if once Ladin, is now practically Italian. Mr. Ball wrote, 'The narrow glen that holds the Toblacher See serves as a portal between German Pusterthal and the Italian population of Ampezzo.' That Cortina has of late years been tied to Austria by such bonds as are created by a crowd of hotel-keepers and tourists is undeniable. But these bonds are surely of the pocket rather than of the soul!

As to the political sentiments of the population of the Trentino a Swiss writer may be allowed to be a fairly impartial witness. 'The South Tyrolese,' writes Dr. Walder, 'incline to Italy; their aspirations for self-government are notorious, and they have for years directed their efforts with the aim to be constituted a separate province, apart from North Tyrol. A great portion of the population, like that of Trieste and the coast territory, favours Irredentism—that is, annexation to Italy.'<sup>5</sup>

Since in 1866 a sudden armistice snatched, or seemed to snatch, this region out of the grip of the advancing Italians when their forces were within a few miles of Trent, the Trentino has been the most keenly coveted portion of 'Italia irredenta.'

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<sup>4</sup> See, for figures of the proportion of the Italian and German population in the Trentino in 1910 taken from the official census, the postscript at the end of this paper.

<sup>5</sup> *Jahrbuch des Schweizer Alpenclub*, vol. xxxviii.

Its population has reciprocated the national sentiment. Their feeling found very various and sometimes ingenious ways of expression. A nameless peak was called *Cima Roma*. In vain did the Austrian engineers try to fix the title of Kaiser Franz Josef Spitze on the *Cima Brenta*, one of my first ascents in the Dolomites west of the Adige. Caustic was the local criticism when the foreign surveyors turned '*Vallesinella*' into *Val Asinella*, 'the valley of the little donkey.' Let me add one more instance of an ingeniously covert expression of aversion to their rulers. The walls of village inns in this part of the Alps are apt to be decorated by coloured prints either of a hunter's funeral, in which all his victims take part, or of Bible subjects. In *Val di Sole* I came one day on a series devoted to St. Mary Magdalen. In the first, representing her life before her conversion, she was depicted in the company of a gay group of officers in full Austrian uniform.

Before I proceed to deal with the fighting of the last five months I would say a few words as to the history of the Trentino and the ways of traffic running through it. These high valleys of the Alps were subdued by Drusus, a feat commemorated by Horace. *Val di Non* still recalls the '*Genauni*' of the well-known ode. The Antonine Itinerary mentions the Roman road from Trent to Innsbruck, the Brenner. The Bishopric of Trent was severed from Italy A.D. 1027, and transferred to the empire by Conrad II. Its double character, imperial politically, Italian nationally, coupled with its convenient position on a great highway, earned for Trent the distinction of being the seat of the famous Council.

In all ages the Trentino, the southern approach to the Brenner, has been a channel of communication between the regions north and south—Central Europe and Mediterranean Europe—as well as a frontier-land. As a pass the Brenner had many recommendations. The gap it crosses is broad, easy, and below the tree-level (4490 feet). It is open for many months to wheel traffic. The pass was traversed by armies no less than forty-three times between A.D. 951 and 1251. Frederick II. crossed it three times in October. De Saussure, in one of his letters, expressing a fear that Mt. Cenis might be impassable owing to the early season, writes of the Brenner as the obvious alternative, ignoring all the Swiss passes. Again, owing to the configuration of the Eastern Alps, the multitude of their parallel ridges running east and west, it is the last pass towards the east by which the mountain region can be traversed by

crossing a single ridge. But in early times, before roads were made, this counted for less, as a gorge might often be more of an obstacle than a reasonable hill, and for travellers who took this view the Brenner had an attraction in the number of by-routes that branched from it on either side. If up to the fourteenth century and the construction of the Kuntersweg the defile of Klausen above Botzen was a formidable hindrance to traffic, the merchants of Nuremberg and Augsburg could find other paths for their pack-horses. They may have had a further reason for avoiding the main valleys of the Inn, the Eisack, and the Adige. One of the great hindrances to travel on all the Alpine passes was the number of the tolls levied by the owners of the castles that lined the road. A circuit through the remoter vales might in many cases be preferable to the high-way. For those who did not mind a double hill there were on the north the Arlberg and the passes of the Bavarian Alps. On the south from Sterzing travellers might cross over the Jaufen Pass (now a carriage road) and descend through the Passeyer Thal to Meran, and then go on by Val di Non and the Tonale, or through Val Rendena and the Giudicaria, to Brescia or Milan. Or from Brixen they might turn left up the Pusterthal and go through Ampezzo by the Strada d'Allemagna to Belluno and Venice, or from Trent they could pass by Val Sugana and through Bassano and Castelfranco to the City in the Sea. The Hospices of Campiglio and San Martino are relics of these by-ways of commerce.

Holy Roman Emperors took these hill-roads from time to time. In the twelfth century Barbarossa, later Maximilian, marched past Edolo and down through the Val Camonica to Lago d'Iseo. Dante, the destruction of whose statue at Trent has furnished yet another illustration of Teutonic *Kultur*, mentions Val Camonica and writes of the thousand streams that flow down from the Alps between it and Garda, to lose their waters in the great lake and re-issue from it as the Mincio. That lovely lake, Lago d'Iseo, has fallen out of fashion since Lady Mary Wortley Montagu lived at Lovere, celebrated its beauties, and compared the landscape (oddly enough) with that of Tunbridge Wells. But it has a rustic charm which is lacking to the bedizened loveliness of Como. At its head the glaciers of the Adamello look down on arcaded towns, villages with landing-places aglow with oleanders, and hills wrapped in fold on fold of chestnut forest. According to a legend, supported, I fear, by no contemporary evidence, but embodied in at least three local inscriptions copied in the sixteenth century



from earlier records, a greater than Barbarossa, Charles the Great, once took this way. These inscriptions are found at the church of San Stefano in Val di Genova, at Monno in Val Camonica, and at Monte Cala near the head of the Lago d'Iseo. They pretend to record with much picturesque and circumstantial detail how the emperor with his knights and a train of bishops marched through the mountains, destroyed the castles of the robber-chiefs (*pagans* they are called—Arians ?) and converted them by violence to the true faith. The story finds some confirmation in the name Campo di Carlo Magno given to the pastures at the head of Val Rendena. Dr. Scheffel, who has studied the original authorities, is of opinion that they contain no evidence necessarily destructive of a tale one would willingly believe.

I will now examine some of the fighting in its local detail. The northernmost point at which the frontiers of Italy and Austria meet, the only point from which Italy looks down on the sources of the Adige, is the Stelvio Pass (9056 feet), the highest carriage-pass in the Alps. But for political considerations this pass would never have come into use. The Wormser Joch, which is close beside it, is 800 feet lower, and less steep. When historical writers refer to the passages of German or Italian princes over the Stelvio they may be taken, as a rule, to mean the lower pass. Even Mr. Buchan, in the seventh volume of his excellent 'History of the War,' falls into this mistake with regard to a French army in 1799. The Wormser Joch (8242 feet) leads to the portion of the Münsterthal that is Swiss territory. Hence when Austria wanted a direct access to Milan she made in 1828-29 the Stelvio road, which climbs in endless zigzags in full view of the noble front of the Ortler Spitze. The Wormser Joch remained a mule-path until A.D. 1900.

The frontiers in this region have, from a geographical point of view, got badly mixed. Switzerland has stolen from Val Tellina the Poschiavo valley ; in the pastoral basin of Livigno, a branch of the Inn valley, Italy holds her largest slice of territory north of the Alps, while in her turn Switzerland has got a bit of the Münsterthal with a source of the Adige.

The Stelvio is of little military use to an invader who does not hold both sides of it. The gorge above the famous Baths of Bormio (mentioned in Leonardo da Vinci's notebooks) supplies Italy with a defensible barrier ; the steep zigzags of the eastern slope can easily be made impracticable to an armed force.

On the summit ridge the beginning of the war found the Austrians firmly planted. From this point round to the Gavia Pass 20 miles or more of continuous glacier clothe a crest, the gaps in which do not fall below 10,000 feet. In old warfare glaciers kept their terrors for soldiers. Although many of the roughest mule-tracks in the Alps were crossed at the most inclement seasons of the year, we hear little of glacier passes even in the fierce mountain fighting of the Napoleonic wars. But in the present war the spread of mountaineering, the introduction of the ski, brought from Norway to Central Europe, and the systematic training both in France and Italy of Alpine regiments, have led to constant fighting above the snow-level. The troops on both sides have put to use the skill learnt in frequent mountain manœuvres. In the Ortler group there is hardly one of the passes invented in the last fifty years by climbers which has not been made use of by these intrepid military raiders.

The Italians starting from Val di Zebbru, a side-glen of Val Tellina, have skirted over peaks of 11,000 feet, making what the Germans call a Grat-wanderung or crest-climb, assailed the Austrians on the top of the Stelvio, and destroyed a climbers' hut under the south ridge of the Ortler. The Austrians have crossed the great glaciers east and west of Monte Cevedale, starting both from Val dei Monti and the Martellthal, and assailed the Italian outposts in Val Cedeh at the foot of the Königspitze. But these 'excursions' and 'alarms,' however adventurous, have led to but small practical results beyond the loss of a certain number of lives and the detention of a portion of the enemy's forces.

The fighting round and about the Tonale Pass, the gap between the Ortler and Adamello snows, has been more serious. But here again no attempt to advance in force would appear to have been made by either side. The fighting has been more or less desultory, though it has occupied a large space in bulletins. Knowing the ground, I am tempted to describe it in some detail as a specimen of much of this mountain warfare.

The Tonale Pass itself (6180 feet) is a very easy carriage road; the top is a broad and flat meadow, the ascent from the east is gradual, the only zigzags are above Ponte di Legno on the Italian side. It is 2110 feet lower than the Stelvio, and in every respect less formidable. In old days the Austrian frontier was guarded only by a small fort. It is now apparently protected by more formidable works, and no direct attack has hitherto been made on it. The endeavours of the com-

batants have been concentrated on annoying one another by flank marches over the mountains. First the Austrians, using as a base the Mandron hut beside the Adamello glaciers, crossed one of them, a march of two or three hours over ice, and swooped down on the detachment at the Garibaldi hut in Val d'Avio, a side-glen of Val Camonica.

Nothing came of this raid, and in due course the Italians retaliated and apparently for a time seized the Mandron hut and fired down on Bedole, the Alp at the head of Val di Genova. On a subsequent occasion, making a much shorter circuit, they assailed the Tonale road through Val Presena, the glen next to the pass on the Val di Sole side.

All these attacks were on the southern flank of the Tonale. On the northern flank the Italians climbed, and dragged artillery on to the Montozzo ridge, 8500-9000 feet above the sea, which overlooks the Val dei Monti, a glen running up from Val di Sole to the snows of the Ortler group. So the struggle has gone on, leaving matters much as they were, and with no great advantage to either side.

In the Giudicaria, where in 1866 the Garibaldians had some minor successes, there has been, as far as I know, no fighting of serious importance. The Italians have made some progress above Lago di Ledro towards Riva, but they have not as yet crossed over to Tione and the Val Rendena, or seized the upper exit of the Sarca gorges.

Along the line of the railway up the main Adige valley a certain advance has been secured. The frontier town of Ala has been occupied, and the forts of Rovereto assailed and damaged. The 'Altissimo,' the northernmost but not the highest top of Monte Baldo, has been gained, and from its brow the Alpini can look down on the head of the Lago di Garda and the towers of Riva. The Italians have not put any war craft on the lake, as was done on Lago Maggiore in 1859, and we may hope that its terraces and lemon gardens will be spared from the horrid devastation that has overtaken so many of the villages and hospices in the higher mountains.

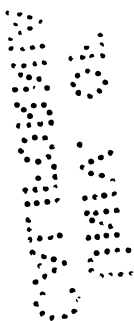
Turning to the frontier of the Trentino east of the Adige, we find that Austria has abandoned two of her outlying districts, apparently without fighting, to the Italian advance. The Red White and Green tricolor floats on the campanile of Cortina and on the ruins of San Martino di Castrozza above Primiero. The modern hotels there we can well spare, but old travellers will miss with regret the venerable hospice with its wide circular chimney-corner, in the centre of which the



*C. Lord, photo.*

TRAFOL.

*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*



logs blazed, while through a narrow window in the external bow a light flashed down the pass to guide the belated wanderer.

The most obvious access to Trent next to that up the Adige Valley is by Val Sugana. This great valley, traversed by the high-road and railway from Trent to Venice by Bassano and Castelfranco, lies between the Monti Lessini, the mountains of Vicenza, and the Dolomites. In its lower portion a long gorge between high walls of rock, it expands near its head into a broad vale embosoming two peaceful lakes. This basin is closed by a low ridge, from which, on the further slope, a steep hillside covered with vineyards and villas drops on to the walls of Trent. Here Italy might have been expected to attempt to repeat the events of 1866. In that year General Medici, after driving the Austrians from their strong position at Primolano, hurried his advance, and had reached Levico, 12 miles only from Trent, when his march was stayed by the armistice which preceded peace. But so far no important success has been recorded in this quarter, and Trent remains unthreatened.

From this gap, due east of Trent, up to the bend of the frontier, where it turns east near the snowy Marmolada, the Queen of the Dolomites, the country is a tangle of glens and ridges. Between these points there are only two carriage roads that cross the frontier, that by San Martino di Castrozza and Paneveggio, and the road from Botzen to Cortina across the mountains by the Karersee and the Falzarego Pass. Desultory fighting, difficult to follow, but in which neither of the combatants—I have had the advantage of reading Tyrolese newspapers as well as the Italian bulletins—claims any decisive successes, has gone on all over this region. The Italians, as their enemies admit, have shown prodigious energy in hoisting guns on to the most difficult heights; on both sides sturdy hill-climbers have vied in stalking one another among the mountain fastnesses—applying to warfare the methods of chamois-hunting.

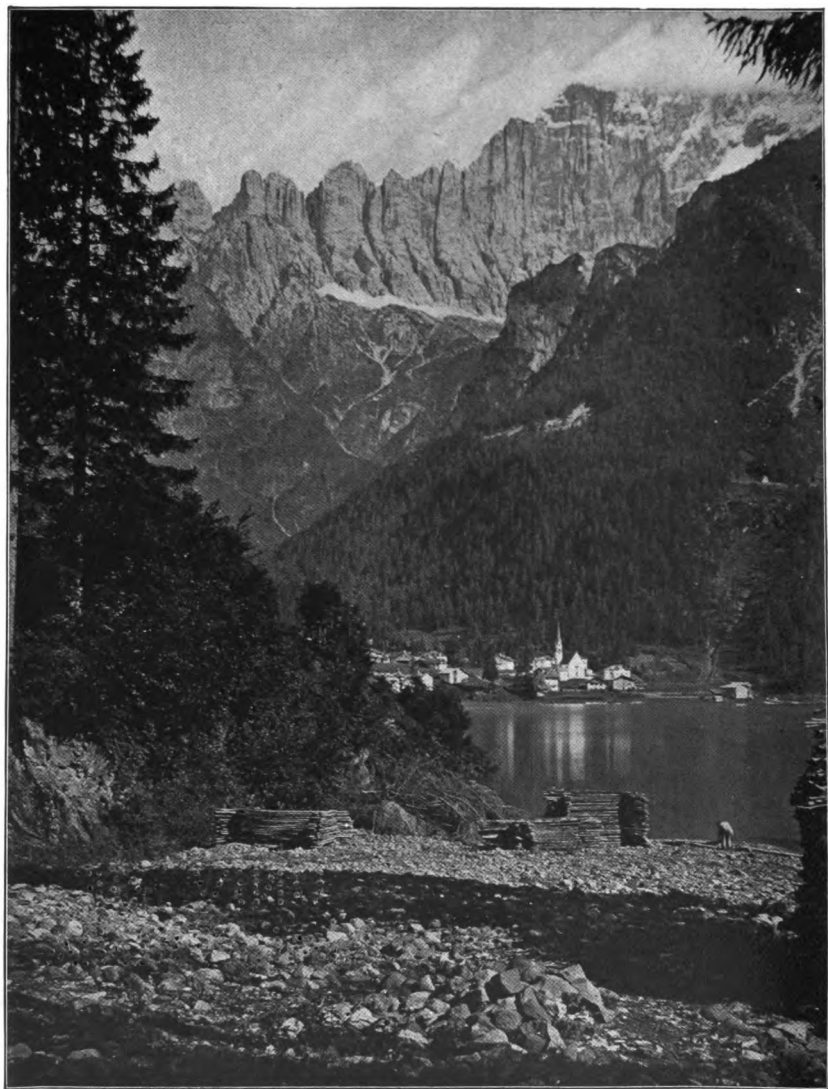
The fighting has been most serious about the road that runs from Botzen eastwards to Cortina. It crosses by several grass-passes from valley to valley. Bear in mind that we must not carry ideas framed on the physical features and landscapes of Switzerland into the Venetian Alps. In the Central Dolomites there is no high continuous ridge rising above the pasture levels. Such expressions as 'great wall' or 'sheer rampart,' which I have read recently, seem to me out of place

when applied to the mountain range south of the Pusterthal. The ascent from Cortina to the crest is less than 1000 feet, the drop to Toblach little more. The Dolomite groups would be correctly figured in the Impressionist maps of which we have so many, not as lines but dots; big dots, no doubt, scattered about in a region of valleys and pastoral heights. The valleys have a way of ending in a low gap instead of a high ridge. Consequently you pass from one to another with relatively little trouble. Here and there frown, like giant castles, the red or grey-gold walls of the great Dolomites, the Pelmo and Antelao, the Civetta and Marmolada, the fantastic Rosengarten, and the incredible Pala. But between them spreads a bevy of green and friendly hills. One of these, the Col di Lana—Col in the Dolomites is from *collis*, and means a hill, not a pass—commanding the Falzarego Pass, has been the scene of furious fighting. The Austrians were at the top, the Italians on its spurs. When I strolled up it years ago in early July, the broad pasture of the Incisa Alp, on which it looks down, was more gloriously arrayed than any Alpine meadow I have ever seen. There were bays of red rhododendrons, pools of the larger gentian (*G. acaulis*), rivers of forget-me-nots, lilies tawny and white, brilliant arnica, fragrant nigritella. It recalled to me the description of the Valley of the Princes on Dante's Mountain of Purgatory. And now this Garden of Proserpine, the haunt of shepherds and peaceful herds, is being defaced by trenches and watered with blood. The pity of it! But the works of Nature will recover more readily than the works of man. The ruins of Rheims will remain through the centuries the shame of Germany. Here a few years, and flowers will cover the trenches and the graves, and there will be only an echo in the valley homes to tell of 'old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago.' Battles, I fear, with relatively small result. The Italians have gained the disputed crest of the Col di Lana, but they are still far from breaking through the hills and bursting out on Brixen or the lower Pusterthal. Could they do so in sufficient force they might cut not only the railway from Lienz and Vienna, but also the Brenner line below Franzensfeste, the great fort that protects the junction of the two railways.

An easier if not more inviting line of attack lies open along the Strada d'Allemagna from Cortina, and from the valleys next it. There is, as I have already said, little or no pass in the more common acceptance of the word between the southern valleys and the Pusterthal. The Tofana and Monte Cristallo

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*C. Lord, photo.*

*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

LAGO D'ALLEGHE AND CIVETTA.

stand up like two Egyptian propylons shadowing the crooked trench through which the high-road runs past Peutelstein and the gloomy Dürrensee. From Cortina to the railroad at Toblach is only 18 miles. Here in June the Italians advanced in three columns—along the high-road, and through Val Travernanzes behind the Tofana, and through Val Grande under the cliffs of Monte Cristallo. In these encounters the Austrians claim that the loss of their opponents was 59 killed and 119 prisoners. Some ground was probably gained, but no really important strategic advantage appears to have been secured. On the east a few miles distant at the Mesurina lake, and on the watershed of the Drave at the Kreuzberg at the head of the Sextenthal, there are low and practicable gaps furnished with carriage roads. Here the Italians hold the crests; from the Misurina lake and the Kreuzberg they have made incursions and harassed the enemy, but no more.

We have now reached the eastern limit of the Trentino.

We must, I think, reviewing as a whole the operations on the Trentino frontier during the first six months of the war, come to the conclusion that the Italian offensive has been intentionally limited to a defensive object. This, without further explanation, may sound paradoxical. General Cadorna has, I believe, striven, and on the whole successfully striven, to secure the positions that were most essential in order to repel possible attacks on Lombardy or Venetia issuing from the Trentine highlands. But, as far as I can judge, he has shrunk hitherto from the cost of life necessary under existing conditions to storm the main Austrian positions that protect Trent and the railways that connect it with the north. Italian impulse is apt in essentials to be tempered by a fund of political discretion. In the national temperament the qualities of a Cavour as well as those of a Garibaldi play their part. But if the daring feats which the Italian troops have accomplished, feats frankly acknowledged by the foe, among the glaciers of the Ortler and the crags of the Dolomites, have not so far led to any great strategic successes, they have more than sufficiently proved the enterprise and the gallantry of our allies.

East of the Sextenthal and Auronzo we enter the zone of the Carnic, or Julian, Alps, lying between the Gail valley on the north and the tributaries of the Tagliamento and the Isonzo on the south. The types of scenery on the two flanks afford a strong contrast. On one side we have green valleys with meadows, pine-forests and trout-streams, broad wooden farmhouses, each standing solitary in its fields, Slavonic in their character :

on the other deep trenches, their naked sides gashed by torrents and landslips, their flat floors a mass of boulders through which, except in flood-time, a scanty stream wanders vaguely from side to side past dark stone-built hamlets. The district is one of the wettest in Europe, and its valleys are appropriately called 'Canali.' The suggestion that this term came from their connection with Venice will not bear examination; it is also in frequent use in the Tuscan Apennine, and in the Cantabrian mountains, the Picos de Europa. It is not till the lower hills on the verge of the flats of Friuli are reached that the landscape shows any touch of Italian luxuriance.

Across this range there have been from Roman (and even earlier) times four separate routes open to tribal migrations, armies, or commerce. Their goal was at one time Aquileia, and at a later period Venice—both marts of Eastern produce and links between the Levant and Central Europe.

The westernmost, the Plöcken Pass (4471 feet), was a Roman road, and large portions of the old paved track still exist. The pass served afterwards, for the commerce of Venice, as a branch of the Brenner. It is very easy and is still traversed by some sort of carriage-road. Like the other passes, it has been the scene of sundry unimportant engagements in the present war. I pass over several little-used gaps in the chain, the names of which may be read on the map in Mr. Buchan's 'History of the War.' I am told on good authority that roads not yet marked on official maps have been built by the Austrians up to their frontier on three of these passes.

With the last three passes on my list, the Pontebba, or Tarvis Pass (2582 feet), the Predil (3829 feet), and the Birnbaumer Wald (2892 feet), we come to the point of greatest weakness in the long Alpine frontier, and consequently of greatest pressure. These passes afford the key to the head of the Adriatic to an invader from the north or east. An Italian army that has mastered them has overcome the chief obstacle on the road to the Danube.

It was from the Birnbaumer Wald that the hordes of the Cimbri threatened Italy. It was in this region that Napoleon, in his brilliant campaign of 1797, forced in a few days the passage of the Alps and opened the march that ended by the peace concluded at Leoben. No contrast can be sharper than that between the slow, ineffectual persistency of modern trench-warfare and the brilliant manœuvres by which Masséna broke at Tarvis the right flank of the Austrians, and cut off the retreat of half their divided force, while Napoleon drove the

rest helter-skelter back over the Isonzo from Gorizia to Laibach. Here, by protracted and very severe fighting, the Italians have mastered the first line of defence, but are still beating against the second. The Italians have attacked Pontebba and approached Tarvis. But they have not as yet won the command of the passes. Nearer the coast they hold the line of the Isonzo; but the resistance of the enemy behind it is, if shaken, unbroken. Despite the most gallant efforts, the entrenched camps of the Austrians still close the lower ground between the mountains and the sea, and bar the approach to the Birnbaumer Wald and the road to Trieste. The Austrians profess to be content to hold the invader until such time as they may have their hands free to take their revenge. It will be for the military critics and historians of the future to explain the reasons for which the more serious efforts of so large an army as the Italian have been, like those of our own in Flanders, concentrated on a single and narrow front.

We must all hope that this strategy may be crowned with success, that at no distant date the lines written by a late Roman poet to celebrate a successful campaign on this very ground may be again applicable :

‘Illa sub horrendis praedura cubilia silvis,  
Illi sub nivibus somni, curaeque, laborque  
Pervigil, hanc requiem terris, haec otia rebus  
Inesperata dabant; illae tibi, Roma, salutem  
Alpinae peperere casae.’<sup>6</sup>

Before I end my paper I am tempted to add some particulars and show a few views relating to another and less-known section of the frontier of Austria: the frontier she acquired by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. In 1907 I travelled along the portion of the frontier that faces the Sanjak of Novi Bazar and Montenegro, following the line of an old and neglected caravan track, now being converted into a military road, by which merchandise from the heart of the Balkan Peninsula could evade the Montenegrin fastnesses and reach Ragusa without making the long circuit by Sarajevo and Mostar. After admiring the beautiful waterfall of Jajce and climbing the heights of the Prenj I visited Sarajevo. From the Bosnian capital I profited by the strategic railroad, of which one branch ends at Visegrad, famous for its Roman bridge, on the Serbian frontier, and the other on the edge of the Sanjak.

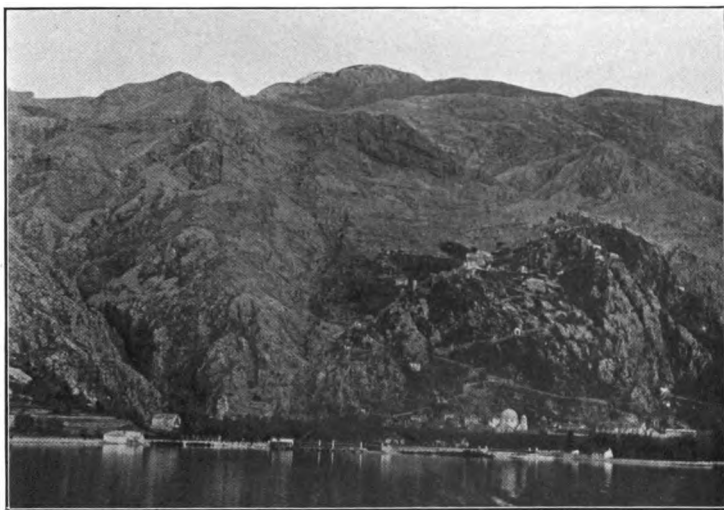
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<sup>6</sup> Claudian, *De Bello Getico*, 359–63.

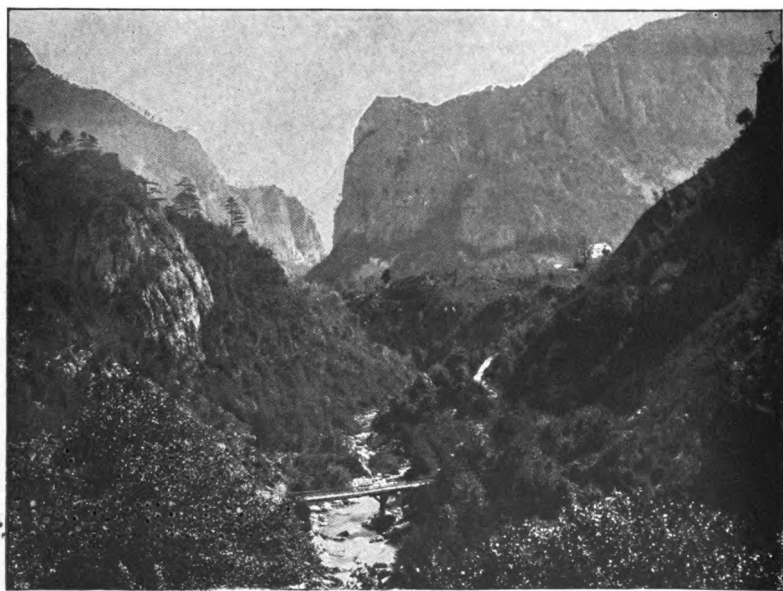
From the station of Ustapraca a good road leads past the prosperous country town of Goražde up the idyllic valley of the Drina, a deep, smooth-flowing stream, whose green waters linger in long, still reaches, on their way to the distant Save and Danube. The district is famous for its fruit gardens and orchards. Pleasant villages nestle among them, and over the orchards rise the homely wooden minarets of Turkish mosques. The Turkish population here gives no trouble. It has been among the Orthodox Serbians that the Austrian Government has found its chief difficulties. Foča, the chief town of the district, was my first sleeping-place. Its name has been often in the newspapers in the last twelve months. The Montenegrins last year came out of the upper valleys about the Drina sources and occupied it for a short time. It is a charming spot; the town itself is still very Turkish in character, a pile of old wooden houses and carved balconies. Its situation in the centre of hospitable hills, and at the meeting of two rivers laden with timber-rafts, is delightful. Its former importance is attested by a mosque far surpassing in architecture and decoration any at Sarajevo. The minaret is of admirable proportions, the porch of noble size, the stone-carving of the pulpit and gallery is exquisite, and the interior is painted with delicate patterns resembling those of the best sixteenth-century Persian tiles and carpets. In the days when the caravans from the centre of the peninsula, going to Ragusa, came this way, Foča must have been a place of much traffic, the last halt before the traverse of the wild gorges and wind-swept uplands of the Herzegovina.

In 1907 the carriage road ended at a bridge over the Drina a few miles from Foča. At that point the old paved Turkish road leaves the river which flows down out of the heart of Montenegro, and climbing along a wooded hillside, dotted with scattered farms, descends again into the valley of a tributary stream. The scenery now grows more mountainous, and glimpses of fine limestone peaks open to the south, amongst them Maglič (7891 feet), over the top of which runs the Montenegrin frontier. After passing a bridge and a Turkish coffee-house the gorge of Sujeska, the most famous of the many Bosnian gorges, is entered. Limestone defiles are apt to be very similar in their features. The special character of the Sujeska is due partly to the very jagged nature of its rocks, and partly to the picturesque way in which they are wooded. Splintered combs bristle on the hillsides; sharp teeth cut against the sky-line. Dark pines with stiff horizontal branches,

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CATTARO.



GORGE OF THE SUJESKA.

like those of a Japanese print, perch upon every ledge, and there is no lack of deciduous foliage to supply autumn tints and lend beauty and variety to the landscape.

In a most romantic site in the very heart of the defile, a day's ride from Foca, stands the blockhouse of Suja, in which a room is reserved for the few, mostly official, travellers. A letter kindly given me by the Governor of Bosnia ensured me admission. Seen by moonlight, the surrounding landscape may perhaps best be described as operatic. But there are no players in the foreground. The only inhabitants of the mountains, besides a few outlaws, are chamois, deer, bears, wolves, and eagles.

Beyond Suja the mountains close still more nearly on the river. At the upper end of the gorge the cliffs touch the stream, and the track is carried for a few yards on a wooden balcony above the water. Here in old days was a castle, a gate, and a toll. The name of the spot, of these impending rocks, Tavernich, sounds familiar. The lines of Dante, in which he emphasizes the thickness of the ice in Hell by telling us that if Pietra Pana or Tavernich were to fall on it, it would not crack—*'non avrea fatto cricch'*—leap into the mind. Pietra Pana is the Pania della Croce of the Carrara Apennine. Have we found the Tavernich which supplied the poet with a rhyme and has worried most of his commentators? Dante may as well have heard from Italian merchants of this remarkable place as of the dykes of Flanders. The suggestion may seem fantastic to some; it did not seem so to the late A. J. Butler, or the Marquis of San Giuliano, both competent Dante scholars.

After this exciting gorge one comes to tamer scenes: an upland vale, pastured by much cattle and countless sheep; whence the track climbs to the watershed, if a ridge that sheds water only on one side can be called a watershed, at the Cernero Pass, 4528 feet. It is a broad, grassy brow, crowned by a large Austrian fort, where the garrison spend long snowed-up winters and shadeless summers. Henceforth there is a fort every few miles all the way to Trebinje. Looking back one sees the limestone peaks of the Maglić and its neighbours. In front stretch the waterless uplands of the Herzegovina, a region where rocky reefs rise in interminable succession, and there is more stone than grass. At Gacko, the first Herzegovinian hamlet, the carriage road begins. Its white houses lie in one of the broad level basins girt by hills characteristic of Karst scenery.

Across these hills for a long day's drive the road winds over



a desolate district, with the tame ridge (4000 to 5000 feet) that marks the edge of Montenegro always within a mile or two on the left. It is a strange, monotonous country, with an air of the Syrian Desert, and, like the Desert, capable of gem-like moments when its grey dress is exchanged for a coat of iridescent atmospheric colours. At last the road descends steeply between heights crowned by high-perched fortresses, and Trebinje comes into sight below. It is a small walled town lying on either side of a sheet of deep green waters, half river and half lake, set in the centre of a little plain of rich vineyards and orchards, and hemmed in on all sides by steep barren hills of strange shapes and violent colours. The landscape is weird; it falls into no category. It is neither European nor Asiatic, though in the sharp contrast between barrenness and the fertility caused by irrigation it inclines to the East.

Far more beautiful, if less original, is the final long descent from the top of the last ridge to Ragusa. The road drops to the Adriatic down hillsides which yield in nothing to those of Mentone or Sorrento, through a revel of summer and sunshine and perpetual greenery, of figs and vines, olives and mulberries. At the foot Ragusa basks in the sunshine and dips her feet in the waves, an unspoilt mediæval seaport, still enclosed in a girdle of lofty brown walls and moats, the latter gay with oleanders and orange trees. *Unspoilt* the city remains because by a happy chance the harbour is too shallow for modern ships, and its port and railway lie two miles off at Gravosa, on the other side of a low peninsula.

From Trebinje the frontier runs south over a highland district inhabited by fighting clans, so as to give Austria control of the Bocche di Cattaro. On the north shore of this lovely fiord—a Lago Maggiore by the Sea—Austria possesses a picturesque town, the terminus of a railroad, Castelnuovo. At the head of the fiord lies Cattaro. Mt. Lovchen, from which it has been bombarded for many months, is, one of our newspapers informs the public, ‘the only prominent mountain in Montenegro.’ I am afraid that is a sample of the sort of information, with maps to match, which too often lies on our breakfast-tables. I have a list, gleaned in the last few months from our daily press, of similarly wild assertions and confusions with regard to the Italian frontier. Most of them might have been avoided by the use of a Baedeker. But probably editors are too patriotic to use Baedeker any longer. With a view of Cattaro, the quaint little port wedged in between the sea and the mountains, I close my travels and my discourse.

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POSTSCRIPT.

A recent paper, 'Oesterreichisch-Italienische Grenzfragen, von Dr. R. von Pfaundler, Wien' (*Petermanns Mitteilungen*, June, 1915), is a painstaking and able plea in favour of the frontier offered by Austria. Its argument rests mainly on linguistic and racial considerations, with some reference to existing administrative boundaries. The writer apparently inclines to give the Ampezzo district, which he calls *Heiden*, to Italy. In this case he works out from the census of 1910 the figures as follows:—

Territory ceded by Austria :	{	Italians and Ladinians, 366,837
	{	Germans, 13,892
Territory retained by Austria :	{	Germans, 511,222
	{	Italians and Ladinians, 18,863

He proceeds to give figures for the frontier officially claimed by Italy :

Territory claimed from Austria	{	Italians and Ladinians,	371,477
		Germans,	47,000
Territory retained by Austria :	{	Germans,	440,805
		Italians and Ladinians,	14,229
The population of the Ampezzo district is stated to be	{	Italians and Ladinians,	5,990
		Germans,	443

From a practical and judicial point of view the weakness of the case presented is that it ignores the strategic objections that may be raised by Italy while insisting on those alleged by Austria. Botzen and its surroundings, with the control of the mouths of the great valleys and the access to Trent, are the substantial bone of contention.

The accompanying map, in laying down the frontiers offered by Austria, is not in accordance with the statements of Baron Burian recorded in the despatches of the Italian ambassador at Vienna of April 16 and 25, 1915. In these the line indicated keeps for Austria more of the Nonsberg and the districts both of Fassa and Ampezzo.

#### THE 'LOCH IN DER WAND' IN THE CARNIC ALPS.

HARDLY more than three miles west of the Plöcken or Monte Croce Pass (1363 m.), of classic renown, lies another higher and far less known bridle-path pass (1983 m.), the so-called *Wolayer Uebergang*, formerly much frequented by smugglers. In the V-shaped depression between the Monte Coglians (2782 m.), on its eastern, and the Monte Canale or See Kofel (2550 m.) on its western side, there lies a beautiful little lake called after the pass, for it is of comparatively recent formation, brought about, there is little doubt, by moraines. The Monte Canale has the usual Dolomite features ; towards the north or Austrian side it falls in one great sheer precipice about 1500 feet in height, but on the Italian side the slopes are not quite as steep and present no difficulties to speak of to an ordinary mountaineer. Close to the top of this peak, something like a hundred feet from the crest, is a curious tunnel-like cave which penetrates the mountain from the Italian to the Austrian side. Standing at a like altitude on a ridge which runs parallel immediately to the north of the great frontier wall, one can see daylight through this hole and observe such singular effects as the rays of the setting sun pierced this natural perforation. As heavy fighting has been reported near the Wolayer Lake, it is probable that the Alpini have taken advantage of what is practically an unapproachable stronghold, for access to it can only be gained from the Italian side.

PASSAGES IN 1860, WITHOUT GUIDES, OF THE STRAHLEGG,  
SCHWARZBERG WEISSTHOR, COL D'HÉRENS AND COL DU  
GÉANT.

(From letters addressed by the late Mr. (subsequently the  
Rt. Hon.) Charles Stuart Parker to a member of his family.)

[Some reader of the ALPINE JOURNAL vol. xxix. may have noticed on page 74 a footnote reading 'There was great excitement in the inn [the 'Adler' at Grindelwald] this evening [July 1860] as four *Englishmen* arrived who had crossed the Strahleck Pass from the Grimsel without guides . . . they had been walking for 16 hours, of which 12 were on the ice.' Subsequent inquiry, in which two constant coadjutors in the ALPINE JOURNAL, Mr. F. Gardiner and Mr. A. L. Mumm, took a very prominent part, resulted in the discovery that the four travellers who had carried through this, for the period and in the circumstances, very remarkable expedition were three brothers, Mr. Charles Stuart Parker, Mr. Alfred Traill Parker, Mr. Samuel Sandbach Parker, and their cousin Mr. George Parker. It also appeared that they had undertaken, without guides, in the same year, the other expeditions now recorded. The three mountaineers, first mentioned, are the same who made, in 1860 and 1861, attempts to ascend the Matterhorn by what is now the regular route from Zermatt. These attempts are among the most remarkable expeditions of the time, and their full significance will be dealt with in an article bearing on the early history of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn which may one day see the light.

The Parkers themselves are now all dead, Mr. George Parker dying as late as 1915. The two brothers Alfred and Sandbach Parker were elected members of the Alpine Club, *on guideless qualifications*, in December 1860, and remained members for many years.

I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Evelyn S. Parker, the son of Mr. Alfred Parker, for the extracts now published, nor must I forget to offer my best thanks to Mr. Robert Gladstone, of Liverpool, for interesting himself in the quest.

I feel assured that my colleagues in the Alpine Club will share my conviction that we honour ourselves as well as those who were the actors in the scenes described, by including in our annals these most interesting records of the deeds of

men who, in their day, with an enterprise much in advance of the period, worthily upheld and forwarded the pursuit in which our interests centre.

J. P. FARRAR.]

#### THE STRAHLEGG.

*Grimsel, July 3, 1860.*—Sleeping at Guttannen and going on up the pass next day reminded me of Trafoi and the Stelvio, only there was no glacier like<sup>1</sup> 'the end of the world' at Trafoi, but a snowy peak visible from our bedrooms. We all admired the pass much. The Aar rages along below, and the mule path ascends and descends, winds round and under rocks, and breaks now and then into a regular staircase, as mule paths do in this country. We met snow (the remains of a big avalanche) at some distance from the Hospice, and we saw a stoat run across it as we drew near the place. It is a comfortable house, standing by a cheerless black lake, but very snugly ensconced among the mountains. Pleasant people keep it. After an excellent dinner, which I shall not particularly describe, and 'Badminton' brewed by George, we set off to see the Siedelhorn, a peak 2000 ft. above us, not visible from here. We had no difficulty in finding the way without a guide. It commands a grand panorama (we have bought a copy, and that is why I use the word), and to our great delight we recognised in the distant S.-W. our old friend the Matterhorn; much the same side is seen as from the Riffel, only of course he looks a good deal smaller, but still a very fine object. The rays of the setting sun were throwing a rosy colour on the Mischabel and Dom, which block M. Rosa. The Weisshorn, as usual, we saw well. Then, turning to our left, from the Zermatt range we could see the opposite side of the Rhone all round to the Furka with its little house distinctly visible, and the Rhône glacier below, with the path (which S. and A. had never seen before) by which you came down to it. Obergestelen, of course, we could not see, but we could see where it lay. Nearer us were some fine peaks forming the W. side of the Ober Hasli Thal. And facing round to the N. we had the finest possible view of the Finster-Aarhorn and Schreckhorn, with their attendant glaciers. Also many other peaks on either side of them, with the names of which I will not trouble you. The ascent occupied us over 2½ hours; the descent was accomplished

<sup>1</sup> [The 'End der Welt Ferner.']

in 50 minutes, chiefly by glissades over the snow. We put up ptarmigan several times, and I picked up the egg of one.

There were clouds trooping over the pass towards the Furka below our feet, and as the sun set they rose and came to us on the peak, shutting out all view. But I think they have settled again for a fine day to-morrow. We are wonderfully fortunate in the weather. I forgot to say that we were at the Handeck Falls just at the time for the fine rainbow which hovers over them. And on our ascent of Siedelhorn we saw our shadows on the clouds with a faint rainbow round each.

How many little pictures there are in travelling which one forgets even in the evening of the day, but which come back from time to time vividly when something recalls them. I wish I could convey to you any breath of the mountain air, and vision of the mountain flowers, or any glimpse of the mountain views. You must call your memory to aid, and ere long we shall be among scenes with which it is well furnished.

To-morrow we shall take a gentle day, sleeping here again, as the knapsacks fatigue some of the party too much at first for two long days running. After that we shall probably visit the Aeggischhorn before crossing the Rhone.

*Grindelwald, July 8, 1860.*—I wish we could all be here together for the day, it is so lovely, such fine weather, and everything so pleasant. There is no English service till next week, so I went to the Protestant church where, of course, the service is in German, rather in the *patois* of these parts, but we had a good sermon and a very large and very attentive congregation. The rest of the day will be quiet rest, as it has been considered prudent not to go by the long glacier pass to Aeggischhorn to-morrow, as our faces are a good deal burnt, and Alfred and Sandbach find their eyes somewhat inflamed. I believe we shall now go by Meyringen again and Grimsel, making a long two days. There is some talk of going as far as Rosenlauri to-night, but as I like to have the whole Sunday as quiet as possible, I shall not start till to-morrow, whatever the rest do. We shall have spent three days of rest here. . . . . We are such objects that we were almost ashamed to present ourselves. Clothes already somewhat tattered and dirty, faces blistered, and, as shaving a blistered face is impossible, disfigured with the beginnings of beards.

. . . We are here at the Aigle, which seems to be the larger inn, and to have the best news and also a pleasant garden. The people are extremely hospitable. One good thing in

coming so early in the year is that there are few travellers, and all the attentions of the household are lavished on those few. Even at Interlaken, unpresentable as we were, they seemed to be quite obliged to us for dining there.

I suppose you will have so many accounts of the Strahleck that you will be quite tired of it. The landlord says that he does not know that ever anyone crossed it before without guides. We went on Wednesday [July 4, 1860] about two hours of the way, and found the Grimsel side very plain sailing, so that if necessary we could easily have gone back to Grimsel. The way lies along the lower Aar glacier, and was simply a six hours' walk through sublime mountain scenery, until we reached the steep slope which forms the last part of the ascent. For nearly half this time we used the rope as a precaution, in case there might be crevasses which we did not see. We did not meet with any except that once, while we were resting, my alpenstock slid a long way down the gentle descent (being tied to the rope I could not make a rush at it), and after a provoking return for it I put one leg into a crevasse in coming up again, but it was not a large one, and only a few feet from where we had passed before.

We should have waited to take a long survey of the steep ascent and also some refreshment, had not another party with guides been rather close upon our track. We did not wish them to say that they found us staring at it, not knowing what to make of it, and so Sandbach and George, who were first, at once began the ascent. They crossed the bergschrund (gap between the slope and the glacier) carefully but without difficulty, as there was plenty of snow over it, and began to make very elaborate steps in the soft snow. I believe to kick one's feet well in would have done as well, but we determined to be very prudent. Soon we reached rocks which were easier than parts of Scur nan Gilleán, and here I gave George the rope which I had been carrying and took the knapsack, which contained all our kits and a bottle of wine, some brandy &c. It seems that from these rocks we ought to have turned sharp to the left to reach the lowest part of the ridge. Instead of this we went on making steps (all this work fell on Sandbach, who did not change places with any of us because we wanted one of our party to be up first and thought it best to go on as we were), and so we proceeded till, when we were perhaps 100 feet above them, we saw the other party turn to the left; it soon appeared that that was evidently the shortest ascent, but we did not choose immediately to climb down again and

follow them. So we saw them gain the top with much exultation, while we were yet hanging between heaven and earth on the most impracticable part. They asked us whether we had any messages for Grindelwald, and gave us a parting cheer, which however turned flat in the middle, as one of their hats blew off and fell to the bottom of the slope.

Sandbach has told you (I suppose) how he got on, and so I will tell you what the aspect of affairs was to me. I was last in the ascent, and at a certain point (higher than the summit where they reached it, but still a good way below the ridge where we should reach it), the snow growing shallower and shallower, we thought it safe to get upon the rocks again to our left. And here I found it best to remain, as the knapsack tired me very much, till I should hear how they were getting on above. It seemed an endless time. Alfred had struck across the rocks horizontally to the left, towards where the other party got up, and advised us against following. George, after a long delay, went over some very shallow snow also to the left, and was met by Alfred at the top, rather to the right of the proper place. Sandbach by degrees went on and on to a higher point than any, finding himself at last on a sharp ridge far up to the right on the way to Schreckhorn. As he said George's path was 'beastly dangerous' and that his own was about as difficult as it could be, I made up my mind to try the descent and come up by the proper road. I had taken off the knapsack, and with some difficulty found a place where it would stand alone. I had now to wriggle it on again, a matter in which we generally help each other on level ground, and which you may suppose was not very convenient on a narrow ledge of rock. And as I expected a hard pull in getting up, and had now been perhaps an hour and a half on the slope, I took a little of Father's excellent brandy before starting. There were a critical step or two in getting back from the rock to the snow, after which it was only a matter of time to descend. The only chance against me was that all the snow should slip together, which was suggested by a little spontaneous rush of snow not far from me, but which was very unlikely after our safe ascent. I made a great many new steps going down simply by kicking, as the snow which I sent down covered up many of the old ones. When I reached the lower rocks I took another rest, and then made the ascent, where the guides had, in about ten minutes, whereas the other ways taken had occupied from an hour to an hour and a half. Altogether, when I reached the top it was, I should think, at least three



hours from crossing the bergschrund. The dates I have in my pocket-book are, for our last rest all together before beginning the slope 8.10 A.M., and for our first rest almost immediately after reaching the top 12.30 P.M. For the last few steps up I was glad to accept the offer of a haul by the rope which they let down to me, and which saved me some trouble in kicking steps. While poor George was holding on to the rope his hat was blown over, which led to his suffering very much from the sun in the descent. As the clouds were closing round us on the top, and the wind was very cold, we did not stay to admire the grand view of the Finster-Aarhorn just behind us, or to study the possibilities of ascending the Schreckhorn on our right, but set off at once on our downward course.

I had always believed that the real difficulties of the road were on the Grindelwald side, and it is possible (though I don't think it probable) that we might have had to go back to Grimsel if we had not had a useful hint from the footsteps of the other party. My own belief is that (if they had not come) we should have waited for the clouds to clear off a little (which they did), and that then (with our map) we should have taken exactly the same route which the guides took. However, as it was, we followed the footsteps over a material between ice and snow to our left, with a steep slope and clouds below us to the right. We came, after perhaps 200 yards, to some rocks where of course there were no tracks, and here we resolved to lunch and see if the clouds would go off, that we might descry our whole future journey, if possible, from an elevated watch-tower. It was very grand as the clouds began to lift, magnificent views of all the great Oberland peaks seeming near at hand, and far, far below us the great glacier winding down towards where Grindelwald lay. I never saw a sublimer sight, and behind and above us were still towering higher the rocks and snows of the great Schreckhorn. We soon espied footsteps here and there which made it certain the guides had gone down the rocks, and it seemed the natural way, so down went we also. Sandbach at one place dropped his alpenstock, which went a long way before it stopped. I went after it and picked it up, a little battered and standing almost upright between two rocks. At the foot of the rocks came a grand piece of snow for glissading, and, sitting down, we accomplished in three or four minutes what would have taken hours perhaps to ascend—supposing one were tired. At the bottom of this we crossed from the right (looking towards Grindelwald) to the left side of the

glacier, and after a long walk along the latter we rested under a big stone for the second time since leaving the top at 2 P.M. We had  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours more, mostly on ice, and then got off upon some rocks, the glacier making a rapid descent and being broken into all manner of crevasses and pinnacles. Here footsteps of course there were none, and we lost more than an hour in discovering how to get from the upper to the lower glacier, and when we had discovered it, it took near another hour to do it. The difficulty in these places is that one is apt to underrate the height which has to be descended, and the most promising paths and flowery banks end in impracticable cliffs. Here again we separated, George and Sandbach descending by a round in the direction of Grindelwald, Alfred and I by a double back under the end of the upper glacier. Alfred went first, and had a crack on the head with a stone as he went past a waterfall. I watched him down and then, hearing no report from Sandbach and George, who were exploring in the other direction, I followed. Our friend the waterfall kept firing little stones every minute or so. I got near him and then made a run for it, taking care, however, to keep an eye upward, which was very necessary, for he aimed a stone as big as a cricket-ball so well that it went within a yard of my head. I had spied a projecting rock where I resolved to lurk before passing the second waterfall, and while under cover there I saw several stones hop over.

But this was not the last difficulty, for next I had to get down (as Alfred had done before) over the broken ice at the bottom of the upper glacier, and here it is always possible that a pinnacle of ice or a big stone may come suddenly down. I examined them before starting and they looked pretty favourable. Nothing came down during my descent except one fellow as big as a quartern loaf, who made noise enough to warn me and took a kindly turn over the moraine before reaching me, which made him pass 20 yards or more away. However, it was notice to make haste, so I scrambled down double-quick time, embracing many of the grimy lumps of ice more closely than I should have done under other circumstances. And now our troubles were over. We met at the head of the lower glacier, and we saw there two gentlemen with a guide, who afterwards turned out to be Peter Bohren. We did not, however, join them, but chose our own way down the lower glacier, as we went a good deal faster. I went a good deal along the central ice to see and study its structure and crevasses, which were quite safe

for us, as there was no covering of snow. (The others kept nearer the moraine.) Last year a poor schoolboy, on a school excursion, dropped down one, and after living five hours 'fut obligé de mourir.' Is it not sad? He must have been very careless or very unfortunate if the ice were in the same state as now, for I can hardly conceive how with proper care anyone could fall in. But later in the year the crevasses are worse.

We finally left the glacier at 5.15 and reached the inn at 6.30, having been out 16 hours. What damaged our faces so much was the long delay on the steep slope, where we thought it wiser not to wear our veils, and where our noses almost touched the brilliant snow. I wore my spectacles throughout and found them admirable. They reduced the brilliancy of the whole scenery to about what one imagines snow scenery to be. Once when I took them off for a moment, I was perfectly amazed at the glare, which would soon blind unprotected eyes. We were not tired, and were able to enjoy a good dinner and some hours' conversation before bed-time. But our faces are considered unfit for long days on snow at present.

I am glad to say Alfred is extremely prudent, and Sandbach, I think, will take care of himself everywhere too. This long day has impressed the lesson that unforeseen difficulties, though not at all insuperable, may be very inconvenient. But we were not at all longer than I expected. On the contrary, as tourists are often 15 hours when they take guides and don't carry their own traps, I think we were well off to finish the course in 16. We shall be as prudent, I think, as you can desire in our expeditions, and all the more so for the little experiences of this one.

. . . There is such a racket under the window. Some Sunday travellers have arrived, and all the population seems gathered together to see them. Mules are whinnying, men laughing, and women chattering. So much for the quiet of Grindelwald.

#### THE SCHWARZBERG WEISSTHOR.

*Monte Rosa Hotel, Zermatt, July 14, 1860.*—Here we are at last in the places which you know best, and where our letters from you awaited us. I last wrote from Grimsel, and I will enclose a few lines for mother which I wrote at Obergestelen, where we were much reminded of you all. You remember the rather slow journey down the valley from thence, where the crickets chirped so incessantly and every-

thing was piping hot in the mule road between two palings. Towards Viesch the valley becomes narrow and we descended through a pine wood. There is now a new road making there for chars. I think it was begun in /57. We went to the old inn in Viesch and regaled ourselves before commencing the ascent of the Äggischhorn. By advice of the landlady we consented to take the Pferdweg lest we should go astray on the footpath, which she told us was difficult to find. It is a continuous ascent of two hours or two and a half for mules to the hotel. . . . The path ascends chiefly through a pine wood, and there are in it some magnificent trees. At last it comes out on Alpine pastures. The house is comfortable (partitions very thin), and the landlord, I think, is the most hospitable I have ever known, and a capital, active fellow. Next day we went quietly up the Äggischhorn to look at the general appearance of the glacier and peaks around. If it were only to see the immense size of the Aletsch glacier I should have liked to have you all there. We indeed did not see very much more, but it showed us what a long walk we should have had from Grindelwald. The Merjelen See was just below us, looking wild and strange with its ice cliffs and bluish-green depths, and we had glimpses only through cloud of the Aletschhorn and none of the Jungfrau. We should have liked very much to ascend the Jungfrau. . . . But the weather was against us. It is necessary to sleep out in a cave in the Faulberg, and on an unsettled night it is not worth while to go so far with porters and bedding. Also we had not time to wait for fine weather, wishing to come on here.

The day before yesterday (Thursday) we set off about 11½ over the most lovely pastures towards Brieg. We should have done best to come down at Naters, rather a picturesque village which you will perhaps remember, next before Brieg, where the Massa brings down the waters of the Aletsch glacier. We could then have seen the foot of the glacier, and perhaps made a somewhat more gradual descent. As it was, we were persuaded by the landlord to descend to Mörel and take one of those queer carts with swing seats from a friend of his. The descent was very steep and sometimes tiresome, the paths being paved with big stones, on which our nailed boots slipped uncomfortably. At Mörel we got cherries and took them with us in our cart, and last year's apples, and jogged along very merrily, talking of our recollections of 1857.

When we reached Stalden it was so late that I was persuaded by Sandbach to sleep there, and we walked comfortably up to

Saas in the cool of the morning. The others had a rather tedious walk and arrived considerably after midnight. We only breakfasted there and then strolled on with our knapsacks to Mattmark, taking it very leisurely. At the little inn there we found the Walkers, whom S. has mentioned. One of them, a healthy-looking lady in spectacles, nearly accomplished the ascent of the Jungfrau, being stopped by sickness very near the top. She had just come over the Weissthor and said the snow arête was 'a sell'—far too easy. She was extremely kind in making tea for us from her English tea, to which we contributed from the little bags mother gave us. As we could rely on finding their tracks to the top, and as A. and I knew the pass, we thought it not imprudent to attempt it without guides, being prepared to turn back if advisable. I was against a very early start, as it is safer when the snow on the arête has become soft. So we were called at 2½ and started at half past three. We took the left side of the glacier (our right, as we went up, instead of the opposite side, by which we descended in 1857). It was much better for the ascent. For an hour and a quarter's brisk walking we were on rocks and turf. After this on gentle slopes of snow for some time. At last we began the part of the glacier which descends from it, and here we put on our rope as a precaution. The slope now became steeper, and the weather not so good. Clouds were driving from over the Zermatt side, and the sun struggling to show himself on our side. From time to time came gusts of wind which swept the loose snow across the slightly frozen surface of the rest with a noise like the tinkling of runlets of water. This powder filled up the tracks of the former party, and made them more difficult to distinguish. At times the snow was rather sharp against our faces in spite of veils. As the slopes became steeper and steeper we began to hope we were nearly on the ridge, and at last rather suddenly we found we had gained its top. Here then we had to turn sharp to the right, along the ridge, and for the first few steps I feared the snow was rather too hard. It soon became softer, however, and Alfred led boldly on, I bringing up the rear. We stepped out rather faster than when we did it with guides, and certainly circumstances were more adverse, for it blew hard and sleet was driving in our faces, and it was very cold. Alfred says he has never been colder. On the glacier side (our right) it did not look so bad as on the other, where after a few yards of steep snow you see the rocky edge of the cliffs that overhang Macugnaga. We were perhaps 15 minutes in crossing

and for a moment hardly identified, when we reached it, the spot where we breakfasted in /57, where the ridge joins the névé of the Findelen glacier.

George asked 'how much more there was' and was not sorry to hear that this was the end, and here we were to make our meal. It is a rough enough place, a few rocks partly bare of snow, behind which we could shelter ourselves from the wind, a little below the level of the Findelen.

While they began to feed I scrambled up to see what could be made out on the other side. Absolutely nothing. I peered into a thick fog full of little particles of snow, sometimes windy, sometimes still, but never one glimpse of anything but mist and neighbouring snow. I ate my meal here in hopes of catching some glimpse which might be useful, but in vain. So after a good pull at the first wine bottle, which we sent down empty to Macugnaga, we took compass bearings for the Stockhorn, the nearest point of the Riffelberg, and started into the mist at a good pace, soon losing sight of all landmarks. I carried the compass in my hand, and after about an hour and a half we sighted land, the rocks of the upper extremity of the Riffelberg. And now we had to choose between the course we knew on the Gorner Gletscher and the exploration of the Findelen. We should have had to make some ascent to reach the former, and as ascents are unpopular the latter was chosen. Soon after this we changed ends, and I took the lead down the Findelen. The upper part was all very well, but after an hour or so we came to large crevasses hidden in the snow and had to be very careful. With care the rope is an admirable protection, as if one makes a bad step the others are all in different places on good solid snow. At last Alfred, who, I am glad to say, is very prudent, suggested that we should steer for the central moraine, and thenceforth we kept for a long time either on it or near it. Before that I had for some distance followed a chamois track. They know very well where the worst crevasses are and avoid them.

We were persuaded by George to come for the Sunday here instead of to the Riffelberg. So we continued down the Findelen glacier to its very foot and there found a path to Zermatt.

We must have looked queer objects at one time. Our whiskers were full of ice and hoar-frost, and a piece of flannel (blanket stuff almost) which I had round my neck was said to look like swan's-down. Our friends of the Strahleck came over from Macugnaga some hours later, and we had our retaliation.

tion upon them as they used our tracks, believing them to be those of a party returning from the Cima di Jazi to the Riffel, and found themselves on the Findelen glacier instead of the Gorner, which they intended. So you see guides can go wrong. They also had much harder walking, as they left the Findelen glacier and took to rocks long before they came to its lower end. We find that on the Strahleck they were at least as much burnt as we were, if not more.

I hope you will not think we are imprudent. We always take care to know our way back, and are willing to turn back if necessary until we come within sight of port at the other side. If it had been in the least likely that we could lose ourselves on the Gorner and Findelen glaciers we should have gone back to-day. But we had hours and hours before us, and all downhill work. We had done with the glaciers before noon, and with our rope we could have traversed any part of the glacier with time and care. If we do anything that requires it we shall take a guide. For instance, we should have done so from Grindelwald to Äggischhorn if we had gone.

The party who followed us to-day found no footsteps on the arête on account of the wind, and innocently informed us that they were the first over this year, to which we replied that the Walkers were the first from this side and we from the other side.

The boys are all snoring, and the light seems to make Sandbach uncomfortable to judge by his grunting and tossing, so I must come to an end.

[There appears to be a letter missing here which would have been of the very greatest historical interest, as it probably described the attempt on the E. face of the Matterhorn. This was the first attempt ever made on this side, which was then generally considered quite inaccessible.

#### THE COL D'HÉRENS AND THE COL DU GÉANT.

*Pavillon du Mont Blanc sur le M. Fréty, près de Courmayeur, le 25me Juillet 1860.*—We are near the end of our tour now. At Zermatt we could not do much on account of the weather, and our want of knowledge of the weather. Three nights running we intended to start for M. Rosa, and were deterred by the bad aspect of the skies, and three mornings running the

heavens were clear, and there would have been a beautiful view. I would willingly have stayed longer for the chance of M. Rosa without guides, but the others were thoroughly tired of the Riffelberg in broken weather. It makes a good deal of difference having a house crowded chiefly by foreigners, but I enjoyed it very much, and Madame Seiler was most hospitable. Do you remember her? She is a very nice-looking person, rather tall and graceful, and she asked me if we were not there in 1857 with father and mother. She seemed to remember you very well and that we had spent a Sunday there.

We did not go to see anything new from the Riffelberg, except ascending the Riffelhorn. It is a pretty good climb, not ladies' work at all. The view is much the same as from the Gorner Grat. We took Fred Wilson up with us, and offered that he should join us up M. Rosa, but he had fallen in with two Watsons<sup>1</sup> (of Univ. Coll.) and thought himself bound to them.

We descended on Friday to Zermatt, and emerged from a cloud only when half-way down the mountain. M. Seiler was extremely civil and had kept some of the best rooms in the house for us. That evening we started for the Col d'Erin laden like porters, with wine, meat, bread, prunes, and a saucepan &c., beside our knapsacks. We slept at the chalets of the Staffelalp, near the foot of the Zmutt glacier. I wish you could have seen our night encampment there. We lit a fire under a wall beside a running stream, and having procured from the chalets four eggs and a large flat crock of milk, two or three cups and four pewter spoons, we began to prepare our supper. I dare say Sandbach, who is writing, will describe how first we cooked some eggs, then some arrowroot, then boiled milk and bread, and then mulled wine. All this while the friendly Matterhorn looked down upon us from above, peering over a bank of pine trees, and the little brook rippled past. At last the rosy tint of sunset fell on the Matterhorn, and then he grew pale and grave, and it was time for us to be seeking our beds—or rather our hay. We were to sleep in a chalet where there was a fair quantity of hay. We had forgotten to bring a bit of candle, and were obliged to look round us a little by the aid of vesta matches. A boy helped us to arrange the hay for beds, and being dismissed with a present of 20 centimes left us to such repose as we could get, which

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<sup>1</sup> [One of these was probably C. E. B. Watson (subsequently the Rev.), member of the A. C. 1879–1903. He was an undergraduate at University Coll., Oxford, in 1860.]



was not a lot. Very early in the morning S. and A. turned out and lit our fire again, and we cooked ourselves a hot breakfast before starting at 3.30.

The first part of the Col d'Erin is a rather tiresome walk over moraine, or rather over glacier thickly strewn with stones. But the near view of the Matterhorn was very interesting, especially as we got to the side and saw the gentler slopes of his ascent. It seemed very difficult, but perhaps not wholly impracticable, to go on towards the top of the ridge which we had attempted. As to the top itself, one must be nearer to judge whether it is practicable.<sup>2</sup>

We had the Matterhorn on our left all the way up. Two hours and a half brought us to the foot of the Stockje, a huge rock or small mountain in the middle of the glacier, up the face of which we climbed, and then by a few steps (cut by the Walkers) in the steep snow at the top we gained the higher level of the glacier. There we had to wait a little for Alfred, who had attempted a steeper way, and at last arrived by a snow slope, where we let down the rope and hauled him up the last part of his ascent. After this there was a good deal of walking over beds of loose stones lying at a very steep angle, and then more rock climbing, at the end of which we drank our third bottle of wine and lunched on sweet cakes, it being now 7.30 A.M. This was by a stream where there were the most beautiful icicles that I have ever seen. The most beautiful were the round knobs (like stalagmites) below each little runlet. It was like the most magnificent jewellery

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<sup>2</sup> [Cf. *Scrambles amongst the Alps*, 5th edit., pages 76 and 77, for details of this attempt on the east face of the Matterhorn, which, at that time, even the best guides of the day could not be induced to attempt.]

The expression of opinion as to whether the top is practicable is very remarkable as it shows that the writer, already at that period, grasped instinctively the axiom upon which the modern evolution of rock-climbing is chiefly based, viz., that it is futile to express an opinion as to the practicability of rocks except at close quarters. At that period even good guides were content to come to a decision upon distant inspection, and the few words of this letter are sufficient to stamp the writer as far ahead of the time. *It was not until men grasped the doctrine enunciated, for the first time so far as I know, in this letter, that the glamour of inaccessibility lost its sway.* So completely is this axiom now accepted that it is difficult for us to-day to realise what an immense hold upon men's minds this glamour had.

J. P. F.]

glittering and sparkling in the sun. Half an hour later we left the rocks and began an ascent over snow slopes, the track winding round the ends of several large open crevasses. In the glacier near us were some of the largest I have ever seen, such as would swallow up a house. At last we reached the last steep bank of snow, for the few last steps almost as steep as the Strahleck, and were at the top of the col. The view of the Oberland was very striking. We saw all the way down the long valley of Evolena, to where the broad Rhone valley crosses it at right angles, and then the Bernese mountains behind the valley. Not the higher peaks, they were more to our right, but many a snowy crest, and above them long bands of cloud stretching across the horizon from E. to W. The first effect was more like a picture than like nature.

We next occupied ourselves in making a note of the temperature, for the information of the Alpine Club, who have just set up a minimum thermometer there. Ours was the first entry. Minimum  $10\frac{1}{2}$  below freezing, actual temperature  $1\frac{1}{2}$  above (Centigrade). Observer's name, G. B. Parker. Address—he forgot to give.

The descent had nothing very exciting about it. We had to turn well to the right, and walked rapidly over miles of snow. We could have few glissades on account of crevasses, and about eleven o'clock we consumed the rest of our provisions, and bade farewell to the glacier. It was more than four hours' walk thence to Evolena, by very stony mountain paths. The people (as Murray says) are very shy of strangers, and bolted into their houses like rabbits into their holes when one wanted to ask them the way, in consequence of which we went astray a little.

At last we all reached Evolena, after about twelve hours' marching. While we made our toilettes we were greeted by shouts of 'Who shot the dog?' which we found to proceed from the children of Mr. Dillon, an artist who was staying there. We soon made acquaintance with them, and I dare say you will hear plenty of them from the boys. We spent Sunday at Evolena. I went to Mass in the morning and heard a sermon on the gospel for the day preached by one of the heaviest-looking mortals I have seen. The maid at the inn told me he had the mind of a *cré'tin*. However, he was very emphatic on the duty of Christian love and the sin of detraction, which he told us was the contrary of action, i.e. if I rightly understood him from the distant organ-loft.

On Monday the morning was not fit for the Col de Collon,

which we had intended to cross, so we went down the valley with Mr. Dillon and his boy to Sion. We lunched there, not at the Lion d'Or, where I think we were in 1853, but at the Poste. And then we went by railway to Martigny. It looked so well that evening from the garden of the inn, where we ate ices while a carriage was got ready. We would gladly have slept there, but our plans required that we should push on, and Mr. Dillon agreed to come on with us to Orsières. At first our one horse went very slowly, but after a while we met a carriage coming the other way and changed drivers. The first had been the owner of the horse, the second was his servant, and we soon saw the difference between driving for a horse and driving for a *bonnemain*. 'Allez, voyons!' was the formula, and though (as Alfred remarked) the horse did not seem to see it, he had to go on almost faster than was fair to him. He seemed, however, to know the difference between master and man, and made up his mind to it. We were about three hours from Martigny to Orsières, where we arrived quite late, 9 P.M. We all enjoyed the drive extremely, though Murray does not think much of the scenery. Yesterday (Tuesday) we came on by the Col Ferrex, a remarkable, quiet, out-of-the-way pass. Murray abuses it, but we enjoyed it very much. The rise is very gradual through pastures and numerous chalets. At the last we obtained milk and cream, which perhaps did not help us over the steeper part of the ascent. We began to cross snow only about half an hour from the top, and a few glissades soon brought us to the last snow on the Italian side. The view from the top ought to be very grand, but was much obscured by cloud. The whole southern side of the M. Blanc range is one long valley, or rather two meeting each other: the Col de la Seigne and the Allée Blanche, W. of Courmayeur, and the Val Ferrex, E. of it. We were at the E. end of the Val Ferrex.

It began to rain heavily as we came along the valley, and having had nothing (but milk) since 6 A.M. we turned into a cottage, where we had curds, whey, cheese, roast potatoes, milk and cream, besides warming and drying ourselves. It reminded me of our turning into the cottage in the New Forest.

We were near coming up here last night when we descried the Pavillon, which we had been told did not exist, but as heavy rain came on we proceeded to the H. du Mont Blanc near Courmayeur. We had entered before we found out that it was a haunt of Italians. Our rooms opened from the *salle à manger*, where a long table stretched diagonally across the room,

crowded with Piedmontese in a state of great merriment, under the influence of music from a hurdy-gurdy (I think) and a female violinist. The waiter offered us dry things, and I wish you could have seen the figures we cut. Alfred looked like a preternaturally long postillion in a small swallow-tailed coat with red lining. Sandbach, at first somewhat in the same style, was transferred to a very seedy-looking frock coat, giving him rather the air of an ecclesiastic. I had the best, a jaunty brown coat of Italian cut with a velvet collar, but I dare say I looked equally comical. They entreated me to go out, as looking the most respectable, and order dinner, and get their own coats back again. However, at last we dined in our borrowed attire, and dined fairly well, slept well too.

This morning we walked to see Courmayeur before an Italian *déjeuner* without tea or coffee, which was almost as long as a dinner. Then we strolled very leisurely up here, and have done nothing since but assist at the cooking of our own dinner and eat it, and look at the view. This place is just between Courmayeur and the Col du Géant, which we hope to cross to-morrow, if the weather be fine. The town lies prettily in the valley below in front; on our right, as we look towards it, stretches the Allée Blanche just below Mont Blanc, on the left the Col Ferrex. We have scarcely seen Mont Blanc himself—now and then the clouds have parted and disclosed his snowy masses high above all the aiguilles and rocks and glaciers and snows which have seemed the highest. It is like a mountain placed upon mountains, as high above them as Monte Rosa seems to be above the Gorner glacier. If we could have the place to ourselves we could be very snug, and it is not a very fast-going ascent to come here, and quite possible for you (I believe) to go up from here to the head of the Col and look down towards the Mer de Glace.

We are going to have a very liberal brew of tea, as it is probably the last, unless we have to come back to-morrow. And Sandbach pronounces the cream (they keep two cows here) 'the finest on record.' The tea is now ready, so I conclude for the present.—7.30 P.M. Wednesday.

*Chamounix, 7 P.M., Thursday.*—We left the M. Fréty at 3.30 A.M. after a comfortable breakfast (charges rather exorbitant), and had the pleasantest ascent we have yet had. A steady climb at first over turf, then over rocks and a little snow. The snow being hard we had some little difficulty in getting to the top, and thought it well to wear our rope. But all the

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way up the dawn was gradually spreading ; first Mont Blanc was tipped with rose colour, then it extended downwards, his *aiguilles* and *flambeaux* began to glow, and one after another the snowy peaks of the south caught the tints of morning. I thought I could distinguish Monte Viso in the south. Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn were very discernible, and all the higher peaks might be known by their lighting up first, and by their soaring above the long lines of clouds which were visible in the south. Many a time I turned and stood still on the ascent to admire the glorious view. When we reached the top there were a few clouds about the Chamounix side, but the near peaks were as distinct as possible. Mont Blanc looked so near that one felt as if it would not add much to include him in the day's work.

The first part of the descent, as usual, was easy, over long slopes of snow. We made much use of the map which you copied for us. When we reached the most crevassed part, Saïdzbach and Alfred, with their usual preference of rock and snow, suggested keeping very close to the granite mountains on our right. At last the snow slopes became very steep, and the rock was only a few inches beneath the snow, which indeed under those circumstances becomes chiefly ice. I advised turning back, but it was agreed to proceed a little further. At last Alfred was to make steps (by kicking with his *Scur nan Gillean* pumps) down to a bergschrund below. We carefully let him down by the rope, but when he reached the edge he pronounced that, though anyone might be let down over it by a rope, he could not see how the last man was to get over. On this we agreed to go back and take some other mode of joining the Walkers' track, which now for the first time we had perceived below us. We had only to retrace our steps and take a line which I had preferred at first, and winding through the crevasses on steep snow slopes we gained the footmarks. From this time we profited by their experience, observing many places where, after making attempts, they had turned back. We learn now (having just dined with them) that they were in a thick mist, which accounts for some of their more eccentric endeavours, which we noticed merely to pass by. The path was certainly a strange one, in and out among yawning crevasses, over delicate snow-bridges and down steep and narrow ice slopes. At last we reached the more level glacier beyond the formidable séracs, which later in the year would probably have tasked our ingenuity to the utmost. We stopped to lunch when we reached the Mer de Glace, near a large flat stone, of granite,

a huge block which is one of the landmarks. After lunch S. and A. set off rather faster than I did (we had just put by our rope) and took a course for the central moraine, on Forbes's advice, I believe. I, wishing to make up for lost space, kept to the left of the glacier, which is the customary path, and lost sight of them. After calling and waiting a good deal, at last I saw them (at least I think so) ahead a good way, going very fast over the centre of the glacier. Accordingly I went down my left-hand side at a good round pace, and, leaping lots of crevasses and scrambling over moraines, I found myself much sooner than I expected at the path leading to Les Ponts and the Montanvert. I waited again a good deal and shouted, and then thought it better to go on and see if they were before me. They were not at the Montanvert, and after taking some *limonade gazeuse*, and waiting half an hour, I thought it better to go back. When I reached Les Ponts there was no sign of them. I called in vain. I could not conceive they had had any accident, and yet I could not explain it to myself. At last I resolved that if they did not turn up within an hour from the time I had arrived I would go back for the rope to the Montanvert, where I had left it, and take a guide with me to look for them. Five minutes before the hour was out, I descried them in the distance, and found that they had been looking for me, Sandbach having persuaded Alfred that they ought not to go on without, and both being pretty certain that I could not have passed them. It was rather provoking for both parties, as we had each had double walking over some of the way and wasted a great deal of time. However, after refreshments at the Montanvert, we reached the H. de Londres considerably within the 12 hours from Mont Fréty. We came down from the Montanvert in 50 minutes. A warm bath and a good dinner have made an agreeable end to a most pleasurable day—the only drawback that we have found no letters here. But we have not inquired thoroughly yet at the Poste Restante, where you may have sent some.

All the guides have a bad opinion of the weather, and if to-morrow morning bears them out we may start for home, spending Sunday at Geneva. If it is fine the Walkers are going up to the Grands Mulets to sleep, which may interfere with our going up, as they have guides and we wished to go without. But their guides think it will not do.



## THE HEX RIVER MOUNTAINS, CAPE COLONY.

BY G. F. TRAVERS JACKSON.

**D**URING the past eighteen years I have taken a particular interest in the exploration of the mountain group known as the Hex River, named after the river which flows through the fertile valley of the same name.

The main railway line from the Cape to the north winds its way along this valley, rising in altitude at almost every mile. When the station De Doorns, 132 miles from Cape Town, is reached, one of the powerful banking engines is attached to the train, which then begins its steep climb up the well-known Hex River Pass, until the more level country called the Karroo is attained.

The starting point for most mountaineering excursions in this vicinity is from Sandhills Siding, 121 miles from the Cape.

Keeromsberg (6814 ft.)—a fine mountain having some fine summits—is climbed from the main kloof (ravine) by way of a smaller side kloof on the right of the railway. This kloof leads up to a small saddle, from which, turning sharply to the right, the ridge is followed for some distance, when a large dip in the same necessitates descending some 1500 ft. and reascending the opposite slopes, until the saddle dividing Toll and Bosch Kloofs is reached. From here one ascends up to the left, when a rather interesting rib of rock is met with, which affords a pleasant change from the slope work. The rocks are followed until they end in a grassy gully, when a short scramble up this brings one to the high plateau almost at the same level as the mountain called Ben Heatlie, which is situated a short distance to the left. Proceeding along to the right (S.) side of the mountain, the minor summits are soon crossed and the Survey beacon on the highest point reached. The climb, to be thoroughly enjoyed, should be undertaken during the winter months, and this refers to all the other peaks to be described. The more interesting peaks are located on the left or W. side of the valley.

Andensberg (5607 ft.) offers another good day's trip from the siding. It can be ascended from Malkop Kloof or from the slopes just beyond Jourdan's farm; from the former some crag work will be encountered, though not difficult; the latter route

THE  
CANTON



*R. Stark, photo.*

*Seen Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

Wilner Peak on extreme right, and other Peaks from Keeromsberg.



*R. Stark, photo.*

*Seen Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

KEEROMSBERG FROM THE SADDLE.

is void of any difficulties. The main range, from a climbing aspect, is more attractive; hence we leave the valley and make for what is known as Buffels Kloof; this runs due W. among the mountains for some miles. In close proximity, but following a northerly direction, is a somewhat longer kloof called the Zanddrift. At the entrance of both, specimens of the old Bushman paintings may be found under some overhanging rocks. The latter kloof penetrates through the range up to the Cold Bokkeveld; about two-thirds of the way through, a kloof on the left side takes a sharp turn by which route the village of Ceres, at the entrance of Mitchell's Pass, can be reached.

The trek through to the Cold Bokkeveld occupies some  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 days, and has been made on one occasion. Some years ago a fellow A.C., the late Dr. A. C. Stark of Torquay, made the trip *via* the route from Ceres. Then, 1908, in company with Messrs. J. K. McGhie and the late E. C. S. Dyke—who, by the way, has had the misfortune to lose his life in the operations in German S.-W. Africa, and therefore is the first member of the Mountain Club whose death we mourn in the present struggle—I made the excursion through this interesting kloof and climbed Roodeberg and Matroosberg, the two highest points of the range.

Meanwhile I have been getting away from the description of the Peaks surrounding Buffels Kloof, the entrance of which is guarded by a small hill called Loskopje. After a short trek along the path one is confronted by a narrow and thickly-wooded kloof, which was explored for the first time last January by P. Brodie, junr., and the writer, when we made the first descent from Milner Peak, and named it Moraine Kloof, from the tremendous slope of large boulders, which have at some time fallen away from the face of the peak.

Proceeding still further up the main kloof and on the same side, you arrive at what is called Milner Kloof which also leads up to the peak of the same name. These smaller kloofs are found on either side of the mountain spurs jutting from the higher peaks, and usually terminate in a saddle joining one peak to the other. The first ascent of Milner Peak (6567 ft.) from this locality was made in 1899 by myself, the route taken being *via* the Ridge Peaks, then crossing the head of the kloof of the same name, and up some rough rock-strewn slopes to the summit. The peak is specially favoured for its supreme view of the surrounding country, and its bold outline can easily be recognised from the railway. On the west side there is an isolated



*A. R. Stark, photo.*

*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

Milner Peak on extreme right, and other Peaks from Keeromsberg.



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tooth of rock which is only a few feet lower than the actual summit. Various ascents have been made by different routes, but the additional route accomplished last January from the Zanddrift over the top of Prospect Peak, and skirting the edge of the grand amphitheatre immediately below the peak, forms by far the most interesting ascent of this mountain.

Another attractive spot is the Dome Kloof; this is just an hour's tramp further up the main kloof. On entering the inspiring crags the Buffels Dome (4750 ft.) rears its once virgin summit and seems to tower over all else. Directly on the left, but lying further back, are the Twin Peaks (6100 ft.) and just beyond them is the Buffels Peak (6803 ft.). These can be climbed without much difficulty, though under winter conditions the utmost care and caution must be studied.

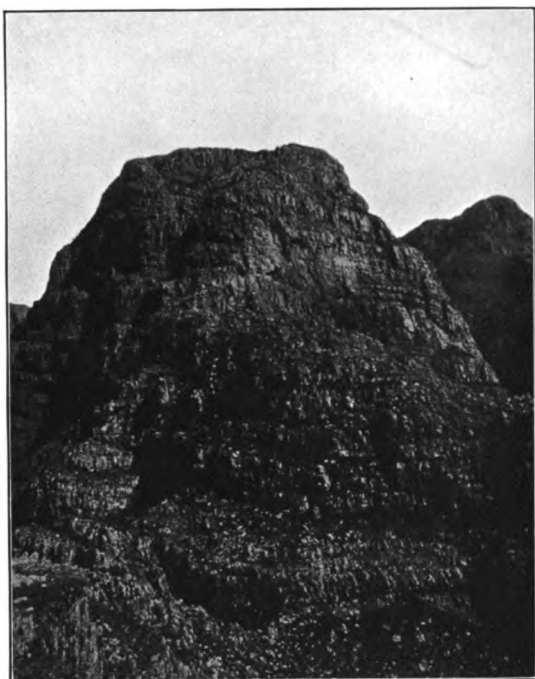
The frontal ascent of the Buffels Dome is a more serious undertaking, there being some 3000 ft. of cragwork, which in most places calls for the very best climbing ability and knowledge of rock craft. This ascent from the front has been made on one occasion, and that was in 1905 by Mr. P. Lambrecht and the writer. The Dome stands away from the main range, with which it is connected by a narrow knife-edge, which is bounded on either side by huge precipices. The descent was made *via* this edge, and one awkward pitch, some 40 ft. in height, was encountered and with due care negotiated. The Dome has since been ascended by a party of the local Club, who made the trip *via* this route from the back, descending the same way.

Almost at the head of the Buffels Kloof a fine trio of peaks stand out; these attracted me, so in 1906, Mr. R. Hahn and I made our way to the base of them. Leaving camp early next day, we ascended the thickly-clad slopes on our right, which led us into a short gully, from the top of which the crags on the left are followed until confronted by a sheer smooth face of rock some 800 ft. in height. Here a flanking movement to the left brought us to a ledge which ran across the crags into the ravine between the two peaks. This we ascended without difficulty, and, alas! without water, until the summit of the highest peak, which lies some distance back, was reached. We christened our virgin peak 'The Sentinel.'

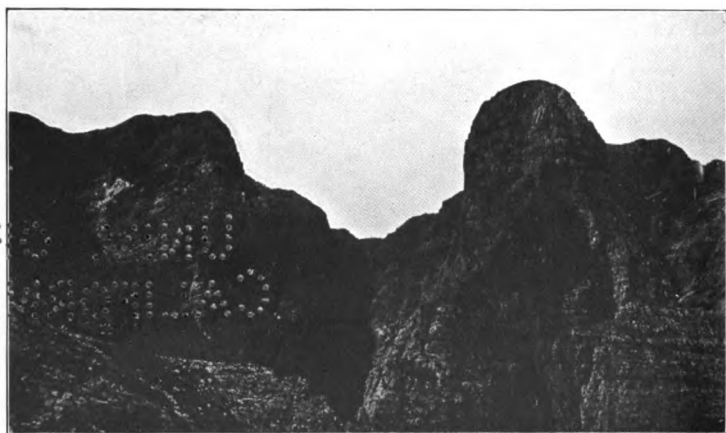
The highest summits of the Hex River Mountains are situated further N., and can best be got at from De Doorns Station. The monarch, Matroosberg (7381 ft.) is not only the highest in the range but is the loftiest mountain in the Western Province. The ascent offers no difficulty and can be made from almost

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THE RIDGE PEAKS.



*H. W. Wright, photo.*

*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

THE BUFFELS DOME (on the right).

any point in the valley. Roodeberg (7100 ft.) is easily reached from the former mountain, and Groot Hoek (6860 ft.) in turn can be done from Roodeberg, the three forming the huge amphitheatre overlooking the precipices of Groot Kloof. Slightly to the E. and some two hours distant is a fine mountain almost isolated, called Zonklip Berg (6974 ft.), so named by the farmers in the valley, as their first sight of the rising sun is seen on the upper crags of this mountain. It is a good trip to make; some excellent cragwork can be found on its extensive face.

There are several others which might be described, but I would be encroaching too much on the valuable space of our JOURNAL.

P.S.—The following is a translation of some of the Dutch names used :

De Doorns	.	.	.	.	The Thorns,
Keeromsberg	.	.	.	.	Turnabout Mountain.
Berg	.	.	.	.	Mountain.
Kloof	.	.	.	.	Ravine.
Bosch	.	.	.	.	Bush.
Buffels	.	.	.	.	Buffalo.
Zanddrift	.	.	.	.	Sandy Ford.
Bokkeveld	.	.	.	.	Goat Pasture.
Kopje	.	.	.	.	Rocky Hill.
Zonklip	.	.	.	.	Sun Rock.
Roodeberg	.	.	.	.	Red Mountain.

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A TRAVERSE OF THE PIZZI DI PALÜ, BELLAVISTA, AND  
PIZ ZUPÔ.

BY O. K. WILLIAMSON.

THE end of July 1913 found my wife and myself at Pontresina. In the Ortler district the weather had been abominable during the past few weeks of that month. At Sulden snow fell frequently, and the quantity of snow on the mountains was so unusually great that simple expeditions like the Tschenglser Hochwand and Monte Confine became quite respectable climbs.

In consequence of this evil fortune and the resulting 'wait

and see 'or do-nothing policy, which, however congenial to some politicians, is exceedingly distasteful to the self-respecting mountaineer, I had become increasingly keen on a good climb, and had in fact planned the traverse of the Scerscen and Bernina. However, 'homme propose et Dieu dispose,' for on descending from the Bernina Pass the icy armour on the Crast' Agüzza revealed by a glimpse up the Morteratsch valley made it necessary to revise this plan. A pleasant meeting with my old friend Josef Lochmatter was the cause of my engaging as guide Johann Gross, and on his recommendation, as the weather at last bid fair to mend its ways, I decided if time should permit to traverse the ridge from the E. summit of the Pizzi di Palü to the Piz Zupô. I was glad to engage Johann's elder brother Domenic, who offered himself as porter.

On the beautiful afternoon of July 29 Johann and I took an afternoon train to the Bernina houses, and from there a cool stroll up the path and across snow led us to the Diavolezza inn. A comfortable night followed, and next morning, having been joined by Domenic, who had walked up from Pontresina during the night, we started at 3.30 A.M. in weather conditions which were all that could be wished for, closely followed by other parties bound for the Palü. A short descent, followed by a traverse round the E. side of the rocks beyond Piz Trovat, and we reached the Pers glacier, and hereabouts put on the rope. We gradually ascended, and, having passed beneath some distinctly threatening séracs on Piz Cambrena, reached the foot of the snow-slopes leading up to the Fuorcla Pers-Palü. In the course of the ascent of these slopes a halt for breakfast was made. Soon after this we reached the N.E. arête of the Pizzi di Palü, well above the Fuorcla, and welcome sunshine. The snow was perfect, though fairly steep; one blow with the adze end of the axe was all that was necessary. The ridge was broad, and at 7.28 A.M. we stepped on to the E. summit, (3889 m., 12,760 ft.). We were most fortunate in the weather, and as one looked eastward towards the Ortler group on this day of marvellous and rare beauty one experienced the vivid sensation of being in a world far indeed removed from that of every-day life. In the opposite direction the steep flanks of the Zupô looked an immense distance away. After a short rest we followed the ridge, mostly of snow, over the central or highest peak (3912 m., 12,835 ft.).

Scanning the western limits of view, a thrill passed through me as far away—about 100 miles—beyond a sea of blue foot-hills, distinct yet softened by distance, there soared majestically

the ever graceful spear-points of the Saas-grat peaks with flanks draped in mantle of creamy white. Such moments as these are indeed more than worth the double journey to the Alps.

The ridge here became narrow, and in places its sides fell steeply away, the angle of the snow-slopes on the Pontresina side being most impressive. Rocks cropped out here and there before we reached the W. summit (3825 m., 12,550 ft.). My cheery companions, excellent fellows and most capable guides both, led by turns, and pleasant rocks with a little snow brought us to the Fuorcla Bellavista at 8.57 A.M., and we again halted. Before leaving this point we were joined by the other parties, which from here were to descend to Pontresina. We now followed the broad easy ridge to the E. peak of Bellavista (3800 m., 12,468 ft.), and we continued along the arête, mostly of snow, over the next two summits (3893 m., 12,773 ft., and 3894 m., 12,776 ft.). These three peaks are, as stated in Major Strutt's 'The Alps of the Bernina,' Part II., merely little snow mounds.

The gracefully curved ridge now became narrow and showed here and there a little rock. About this time, to judge from an incident which occurred, one of my companions was apparently desirous of determining by actual experiment the weight-carrying properties of a south-bending cornice. Proof that care was needed was in fact amply present. On this Bellavista ridge the snow on the northern slopes was excellent, but was in marked contrast to that on the southern side, where it was distinctly avalanchy.

Soon after reaching the top of the highest or S.W. peak (3927 m., 12,884 ft.) we halted at 10.53 A.M. The view of the S. sides of the Bernina, Scerscen, and Roseg seen from here was new to me and interesting, but even more majestic was the Disgrazia

' . . . Your mountain of old,  
With his rents, the successive bequeathings of ages untold.'

From here we descended firm rocks, affording pleasant climbing, including a S. partly snow traverse, and so reached at 11.45 A.M. the Zupô Pass. From this point the ridge, which had hitherto run in a direction, roughly speaking, W. or S.W., bends abruptly southwards, and we started up the N. ridge of our last and highest peak. We climbed on the crest of the arête on rocks which were in one place pitched at a high angle. My leading guide disappeared above. 'Are you firm, Johann?' 'Yes, come on.' (Although Johann speaks the German language,

in deference to my readers' and my own susceptibilities, I give the words in English!) Some loose blocks demanded care, but the work could not be called difficult. These rocks gave place to snow, which finally led in a gently rising arête to the culminating point of Piz Zupô (4002 m., 13,131 ft.) at 12.30 P.M. Here we basked in the sun and enjoyed the glorious view. Twenty-five minutes later we started down the W. face. This was steep at first; our route lay over snow and rocks, some of which were loose. A little ice ill-covered by snow led us over the filled-up bergschrund to the Fuorcla Zupô route. We descended the glacier, traversing to the right just S. of the point 3228 m., so as to join the lower part of the 'Loch' route,<sup>1</sup> and, helped by some pleasant glissades, reached the lower-level glacier. Here we freed ourselves from the encumbrance of the rope. We strolled down the Morteratsch glacier. My companions went to investigate the new Boval hut whilst I proceeded alone, reaching the tourist haunts and the Morteratsch restaurant at 4.55 P.M.

The total length of the expedition was 13 hrs. 25 min.; the actual time of walking 10 hrs. 52 min., of which 3 hrs. 45 min. were consumed between the first and last peak.<sup>2</sup> Had I been in better training probably from one hour to one-and-a-half hour could have been taken off the time.

It will be gathered from the description that the expedition is by no means difficult; in fact it may be doubted whether there exists in the Alps a ridge of this length at so great a height—it nowhere falls below 12,000 feet—which is so easy. Hardly any obstacle was met with which was not overcome by a direct frontal attack.

If the captious Alpine critic should complain of the want of incident in the above narrative, I can only retort that this is a necessary consequence of the admirable state of repair of the ridge, doubtless due to the industry of the local authorities.

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#### PROJECT OF A TUNNEL TO THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN IN 1859.

WHILE turning over the pages of some old volumes of the *Gazette du Valais* of Sion, in the Municipal Library of Berne recently, I was surprised to find in the number for October 20, 1859, an article entitled 'A Project of an Ascent

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<sup>1</sup> *The Alps of the Bernina* (Strutt), Part II., p. 115.

<sup>2</sup> *A.J.* xxvii. p. 451.

of Mont Cervin.' The author, assuming that the Matterhorn could never be climbed by fair means, suggests that a spiral tunnel could easily be bored from the Hörnli ridge to the summit at a comparatively moderate cost. The idea of such a passage through the heart of the mountain, with glass-covered windows at intervals, is so delightfully original that the article seems well worth reproducing in the ALPINE JOURNAL.

As to whether the author intended his proposal to be taken seriously or not I fancy there can be but one opinion. In any case a careful search through the pages of the *Gazette* for the ensuing two or three years failed to bring to light any further information regarding the 'Matterhorn Tunnel Company.'

HENRY F. MONTAGNIER.

(From the *Gazette du Valais*, October 20, 1859.)

*Projet d'ascension du Mont-Cervin.*

Depuis quelques années nos vallées sont visitées par une foule de voyageurs, tant savants que curieux ; les uns se contentent d'admirer nos beaux glaciers et nos superbes chaînes de montagnes ; d'autres plus audacieux, essayent d'atteindre leurs sommités. On réussit quelques fois, mais non sans beaucoup de peine et de danger.

C'est la vallée de Viège que les touristes fréquentent le plus maintenant. Zermatt, situé au pied du Mont-Rosa et du Mont-Cervin, est en effet un endroit d'où l'on peut jouir de la vue d'un des plus charmants panoramas alpestres.

Au fond de cette vallée s'élève comme un pain de sucre, de 1037 m. de hauteur, le Mont-Cervin, dont la sommité est à 4157 m. au-dessus de la mer. C'est-à-dire qu'il est presque aussi élevé que le Mont-Rosa et le Mont-Blanc.

Cette pyramide est si raide que l'on ne pourra pas, par des moyens ordinaires, gravir son sommet. Cependant, si jamais on y parvenait, il faut avouer que non seulement elle étalerait aux yeux des passagers la vue la plus belle, mais elle serait encore d'une grande utilité pour les sciences physiques et astronomiques ; ce serait le plus bel observatoire de la terre.

Dans notre siècle de constructions hardies, ceci doit rentrer dans le possible, et voici comment :

Depuis Zermatt au pied de la pyramide, sur une longueur de 22½ kilomètres, soit 4½ lieues suisses, une route à char s'établirait facilement et ne coûterait que 40,000 francs environ. Pour arriver au faite du Mont-Cervin, on pourrait se servir

de deux moyens : le premier serait de se développer à jour sur le flanc le mieux exposé au soleil ; le second de se tenir en galerie dans l'intérieur.

Le premier projet présenterait de grandes difficultés et ne serait guère praticable. On ne pourrait pas dépasser la pente de 3 et 4 pour cent ; le fond du chemin étant souvent gelé, il serait difficile de franchir une plus forte rampe. Il faudra donner à ce chemin une certaine largeur, ce qui augmenterait l'exploitation du roc ; la neige l'encombrerait à chaque instant, et il ne serait guère possible de le tenir ouvert sans occasionner beaucoup de frais. Le coût de ce passage reviendrait à 770,000 fr.

Le second projet serait sûr et praticable en toute saison. Il consisterait à entrer en galerie au pied de la pyramide et se développer dans l'intérieur avec des rampes variant de 5 au 10 pour cent et même plus, et en ménageant des paliers de temps en temps.

On contournerait ainsi dans son intérieur le Mont-Cervin en se réservant de distance en distance des fenêtres que l'on pourrait vitrer. La longueur de ce tunnel en spirale serait d'environ 12 à 15 kilomètres, soit environ 2½ lieues suisses. En lui donnant 1 m. 50 de largeur et 2 m. 10 de hauteur, son coût pourrait revenir à environ 840 mille francs ; mettons un nombre rond 900,000 frs., ce qui fait 60 francs par mètre courant. On y travaillerait été et hiver, et l'ouvrage pourrait être terminé en quatre années en l'attaquant dans plusieurs endroits à la fois.

On s'occupe en ce moment à former une compagnie. Les actions ne seraient que de 50 francs, et par conséquent à la portée d'un très-grand nombre même chez nous.

### SOME VALAIS CLIMBS IN 1913.

By W. H. ELLIS.

THE Editor's request that I should provide a Paper for the JOURNAL dealing with some climbs I had in the Turtmann Valley in 1913 came at a very awkward time, as I was working under great pressure in connection with the War, as well as holding an important public office ; and although I am reluctant not to write what I can in the hope that it may cause some of my colleagues in the Club to give more attention to this interesting district than has been the case, I do not feel

I have sufficient time or opportunity to do proper justice to a Paper on this subject. Moreover, I have destroyed the notes I made at the time, and fear, therefore, that I cannot be as accurate in the work as is desirable.

It is a curious fact that although at the head of the Turtmann Valley are found some most interesting views, and also climbing of a high quality, more attention has not been paid to this valley, the more so as it is wedged in between such well-known valleys as the Zermatt and the Val d'Anniviers. It is easy of access from either of these valleys, without climbing, by the Augstbord Pass, or by one of the several valleys from St. Luc, or if a visitor proposes to begin his holiday in the Turtmann Valley it is a very pleasant 3 to 4 hours on leaving the train at Turtmann station in the Rhône Valley. Moreover, before undertaking the longer climbs at the head of the valley there is plenty of opportunity afforded for smaller training climbs from the hotel, such as the Schwarzhorn, Bella Tola, or, rather longer, the Barrhorn. I found the Schwarzhorn Hotel at Gruben quite comfortable, and the landlord willing to study the comfort of guides as well as climbers. It also has the advantage of not being near enough to a big centre to be tiresome in the way of many daily tourists, as most of the visitors come with the intention of making some stay. The valley up to the base of the glacier is full of beauty and characteristic Swiss life, and consequently there is plenty of interest for off days. Had I known previously what variety there is in this district I should certainly have allowed myself much more time for exploring it.

I had a very enjoyable day in coming over the Bella Tola from Chandolin, where I had stayed some days, and dropping down to the Turtmann Valley on the west side, leaving some high Alps with large herds of cattle, and proceeding down into the valley through the woods, this being only an eight hours' day. I had a training climb on the Barrhorn next day from the hotel, but although the going was good the mists were thick above 10,000 feet, and we did not gather that knowledge of the route in the upper part of the glacier that we hoped to.

From Chandolin, as you look towards the Weisshorn, a small snow summit is seen for which I had failed to find a name until my visit to the Turtmann Valley, and then I discovered that this peak is the Bieshorn, which lies immediately north of the Weisshorn, and is only about 1300 feet lower than it. I was accompanied by Josef Kuster of Engelberg, who has climbed with me for many years, and Josef Antille of St. Luc, who has



only recently got his guide's certificate, and our principal aim was to see something of the two main arms of the Turtmann Glacier up to the watershed which terminates in the Biesjoch, at a height of 11,644 feet, and to couple one of these expeditions with a descent to Randa. Owing to the difference in height between the hotel at Gruben and the Biesjoch being 5650 feet, and there being no hut, the days are necessarily long, and it would be a great advantage to the valley if it were possible to find a site for a hut on the rocks near the point 3615, on the Siegfried map, giving access to both arms of the Turtmann Glacier. I cannot, however, say with certainty whether access is possible from the eastern arm of the glacier on to these rocks, for, although we were on some points of this ridge, we had no time to give a day to exploring carefully this rock arête from the eastern arm of the Turtmann Glacier, which is at least 1000 feet below the western arm.

I will now say something of our day on the Bieshorn. Leaving Gruben at 3 and passing the huts at Senntum we soon left the western side of the lower portion of the glacier, and scrambled up turf and rocks, crossing a couloir which becomes dangerous early in the day from falling stones (indeed, we saw some falling before eight in the morning), and this route—probably a half-hour—brought us nearly to the level of the glacier above the icefall somewhat S. of a line E. and W. between points 3612 and 2882. This enormous icefall is one of the features of the valley, the sky line as seen from below showing a level surface well above 10,000 feet. After a halt, we proceeded over good snow right up the centre of the western arm of the glacier for two to three hours until we were well below the N. arête of the Bieshorn itself. The feature of this part of the route, however, is the interesting view of the N. arête of the Weisshorn, and this arête may almost be said to continue to the Bieshorn except for various nameless cols at the very head of the Turtmann Glacier. The last two hours' climb on to the Bieshorn itself was not difficult, but required care owing to patches of ice. The view on to the Weisshorn from the summit has certainly a peculiar fascination. Although the difference in height is not great, the distance is considerable, but this one does not realise, and a party of three who were just leaving the summit of the Weisshorn seemed to us to be within hailing distance. I was on the Weisshorn five days afterwards where the circumstances were absolutely reversed, and the Bieshorn seen from the Weisshorn certainly does not do itself justice. In the

descent we avoided the difficult ice by dropping down due E. for a short time and joining our original route in a northerly direction about 500 feet down. Our return down the glacier was toilsome and long, owing to the snow already being soft, and for this reason I should advise starting from Gruben not later than 1.30. I did not feel it wise to return by the same route from the icefall because of the danger of crossing the couloir, and this compelled us to keep to the rocks on the west of the upper icefall for a half to three-quarters of an hour, when we found some soft snowslopes which enabled us to reach the level of the glacier below the upper icefall. We then traversed the glacier in an easterly direction in order to avoid descending the lower icefall, which is very complicated; and this enabled us to join the ordinary route from the Biesjoch or the Barrhorn to Gruben. This is an unpleasant two hours' work at the end of the day, as it involves scrambling over several rough moraines running nearly north and south. In the later afternoon heavy thunder came over very suddenly, and we only reached the hotel just before seven, thoroughly soaked. It was, however, a very satisfactory day both geographically and from a climbing point of view, and I think anyone following our course would be tempted to make further exploration on the Weisshorn arête, leaving the summit of the Bieshorn alone, and arriving at the arête at a point well to the eastward of point 3698.

The first part of the expedition I have described is practically the same route for the Diablons if this climb is made from Gruben by the Col de Tracuit, and this may also be considered a good route for anyone leaving the Turtmann Valley and going over to Zinal.

A second expedition I want to describe somewhat fully is the route from Gruben up the eastern arm of the Turtmann Glacier to the Biesjoch and the Brunegghorn, and the descent to Randa. This again is a long day, and I do not think can be easily done under about sixteen hours, as with good going the Biesjoch will not be reached from Gruben under about seven hours. Up to the Joch it is a comfortable glacier expedition, and I need not describe it fully; the only point is that it is desirable to approach the Joch well from the E. as the northern face near the lowest point is, I understand, nearly always iced, and was so when we were there. I notice Mr. Gardiner ('A.J.' viii. p. 381) alludes to the risk of falling séracs on approaching the Biesjoch from the Gruben side, but we saw nothing of this nature, our route being probably more

to the E. From the Biesjoch one hour up easy snow-slopes brought us to the summit of the Bruneggghorn, which is a commanding position owing to there being nothing of a very high nature eastward until the Mischabel group occurs, and therefore the view from the summit is very imposing. I knew there was a possible route to Randa by descending from the Biesjoch and skirting round the edge of the Freiwänge, but it is not easy to find, and with only limited time I did not feel it safe to attempt it. Had I known at the time of the route taken by Mr. Meade, referred to by Captain Farrar ('A.J.' xxv. p. 275), I should have been tempted to take it to the hut and to do the Weisshorn from there instead of descending to Randa.

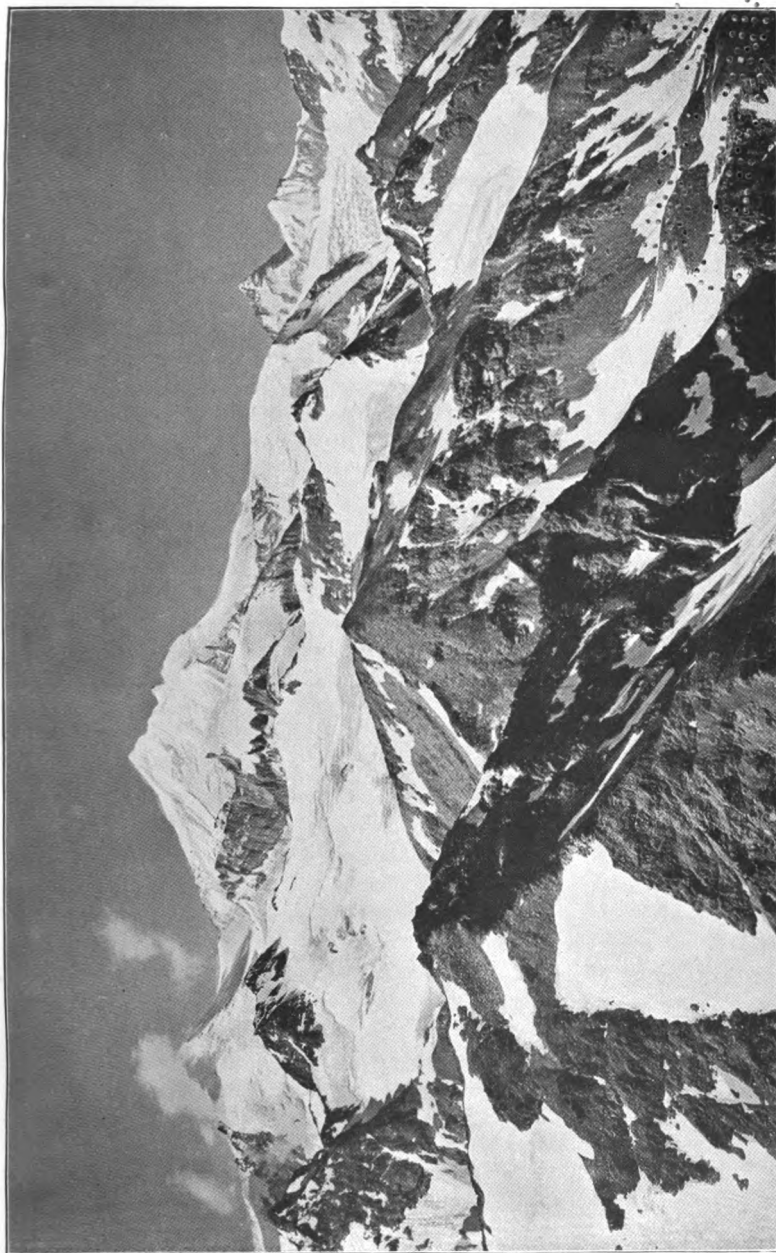
From references ('A.J.' xii. 122 and 255) the Bieshorn can be done from the Biesjoch quite well, but in 1913 there were many large patches of ice on the eastern face which would have made the ascent very long and difficult.

From the Bruneggghorn our natural route was to descend by the northern arête to the Bruneggjoch, but this was so badly iced that we had to return almost to the Biesjoch and slightly descend in a northern direction to the Bruneggjoch. The descent from there down the Abberg glacier is quite simple, except that it is necessary to thread through the icefall, as there are couloirs on the N. side of the glacier which are not safe in the afternoon.

Having left the glacier, we made great efforts to skirt over the high ground in a southerly direction, so as to be able to descend direct to Randa, but we utterly failed to find any possible route, and, indeed, the one we took was not good in many ways, and we were ultimately forced down through the woods opposite Herbrigen station and walked up to Randa. This expedition also took us fully 15 hours, and I should imagine would be a very much more interesting one if made from Randa direct, skirting the Freiwänge and approaching the Biesjoch from the S. with the descent to Turtmann, and if, when it is possible to resume climbing in Switzerland, I am able to make this expedition I will certainly send a note of the particulars to the JOURNAL, as the existing information is not very definite.

Although not part of the real subject of this Paper, before concluding, I want to add a few words about an expedition following the day on the Weisshorn during the week after the Turtmann expeditions.

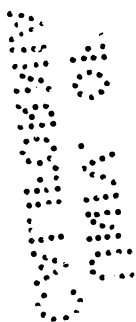
We went up to the Riffelhaus in very bad weather on Thursday, August 7, but on Friday morning at four o'clock



*Wehrli, A. G., photo.*

*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

WEISSHORN AND HEAD OF TURTMANN VALLEY,  
FROM THE BELLA TOLA.



the weather rapidly improved and remained perfect until an hour or two after our return to Zermatt on the Saturday night, and this, no doubt, accounts for our meeting no other parties during the whole time. We took the usual course nearly to the Bétemps hut, crossed over the lower portion of the Lys glacier and had considerable difficulty in threading our way through the icefall on the plateau of the Felik glacier, reaching the Felik Joch in 8 hours from the Bétemps hut. Our time was long, owing to difficulties of the icefall, and my leading guide being ill for the last three hours. A short hour and a half brought us to the summit of Castor, but the western slope towards the Zwillings Joch appearing difficult owing to extensive ice patches, and our time being limited, we descended by the same route and ran down to the Sella hut, reaching it at 4 P.M. Here we were warmly welcomed by the Guardian, who had not spoken to anyone except his dog for five days.

The hut appeared to me to be an exceptionally good one and unusually clean, but we all suffered somewhat from cold, and all our boots and other things were frozen by morning.

We left again on Saturday at four, thinking we were easily going to find the Zwillings Joch, but we were bothered by an intermediate ridge which we had to skirt as it was too steep to descend direct, and this brought us on to a couple of hours' difficult ice below the Joch and caused some loss of time, and I got two toes caught with frost, which took me eight weeks to get over, although it was not serious. From here we did the traverse from Pollux to the Schwarzthor, a very nice walk, with no difficulties. The first part of the descent of the Schwarze glacier was very simple, but again we had difficulties in getting through the icefall, and when we got through had to let our porter down some steep snow on the rope more than 100 feet to get rid of the avalanching before the guide and I descended, and our arrival at the foot of it was open to comment.

From here we took the ordinary route and were down in Zermatt by seven in the evening.

I am aware that this expedition, or most of it, is frequently done from Zermatt by the route from the Theodul hut skirting the Breithorn, but I venture to suggest that the route from the Riffelhaus makes a much more interesting expedition, and certainly combines every beauty that can be expected from a short two days' expedition.

May I again regret that the circumstances I have alluded

to above have not allowed me to do justice to a description of the interesting district dealt with in the earlier part of this Paper? But I hope what I have written may be of some slight service to some of our members when they are paying their first visit to the Turtmann Valley.

### THE NORTH FACE OF THE GRAND COMBIN.

Referring to the route described in 'A.J.' xix. p. 247-8, Mr. Lipscomb has now obtained from his guides, the late Jean Maître and Pierre Maurys, further particulars of the exact line followed. The climb was undertaken in poor weather culminating in a snow-storm, which overtook the party below the summit and caused them to lose their way on the descent, forcing them to return to the same route followed on the ascent. In these circumstances accurate observations were difficult. It is shown in the illustration, and descends directly from the upper plateau to the corridor route. Pierre Maurys writes to Mr. Lipscomb as follows:—

*Translation.*—'We are a little late in replying to your letter, which recalls to our minds friendly memories. My uncle Jean [Maître] was up at our mayens, 1500-2000 m. altitude, looking after the cattle. The winter has been rigorous and cold. After discussing the matter we send you back the photograph with a mark to indicate the route which we took for our descent—your recollection is exact. It is down steep slopes of snow and ice which [lead] to the bifurcation of the routes coming from the Panossière hut and from the Col des Maisons Blanches in taking the ordinary Corridor route. This route is still accessible at this moment, or rather if the season permitted. During the first days of mobilisation I tried the Combin, but was beaten by the weather, but I examined our route and saw that it is still possible.—Evolène, March 25, 1915.'

This line was again taken by M. Émile Fontaine with the guide E. Masson and the porter E. Michellod on July 29, 1907.—'Echo des Alpes,' 1909, p. 89; 'Rivista,' 1911, p. 149.

On July 26, 1913, Mr. V. A. Fynn and I, with Omer Balleys<sup>1</sup> of

<sup>1</sup> He and his brother Jules, also a botanist, are good guides and very agreeable companions. They know their neighbourhood very thoroughly, and have also travelled a bit. They are both to be recommended. The other brother, Auguste, likewise a very good man, died some years ago. They are the sons of Daniel Balleys of the P.P.G.

Bourg St. Pierre, reached the summit of the Combin de Valsorey from the Valsorey hut by the Maisons Blanches arête. We went along to the Graffeneire and then returned to the col between the two. Balleys suggested looking for a direct passage down the ice-cliff to the Corridor route, which, he said, he had heard had been once done by M. Fontaine with Val de Bagnes guides. Accordingly we struck down the easy slopes of the upper plateau to the top of the ice-cliffs, almost in a straight line for the Combin de Corbassière. We cannot have taken above ten minutes to reach the top of the cliff, and, peering over, saw below us what looked like good and not



very steep snow-slopes. We were able to get down without difficulty on a projecting block of ice, and, turning parallel to the ice-cliff, wedged ourselves down between the block and the cliff and so reached the slopes below—the height was not over 30 feet—to find them, much to our disgust, *hard ice* covered with a very thin layer of snow. It cost us little short of two hours' step-cutting in ice before, bearing a little to the left, we were able to get on to snow. The position of the party on the slope under the square-cut ice-cliffs was not a comfortable one, and the enterprising Fynn suggested trying a glissade, as, not very far down, the slope eased off and was evidently snow. I preferred the ills we knew of, and declined. Moreover, clouds kept obscuring the sun, so that the chances of anything falling were reduced.

We were all the time in a straight line for the Combin de Corbassière



and were well seen from the Panossière hut, so we learned on arrival, where our long delay on the ice-slope was not envied. The glacier below was deep with snow, and notwithstanding our having out 120 feet of rope and the most stringent attention being paid, Omer Balleys, who, as the lightest, was leading, went through into a longitudinal crevasse, *i.e.* *along* the line of march, so that the rope cut through the roof almost to my feet before the slight jerk came on me who had instantly squatted in the deep snow. It took us twenty minutes before he emerged, very cold but perfectly unabashed, hauled at the finish, sheer, by the mighty arms of Fynn. Our descent through the ice-cliffs is slightly different from that marked, as we got on to the ice-block shown and came down on its right-hand side (descending). The route is all right for an ascent, preferably with crampons, but might not be very safe later on a hot day.

J. P. FARRAR.

## BEDDGELERT IN SEPTEMBER.—II.

By THE EDITOR.

It will be remembered that to the poet Wordsworth

‘Twas pastime to be bound  
Within the sonnet’s scanty patch of ground.’

Our pastime is now to be bound within the narrow limits of Snowdonia. It is sometimes objected to members of our Club that they think little of their home hills, but there never was a greater calumny. None of us is blind to their attractions and beauties, and when we cannot visit the Alps ‘how salutary, how very salutary,’ it is to visit North Wales!

On September 6, 1915, I revisited Beddgelert. All then promised well—for not only was Moel Hebog’s head clear of clouds, but the local augurs used smooth words of the weather. As I strolled about in the evening the familiar trees and streams and mountains gripped my imagination as strongly as ever. I had meant to spend the next day in comparative idleness, but when I found a charming lady lamenting that to-morrow was her last day amongst the hills, that she had waited for a week in vain to ascend Snowdon, what could I do but offer to act as guide? She was quite inexperienced, but another young lady who joined her was a very good walker and climber. So the next morning, September 7, Mr. Pullan drove us in the hotel motor to Rhyd-ddu, and we started from Snowdon station accompanied by the hotel dog, an eager climber and, contrary to the most of dogs, a persistent centrist as far as the path was concerned.

The day was beautiful, so were the views—so varied, so familiar—so—one might almost say—domestic. We reached the top in quite good time, surveyed the world, ate our lunch, and then descended by Sir Watkin Wynn's path. The inexperienced member of the party had some trouble with her boots and I fancy suffered considerable discomfort, not to say pain, but stuck to her work courageously. When we reached the dip between Y Wyddfa and Lliwedd, I succeeded in finding a projecting rock on the end of the Lliwedd ridge from which we got a perfect view of that mountain's famous rock-face above Llyn Llydaw.<sup>1</sup>

The skill and daring of those who have succeeded in conquering its slabs and gullies were emphatically impressed upon us as our eyes climbed from foot to summit. We then followed the rough path past the disused slateworks. Near the waterfall we paused to look across the Gwynant Valley. In the sloping meadows on the far side, owing perhaps to the light effects, each individual tree had a pose and presence at once attractive and impressive. Before we turned the corner to our right I looked back and formed a plan for climbing Lliwedd, which I afterwards had the good luck to carry out. As we passed Sir Watkin's sheltered chalet we all of us commiserated the glorious thickets of rhododendron which had just been heavily pruned.—I think my companions would have said 'hacked.' They were choice varieties and not merely the ordinary *ponticum*. But the gardener's hand must often be heavy on over luxuriance, however much toil he may have expended in producing it. Then we reached the road and the oakwood, where the bright green of the countless ferns was set off by the brown carpet woven of the leaves of past autumns. When we reached the road there was Mr. Pullan with the motor, and we were a minute within the time agreed upon for meeting him. To him the ladies expressed their pleasure. So it was a thoroughly contented party that sped home through the pleasant sylvan country by the side of Llyn Dinas.

The next day, September 7, I determined to devote to crossing Moel Hebog. I did not take either of last year's routes, but, going a short distance along the Aberglaslyn road, turned to the right through a little iron gate just beyond the derelict railway bridge. I made no attempt to keep to any recognised route, though I started on one. The way led through a little coppice carpeted with wood sorrel and many ferns, where the air was warm and scented, then past a little farmhouse to steeper country and a pest of flies. Wall-climbing was soon necessary. This is an art gradually acquired. One of the things to look out for is a big rock built into the fence. Here a crossing is often comparatively easy. On an unusually

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<sup>1</sup> For a description of Lliwedd's wonderful cliffs, see Mr. A. W. Andrews' article entitled 'Climbing on Lliwedd' (with three illustrations), *A.J.* xxiv. pp. 564–70.

high wall this morning I brought down a number of stones, including a heavy one which cost an effort to replace, for one never likes to leave the wall in partial ruin. Now through bracken above a stream, now across the stream and over dry slopes, and I go almost straight up to the centre of the great wall of the mountain.

Here I made a careful examination of the cliffs, and, turning to the right, found a way up, a little steeper than last year's, where hands occasionally come into play.

From the summit I gazed out on many a famous hill and on the wide-watered shore of Cardigan Bay.

Soon after passing the summit I came upon a family party—father, mother, and two daughters—engaged on luncheon. We exchanged friendly greetings and congratulations on the fine weather, and passing on I saw a hawk mobbed by jackdaws. By this time I had made up my mind to descend to Portmadoc, or at any rate to Tremadoc.

A long way below was Llyn-cwm-ystrallen, with many white seagulls sweeping over and into the northern end of its waters, while two boats were busy fishing on other parts of the lake. I did not go to the lake, but made for the farm at the other end from that haunted by the seagulls, where I could see a road. The mountain was in places decidedly steep, but offered no difficulties till I came to stone walls. Here, by finding places where big boulders formed part of the wall, I managed the escalade without trouble. Here—a 'dreary gleam about the moorland'—I saw a curlew. Beyond the seagulls were deserted slate quarries, which doubtless accounted for the desolation of a line of cottages in ruin, and their melancholy neighbour, a grass-grown road. At the farmhouse I inquired the distance to Portmadoc from a man who had just driven up in a trap. After a brief discussion with the labourer who was taking his horse away he said, 'Seven miles.' I thanked him and went on along what soon became what I have heard called a life-like road, for it had many ups and downs. The country seemed well cared for. At the lake farm there was a French barn, and I noticed many of them afterwards. One of the features of the view was a huge building like a roofless church, which I believe had some connection with the slate quarries. Cornfields and marshy pastures with many comely cattle followed. The road had frequent gates, one of which I held open for a postman on a bicycle. After passing the postman I came to a very pretty sight. The stone-built fence on the right of the road was full of ferns of many kinds. They had been cut along with the grass early in the summer, and young fronds had shot up and made a delightful feathery garland of fresh greenery. Later there were blackberries. By and by I got into the main road from Carnarvon to Tremadoc. Here I met an old man who, on being asked the time, produced a fine gold watch that I might see for myself; when I asked how far it was to Tremadoc he was very careful to tell me the exact distance— $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The children I

met looked well cared for. Blackberries were now plentiful, and evidently many wayfarers had tasted and tried, approved and feasted. I now began to walk fast, for I had an idea that a motor for Beddgelert passed through Tremadoc about half-past five. I arrived there before that time, and sat down on the steps at the foot of the signpost in the centre of the market-place, and watched the birds perched on the weathercock of the church. As no motor appeared I went on along the road to Portmadoc. Here, as in so many places to-day, Mars (in khaki) and Venus were walking together. The station supplied me with tea and newspapers, and after the arrival of the Paddington express I returned to Beddgelert in the motor. Moelwyn and Cynicht looked dim but impressive in the misty evening air and made me resolve to traverse the former.

The morning of September 9 I spent in the shade of the trees at Aberglaslyn, and watched one or two trout enjoying a lazy meal. The afternoon was devoted to the meadows. That morning one of the visitors said that he had seen a cow fall down a steep slope—almost a wall—in the rough pasture ground (well seen from the hotel entrance) above the Colwyn valley road. The landlord on hearing of it, with true neighbourly feeling, sent a man to help, but his services turned out to be unnecessary, for what had really been seen was a great truss of bracken fern, not liable to broken legs.

In the evening there arrived at the Goat an old pupil of mine, who very kindly offered to drive me in his motor-car any or every morning to the foot of any mountain which I might want to climb. So on the 10th the motor took me to the entrance to Sir Watkin Wynn's domain, and I proceeded to put into execution the plan I had formed for climbing Lliwedd. Instead of going up to the ruined slate quarries, I crossed the stream and turned straight up the hill on the near side of Craig Ddu, and so without difficulty reached the E. ridge of Lliwedd. The view into the cauldron of Llyn Llydaw detained me for a few minutes, and I then followed the arête to the gap between the mountain and Snowdon, went up Snowdon, enjoyed a glorious view, and descended to Rhyd-ddu, where I found a landlady who quickly supplied me with a good tea.

On the 11th, I took the hotel motor to Portmadoc, and then the narrow-gauge railway to Tan-y-grisiau, to traverse Moelwyn.

Tan-y-grisiau is blessed with very narrow thoroughfares, and directions are difficult to understand, but I managed to find the little stream that descends from Cwm Orthin and followed the road by its side. I passed quarry works on the left, but did not go as far as the lake. Instead I turned up leftwards by a row of cottages now only partially occupied. They possessed rude gardens with the most miscellaneous fencing, some of the material employed consisting of iron bedsteads. We know what purpose

‘Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,’

might in the poet's imagination have served, but could his bedstead have suffered a worse degradation than to keep the vagrant pig from the half-grown turnip! It was a melancholy spot; it had almost a touch of Avernus about it, but I soon forgot it as I began to climb up the rough slopes on Moel-y-Rhudd's eastern face. It was interesting work to pick the easiest way, and I think it quite possible that one unused to mountains might have chosen gullies which would have repulsed him at any rate temporarily.

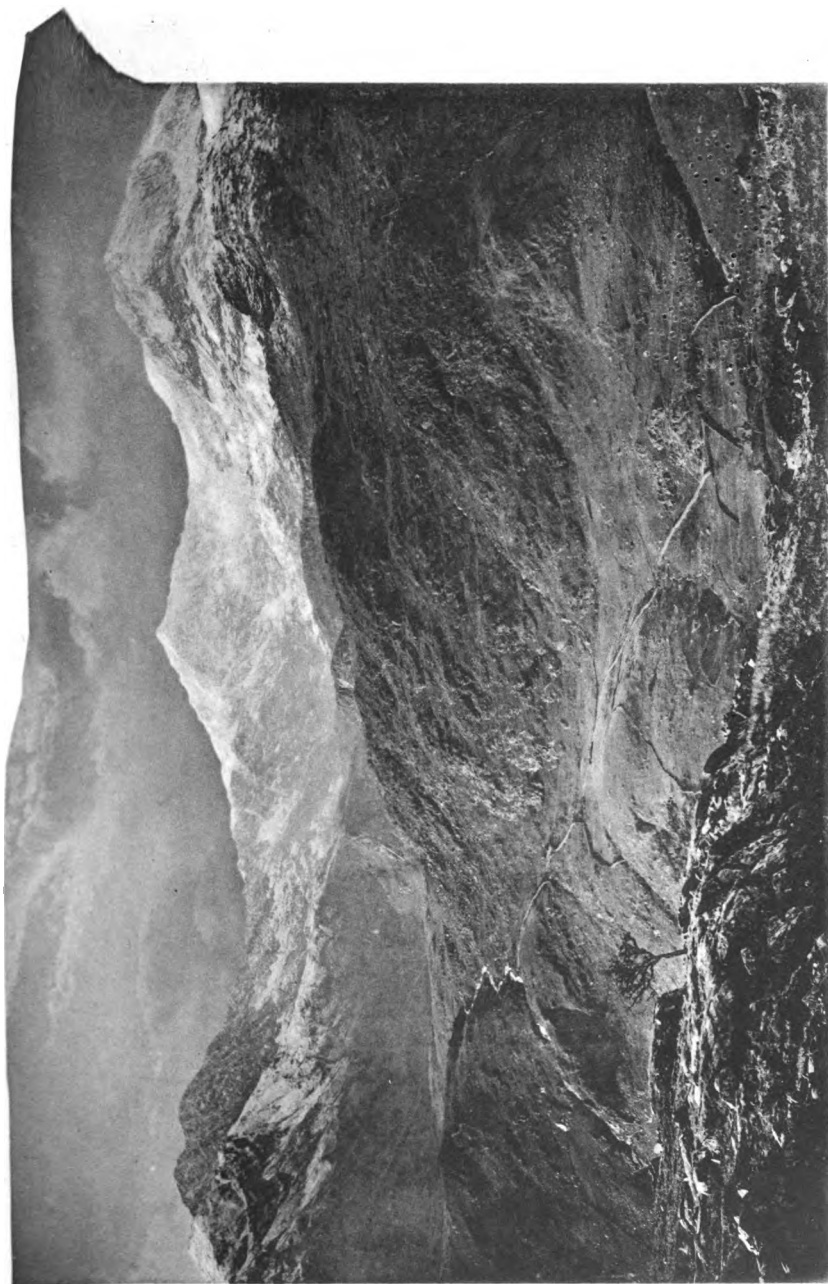
Once, on the top of Moel-y-Rhudd, which I fancy is about 2,000 feet high, I surveyed the vale beneath me, on my left, and admired Moelwyn Bach's bare slate flanks. I then descended to the dip between my mountain and Moelwyn Mawr, and then mounted again to the top of the latter without any trouble.

Here I sat down and regaled myself with sandwiches and the apples I had bought at Portmadoc, now to my taste almost Hesperian fruits.

Cynicht looked almost forbidding; Snowdon, far away, like a poet's creation only faintly shadowed. Then I descended, down slopes where nibbling flocks were straying, to Cwm Croesor, the only obstacle being a high stone wall. The view to my right front was grim, but the floor of the valley was bright green. When I got just below the village of Croesor the trees and meadows made a pleasant picture, and Cynicht towered in the background with quite the flair of greater mountains. I followed the tramway down to the road to Pont Aberglaslyn; the lower part was bordered with splendid ferns, and blackberries were abundant. Once or twice when I was gathering them I found young cattle regarding me with mild incurious eyes. The rest of the walk to Beddgelert was familiar ground. But no familiarity can detract from the pleasure of looking back on Cynicht in his most royal aspect.

The next day the motor bore me to Pen-y-pass and I climbed the Glyders, marvelling much at the wild rocks of Glyder Fach and Castell Gwynt, which no doubt has often been likened to a little Chamonix Aiguille. I went down to Pen-y-gwryd, and after tea went back to Beddgelert by the old road—one of the most beautiful walks in Wales, or indeed in any country. From one spot I had a perfect view of Snowdon, with his two great satellites, Lliwedd and Crib Goch, showing every point and pinnacle in naked pride; at another a sight of Yr Aran, high and haughty, as though he defied his suzerain, Y Wyddfa. The soft sylvan scenery of Lake Gwynant contrasted strongly with the bleakness and bareness which had surrounded me on the Glyders, and in fact the seven miles from Pen-y-gwryd to Beddgelert afforded an unusual variety of green and gracious scenes.

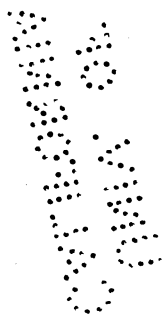
On other days I had passed many silent Zions and Salems, but on this quiet Sunday evening before the chapel just below the turn for Sir Watkin Wynn's chalet there were vehicles lined up in the road in which worshippers had travelled from distant outlying



G. P. Abraham, F.R.P.S.

SNOWDON FROM ABOVE LLYN GWYNANT (EARLY SPRING).

Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.



farms. I heard singing and then a preacher's voice, and contrasted the homely chapel with the many-coloured Church processions which one sometimes meets in Italian Alps.

On September 13 I did not climb, but G. P. Baker arrived in the evening in time for dinner. We thereupon planned to cross the Trifaen, on which we had spent a memorable day thirty years ago—a day which we both delight to look back upon. Unhappily the 14th was wet, and we were confined to a tramp past Llyn Dinas. Next day Moel Hebog refused to show his head, but yet it looked as if the weather might improve, so my friend's motor-car took us past Capel Curig to the foot of Trifaen.

When we began our climb the rain was holding off, but before we reached the top the mists had come down. We looked back at the Carneddys—

‘Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest.’

Alas! to-day they evidently intended to stay for a rest-cure. Baker knows the gullies on Trifaen thoroughly, but we kept for the most part on the north arête. The Cribben Ridge of Glyder Fach looked well before the mist settled down on it. We had intended to traverse the Glyders, but in the fog and drizzling rain it was no time to

‘Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise’

that the clouds might lift, but to get to Pen-y-gwryd we had to find the little stonemen which had been built to guide travellers on such a day as this, and, when we lost them, search till we found them again. So we recovered Pen-y-gwryd. There tea refreshed us. Afterwards we set out to Beddgelert in the rain. After walking less than two miles, behold, the motor-car met us! Could philanthropy go further? I think the answer is in the negative. That evening we recalled other visits to Snowdonia—exploits of rock-climbers—eulogies of the scenery—perhaps most vividly the genial presence of C. E. Mathews, whose admiration for Mont Blanc never dulled his appreciation of the Welsh mountains. The next day the weather had broken. So we departed somewhat abruptly—Baker to Harlech, and I to York.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS PASSINGHAM.

If, almost any time in the 'seventies, an English mountaineer had been asked to name the hardest men of the whole climbing fraternity, the answer, without a moment's hesitation, would have included



'Passingham.' Endurance is rightly held among mountaineers to be the highest virtue—just as the winner of the Ascot Gold Cup ranks far higher than the speedy animal that can only go five furlongs.

And the reason is easy to see—for the man that tires easily is the man that becomes a danger to his party. The mountaineer, whether guide or amateur, who can feel that, come what may, his companions will not crack up, may safely undertake the greatest of expeditions with an easy mind.

George Augustus Passingham was born on February 22, 1842, at Heston, Middlesex, and came of the old family of Passingham of Hendwr in Merionethshire, Helston in Cornwall, and Heston in Middlesex. His father died in 1858, and he was brought up by his mother in the wilds of Wales.

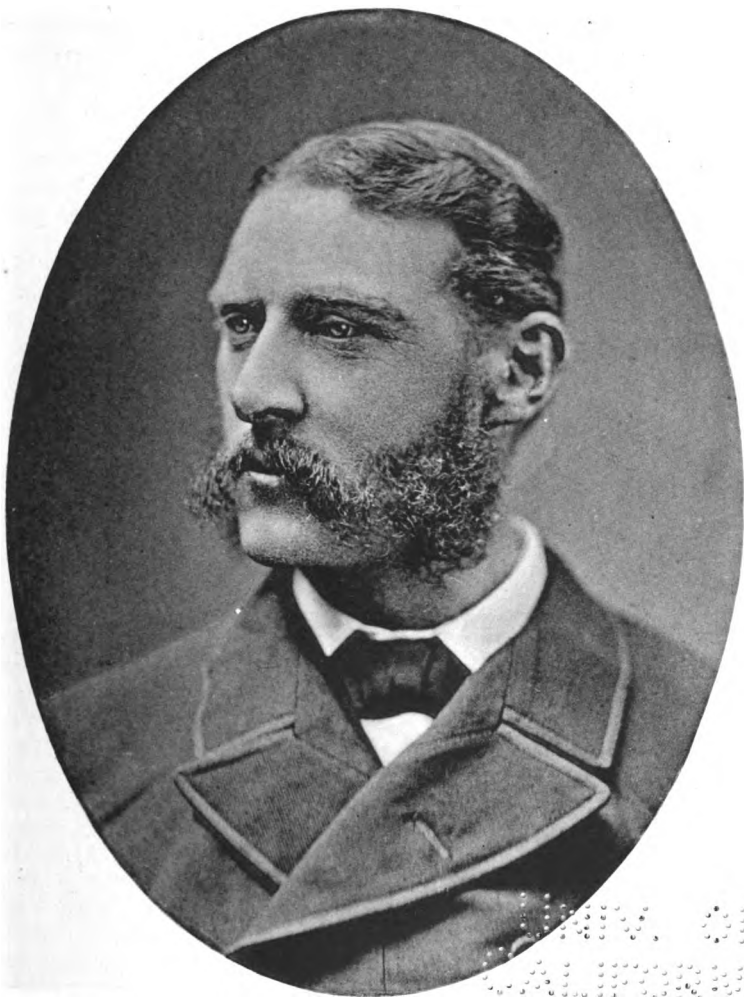
When at Oxford in 1860 he joined the classes of Mr. Maclaren, who was then training instructors for the Army Gymnasia. Realising the youngster's extraordinary physical powers, Maclaren recommended him to open a similar establishment in Cambridge.

This he subsequently did, and became well known as a very finished gymnast of very great strength and as an enthusiastic teacher—with many friends among the undergraduates.

Penhall, whose short but very brilliant Alpine career came to an untimely end on the Wetterhorn in 1882 by an accident which also involved the stalwart Andreas Maurer, was one of Passingham's pupils. We can well imagine the steady purpose with which master and pupil strove to prepare themselves for the great mountains. Realising, however, that this professional career involved some irksome social limitations, he gave it up when his connexion with the Cambridge Gymnasium had lasted two years, and from then on lived the ordinary life of the country gentleman, spending long seasons in the Alps as well as visiting Norway and the United States. Besides being one of the most active mountaineers of his time, he was an ardent chamois hunter. Later in life he took to salmon fishing and twice visited Foyers, Loch Ness, in the spring of the year of his fatal seizure, for that purpose.

Over medium height, powerfully built, he possessed exceptionally long reach, which stood him in good stead when rock-climbing, while his brilliant colouring, golden hair, and blue eyes gave him a striking presence. He took instinctively to the mountains and simply gloried in his work in the Alps. As his experience developed it will be readily understood that, with his natural advantages, his companions soon ceased to be 'guides' in the ordinary interpretation of that word, and his party climbed as one man. He was an extraordinarily rapid walker without any seeming effort, while his powers of endurance were phenomenal.

His first visit to Switzerland was in 1871, when he did the famous 'High Level Route' and ascended Monte Rosa, the Breithorn, and crossed the Weisssthor. By 1872 we find him ascending the



GEORGE AUGUSTUS PASSINGHAM.  
1842-1914.

70 1910  
1910 1910

Wetterhorn and Schreckhorn, and, such were his fitness and skill, undertaking more ambitious ascents like the Bietschhorn. This ascent, made from Ried direct, was the earliest instance of a practice for which Passingham became famous, viz. of ascending his mountain from the valley without sleeping out. His practice is said to have been to let his guides start ahead when the first part of the route was unmistakable; he then followed after a bit and easily caught them up!

Thus he leaves Ried at 2.10 A.M., reaches the summit of the Bietschhorn at 11.30, and is back in Ried by 6.30 P.M.; 'wind, snow, thunder—terrific weather.'

A month later—on August 16—he sets out from the Hôtel Mont Blanc at Courmayeur at 1.30 A.M., is on the summit of Mont Blanc at 2 P.M., and at Chamonix at 9.30 P.M.

A few days later—on August 23—he leaves Gressoney at 1.30 A.M., is on the top of the Lyskamm at 1 P.M., and swings into the 'Monte Rosa' at Zermatt at 8.30 P.M.

The Weisshorn, Dom, and Matterhorn fall quickly to this same indomitable and tireless climber.

'August 25.—Left Randa at 11 P.M. for Weisshorn; arrived at summit at 9.30 A.M.; descended to Zermatt 6 P.M. 19 hours.'

'August 29.—Ascended Dom from Zermatt. Left at 1 A.M.; reached top at 11.30 A.M.; back to Zermatt 6 P.M. 17 hours.'

'September 2.—Ascended Matterhorn from Zermatt. Left hotel 11.45 P.M.; reached summit at 9.50 A.M. (waited an hour at the hut); arrived at Zermatt at 5.30 P.M. 17½ hours.'

His regular guide was Franz Andermatten, whose biography by Sir Martin Conway is to be found in 'Pioneers,' and of whom Whymper, in the immortal 'Scrambles,' says many good things. For the genial Franz, 'the tough and everlasting,'<sup>1</sup> Passingham had a great liking, and employed him up to the time of the former's death in 1883.

About this time—1872—Passingham enlisted the services of a man who in my estimation will go down to posterity as possibly the boldest and one of the ablest mountaineers of his day. I mean Ferdinand Imseng, of Macugnaga. Imseng—three years younger than Passingham—had just made the first of the great ascents, for which his name is famous, by leading the Pendleburys up the Macugnaga face of the Monte Rosa. 'By this ascent, the whole credit of which belonged and was yielded to Imseng, his reputation as a bold and competent guide was fixed.'<sup>2</sup>

We can well understand what a companion he made for the tireless Englishman, and it is with Imseng's name that Passingham's will, in Alpine history, always be coupled.

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<sup>1</sup> Dent, 'Two Attempts on the Aiguille du Dru,' *A.J.* vii. 69. It contains many amusing tales of Andermatten.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Martin Conway in *Pioneers*.

Imseng and Andermatten, more than twenty years his senior, were nevertheless great comrades. 'The two used to work together in perfect harmony, and their unfailing fund of high spirits made mountaineering with them specially delightful. . . . Each was eager to do more than his share of the work; neither was in the least jealous of the other.'<sup>3</sup>

Owing to what has always seemed to me a regrettable rule which governed the authors of 'Pioneers of the Alps,' no portrait of either of these men was included in that splendid memorial. I am, fortunately, now able to make good the gap<sup>4</sup> by the courtesy of Mrs. Passingham, who accompanied her husband on his journeys, keeping to the valleys, and retained close touch with his Alpine expeditions and interests. Andermatten appears in Whymper's well-known plate 'The Club-room of Zermatt in 1864,' but I know of no other good portrait of Imseng.

On September 5 of that season—1872—we find the late C. T. Dent join forces with Passingham and with their guides, Alexander Burgener, Imseng, and Andermatten, succeed in bringing the Zinal Rothhorn into the Zermatt fold by making its first ascent from there. The tale has been well told, in his own inimitable style, by our departed President in the first of the many papers of his which appeared in the *ALPINE JOURNAL* ('A.J.' vi. 268).

The partnership was renewed the following year—1873—when several ascents were made in the Oberland—thus the Eiger direct from Grindelwald—the Mönch equally, 'left Grindelwald 1.30 A.M.; top 4 P.M.; delayed . . .; got down next morning; had to sleep in hut.'

Then the party moves off to Chamonix, and we have the bald entry: 'August 11.<sup>5</sup> On Dru from 1.15 A.M. to 7.20 P.M.,' a regular 'Passingham' day.

Dent has well described their experiences in his amusing paper 'Two Attempts on the Aiguille du Dru' ('A.J.' vii. 65 *seq.*). In 1874 Passingham was away in Norway—in 1875 chamois-hunting in Switzerland in September. We next find him resuming climbing in 1877, but only making the ascents of the Strahlhorn, Rimpfischhorn (from the Allalinjoch), and Täschhorn, besides some passes.

The great year, however, which put the crown on his climbing career, was 1879. He ascended the Weissmies, crossed the Adler to Zermatt and that very fascinating and, especially in the reversed direction, difficult pass the Biesjoch from Randa to Zinal.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Martin Conway in *Pioneers*.

<sup>4</sup> Some spare copies of these plates have been provided, and can be obtained by members on application to the Assistant Secretary, 23 Savile Row, W. ‡

<sup>5</sup> Dent, *A.J.* vii. 69, apparently makes the date August 18, and the day even longer.



*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

**FERDINAND IMSENG.**  
1845—1881.

TO THE  
LIBRARY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE  
GREAT  
GREAT





FRANZ JOSEF ANDERMATTEN.  
1823—1883.

His intention was to attack the mighty west face of the Weisshorn. The initial defeat and final success are described in the only paper Passingham ever contributed to the JOURNAL. In somewhat staccato sentences, without the ghost of an attempt at any literary style,<sup>6</sup> he tells the tale. The studious avoidance of the least exaggeration, the somewhat casual estimate of the difficulties, did not, however, lead away the climber, for he who knew his business did not fail to observe that what had taken a superb party like Passingham, Imseng, and Louis Zurbrücken (Delponte), from a high bivouac, nearly 12 hours of *ascent*, was likely to be about as tough a nut to crack as one could find. The climb has been well described, in the very sympathetic notice of Imseng contributed by Sir Martin Conway to 'Pioneers,' as 'perhaps the longest scramble up difficult slabs of rock anywhere in the Alps.'

It has only twice been repeated, and then under the leadership of men whose names are known to every mountaineer in Europe—Köderbacher, of the Ramsau, the hero of an equally long climb, the S. Bartolomä face of the Watzmann, and Ulrich Almer, of Grindelwald, whose doughty deeds are innumerable.

Somewhere on this face lies the body of the celebrated young German climber, Georg Winkler, killed in attempting it and never found.

Some years later a variation was made by Louis Theytaz nearer the N. edge of this great face. This line of ascent is generally known as 'l'arête Young,' after a member of this Club who, with Theytaz, made the second ascent by it. It is now festooned with ropes.

In 1880 Passingham ascended the Obergabelhorn and was chamois-shooting in Macugnaga. The year 1883 sees him once more at his beloved Zermatt, and he ascends in rapid succession the Alphübel, the Allalinhorn, the Dent Blanche as well as Monte Rosa and the Rimpfischhorn each for the third time, but for him the season is overclouded by the death in his service of his faithful Franz Andermatten—his companion of many years. His hard climbing seems then, practically, to have come to an end.

He passed away, aged 72, at The Berrow, near Ledbury, on July 2, 1914—his death being due to heart failure, that merciful end that comes so often to men of magnificent physique.

Passingham was never a member of the Alpine Club. Some unfortunate technical difficulties seem at one time to have stood in the way, and when these were overcome the desire to join no longer existed. Nevertheless this JOURNAL would ill deserve its representative position in the mountaineering world if it failed to bear

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<sup>6</sup> I think at that date—it was a bit before my time—the accepted Alpine literary style was extremely severe—no doubt a reflex from the splendours of the 'sixties and earlier 'seventies. It is interesting to note the variations in literary fashion even among Alpine climbers.

warmhearted testimony to a man who, yet, was one of us ; in his day one of the very hardest climbers, a sound mountaineer, an ardent lover of the mountains.

J. P. FARRAR.

### JEAN MAÎTRE.

A NOTABLE character among Alpine guides, a man who will be greatly missed by his many friends, and one who assuredly ranked in the first class of his profession, passed away at the end of September last in the person of Jean Maître of Evolena.

Born in 1849, he acted as porter at an early age, and had an unusually long and successful career as a guide. His elder brother Pierre, also a well-known Evolena guide, died many years ago, whilst his brother Antoine also for some years followed the same profession. Jean Maître leaves a widow, five sons, and one daughter.

If asked to name the quality in which Jean especially excelled I should be inclined to give precedence to his judgment, particularly in matters relating to snow and ice craft ; indeed in these I have never met with his superior.

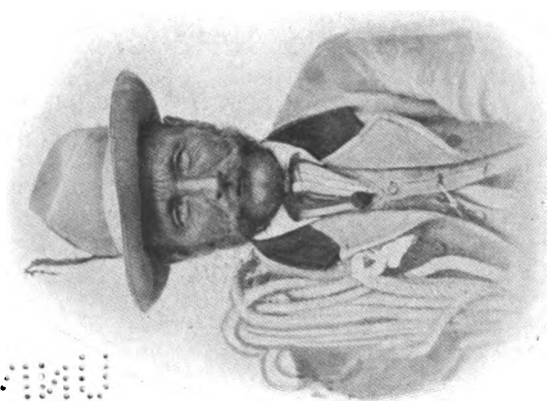
Probably it can be asserted without fear of contradiction that no more important characteristic for a mountaineer could be wished for. Many instances come to the mind of snow traverses when Jean insisted upon having each step cut into the subjacent ice, often at the expense of much time and labour, because he had the expert knowledge that safety demanded it, when a less sound mountaineer would have spared himself such trouble. Whenever the opportunity has presented itself of testing his judgment on these occasions it has been invariably proved to be thoroughly sound.

Again the recollection returns to me of a descent of the Morteratsch glacier after a traverse of the Piz Bernina. This expedition was new to Jean, but the masterly manner in which he unhesitatingly threaded a way through the intricate maze of crevasses was the subject of the undisguised admiration of his party, and not least of the younger guide.

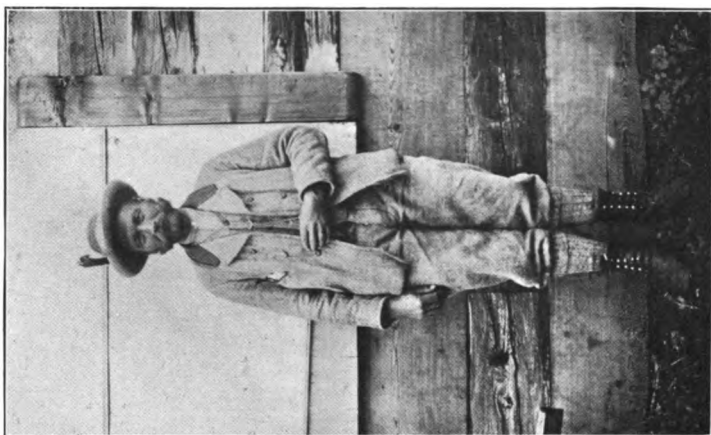
Jean was above all things essentially prudent. '*J'aime beaucoup les difficultés, mais pas les dangers,*' was a characteristic saying of his. If one lays stress upon this and upon the fact that he was a superb performer upon snow and ice, it would certainly give a false idea to imply that he was in any degree wanting in dash or was not an excellent all-round mountaineer. I remember once in the course of the long descent of the Tribolazione glacier from the Col Chamoin, when the cornfields of Cogné were seen far below through that glorious Italian atmosphere, how he impressed us by

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JEAN MAÎTRE, 1896.



JEAN MAÎTRE, 1894.

*(From photographs by Dr. O. K. Williamson.)*

the manner in which as last man he climbed down a steep granite rib. He had the power, a most important one, of being able to rise to the occasion demanded by an emergency.

When at work in the mountains Jean excelled as a practical instructor. Personally I have every reason to be grateful for all that he has taught me of mountaineering craft.

Those details in matters which concern the 'finish' of a guide are too often slurred over. They were, however, scrupulously observed by Jean. No detail as to equipment or technique for the members of his party escaped him, and he was admirable in attending to his employers' well-being and comfort, whether at a bivouac or in a hut. For these reasons and on account of his engaging personality he was a most desirable ladies' guide. The handsome bronzed face and well-knit form, shown off to full advantage by the feathered hat and green-faced coat, the latter made from the wool of his own sheep, were familiar to the habitués of the Alpine centres in the Pennine Alps. This attention to his personal appearance was perhaps the explanation of the fact that upon one occasion the good people of the inn in the Tyrol at which we arrived late one evening mistook Jean and his colleague for the travellers, and my friend Andrews and myself for the guides.

He was a most amusing companion, with a considerable fund of anecdote, and the monotony of many a long snow-grind or of an off day in a hut was often enlivened by some characteristic quaint remark. One remembers many a meeting with him on the evening after a climb, the confidential tap upon the shoulder, and the suggestion before parting at night that we should discuss further plans next morning 'vers les dix heures.'

A very large number of new climbs stands to his credit, many of them of the first rank. The chief of these in the mountains of his own valley were the traverse of the ridge of the Aiguilles Rouges, including the first ascent of the S. peak (1887), the ascent of Mont Blanc de Seilon by the E. arête (1887), the Pigne d'Arolla by the N. face (1889), and the Dent des Bouquetins by the W. face and S. arête (1889), the Dent Perroc by the beautiful N.N.E. arête (1890), Mount Collon by the N. face (1890), the south peak of the Dent des Bouquetins (1894) (on the sixth attempt), the Dent des Bouquetins from the Col des Bouquetins (1895).

He made many first ascents of mountains in the neighbourhood of the Valpelline.

Other of his new ascents were Mont Velan by the N. arête (1897), the Grand Combin through the séracs of the N. face (1898), a variation of the Hochjoch route up the Ortler by which that arête was reached from the Ortler pass (1902), the passage of the Breithorn Joch (1905), a variation of the ascent of the Dent Blanche by the W. arête in which a traverse on the W. face was made (1905), the Hohberghorn by the N.E. face (1910), the Stecknadelhorn by the N.E. arête (1910), and the passage of the Gletscher Joch (1911).

I believe that in his opinion the hardest of his new climbs were the ascent of the south peak of the Dent des Bouquetins and the passage of the Gletscherjoch.

He was familiar with most of the principal mountain groups in the Alps, and had accomplished, among many well-known expeditions, the Brenva route up Mont Blanc, the traverse of the Grépon, the ascent of the Nordend of Monte Rosa from Macugnaga, the Matterhorn by the Zmutt arête, the Mönch by the N.W. buttress, the three last-mentioned expeditions having been made in 1911.

His most frequent employers were Mr. J. A. Vardy, Mr. A. G. Topham, with whom he accomplished many new climbs in the mountains of his native valley and in the Italian valleys of the Pennine Alps, Professor Arthur Schuster, Dr. John Hopkinson and his family, Messrs. J. S. Masterman, E. C. Oppenheim, G. A. Arbuthnot, G. Lipscomb and F. G. Leatham; whilst he was employed by Mr. Wherry and Dr. T. G. Longstaff for a few seasons. He accompanied me for portions of ten seasons, in several of which Mr. A. W. Andrews was my companion, his fellow guide being more often than not one of the brilliant young representatives of the St. Niklaus school.

I shall indeed miss my trusty comrade of many a grand expedition; and to me the great Alpine peaks which had earned his deep respect and love will never be quite the same without the well-remembered companionship of my valued teacher and old friend.

OLIVER K. WILLIAMSON.

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## THE ALPINE CLUB PICTURE EXHIBITION, 1915.

MR. G. P. BAKER is to be congratulated on having got together, despite the War, the varied collection of Alpine pictures seen at the Club gallery in December, though it is hardly to be wondered at that there were fewer pictures than usual, for no great number of painters can have visited the Alps in the year 1915.

The gallery on the whole was well hung, but the average of the work sent in was scarcely up to the standard of recent years. Many well-known exhibitors were not represented. We missed, for instance, Mr. Adrian Stokes's poetic visions, Mr. MacCormick's ingenious blendings of fact and fiction, and perhaps more than either of these the original and audacious decorative schemes of Mrs. E. G. Oliver, issuing their challenge from the sky-line.

Decorative paintings indeed were few, and there was really nothing in which any influence of post-impressionism could be detected. Hence to the student of modern art, to one searching after sensation or eccentricity, the exhibition cannot have been

stimulating. But climbers are not all connoisseurs of the latest phases and fashions of art, and the multitude who delight in plain actuality, especially when conjoined with the tricks and trappings of manual dexterity, must have found much to their taste—Mr. E. T. Compton's work, for example.

What more can the hardy climber demand?

Well-known places, photographic accuracy, pleasant if unexciting colour, imitative exactness and withal no exaggeration—what a satisfying list of virtues! See, with what obvious skill the well-known route is limned, the place of falling stones, that couloir which we traversed perilously at dawn, the giddy arête and all the wondrous detail of peak and pinnacle dear to the heart of the mountain enthusiast. No wonder that Mr. Compton's work is popular among members of the Alpine Club—and we think deservedly popular—for however much we may regret the excessive insistence on trifles, which tends to fritter away the strength of the design, the little freedom to discard which Mr. Compton allows himself, his realistic records of the outward and visible forms of glacier and precipice must always retain a definite place in Alpine portraiture.

The painter of grand scenery has indeed many a difficult problem to solve, and no wonder failure must often be his lot, so true is it that the epithets 'magnificent' and 'pictorial' are not interchangeable. Where all is so fascinating, what dare he eliminate? What selection is possible out of the radiant chaos unfolding before his dazzled eye? 'Dignify your subject,' said old Crome, 'a pigsty though it be.' But how may the painter dignify the Alps? The dignity is there ready made. He has not to search for beauty. It is patent to the eye.

So it befalls that the painter of Alpine splendour may be seduced into thinking that his task is to record, as best he may, a collection of facts. His the temptation to hold the mirror up to Nature, to court attention and the plaudits of the crowd by a dexterous portrayal of topographical detail.

Seeing each item alone a dream of loveliness, is he not in danger of forgetting that a myriad bits of beauty may not together constitute a work of art?

But even with such noble material as mountains, there is abundant scope for personal statement in the way of selection and elimination, in emphasising some particular characteristic, some gradation of atmospheric tone, it may be, which appealed strongly to the painter, in aiming at truth of appearance rather than truth of fact.

Such is, perhaps, the secret of Turner's peculiar success in depicting mountains, and of all great painters of such scenery—Segantini, for instance, or Sargent or Loppé, names which spring at once to the mind.



Of that fraternity Loppé alone figured in the recent exhibition, with a sunset effect at Auronzo, in which colour and form were well massed.

Near the Loppé were hung two small Leightons, a mellow view of Soracte seen across the Campagna, and 'Broussa and Mount Olympus,' an oil painting full of subtle suggestion, while just above them gloomed Sir William Richmond's austere 'Greek Mountains.' These three pictures and a couple of delicate studies, 'Hakone' and 'Fujiyama,' by Sir Alfred East, two oil sketches by the Hon. John Collier, a silvery picture of the Bavarian Alps by Herkomer, and an Albert Goodwin were lent by Mr. Douglas Freshfield. Mr. Goodwin has a rare capacity for seizing upon the tender beauty of his subjects, and evading their grimmer aspects. The technical refinements which he has led us to expect in his work are well exemplified in his poetic revelation of the Erstfelder Thal. There is a gentle persuasiveness about Mr. Goodwin's art that must make it very pleasant to live with.

Of a totally different order, but hardly less admirable as an example of honest mountain portraiture, is the Hon. John Collier's 'Eiger und Mönch.' The drawing and colour are alike convincing, especially the tone of the distant pines in shadow, but there is a certain lack of aerial perspective in the treatment of the far-off snow-fields.

Two paintings of the hills in Skye worthily represent the art of Mr. Colin Phillip, and though both are somewhat monotonous in colour, they are characterised by vigorous handling, and a fine appreciation of form.

Good work is also contributed by Mr. Russell Flint, especially 'Loch Boltachan,' where, skilled craftsman that he is, he retains a remarkable freshness despite the elaborate methods which he obviously employs in arriving at his results. Note, too, his courage in placing his deepest dark in the extreme distance in defiance of the rules which bind his lesser brethren.

Though Mr. Noel Rooke can observe microscopically—witness the delicate detail of his 'Mont Brûlé from the Upper Arolla Glacier,' and the well-drawn rocks of his 'Aiguille de Varan,' thinly veiled in mist—he yet views his material largely and evinces a true appreciation of the sentiment and wonder of the unsullied snows. It is interesting to compare his methods with those of Mr. Compton, for both linger lovingly over little things.

Mr. E. T. Compton contributes ten pleasant water-colours, the most attractive being 'Mountains in Sunshine,' and Mr. E. H. Compton four, of which we prefer 'Woods in Winter,' lent by Miss E. M. Lister.

Colonel H. R. B. Donne has a group of six water-colours, painted with masterly directness. The most arresting is a dramatic view of a storm breaking over the island of Orta with sunlit Pella seen across the lake. Colonel Donne's draughtsmanship is some-

what stiff and formal, but he has a certain capacity for grasping the essentials of his subject.

The patient handling and unforced colour of Mr. Collingwood's two water-colours of Coniston show that the tendencies of the modern schools have left him quite unmoved. 'Hung between them is an oil-painting by Mr. Graham Petrie, 'The Monastery of the Madonna del Sasso,' a picture full of poetry, which as a study of tones at dusk is one of the most satisfying things in the exhibition.

Mr. Hall Hall tackles subjects of immense difficulty with enviable courage. But courage alone will not enable a man to paint the interior of a glacier cave. His large 'Jungfrau' contains passages of charming colour, but might be better if the foreground were treated more crisply.

Space forbids us to do more than mention a precise and happy water-colour of 'Lo Besso, Zinal,' by Professor Silvanus Thompson, Mr. C. G. Blampied's 'La Grivola,' Miss Lota Bowen's 'Distant View of Monte Rosa,' sundry bold snow effects by Mr. Clement Du Pontet, Mrs. Marrable's 'Ortler from the Stelvio Road,' six small pictures by the late Lieutenant L. B. Rundall, the originals of the illustrations reproduced in his book 'The Ibex of Shâ-Ping and other Himalayan Studies.' Lieutenant Rundall's work gains rather than loses by reproduction.

Mr. Cecil A. Hunt, for whose work we have for several years past been accustomed to look out, sends two etchings and two very different drawings. One of these is a decorative sketch of some of the southern rock buttresses of Mont Blanc looking bluer than granite is accustomed to against a lemon sunrise. The second is named 'Val Anzasca.' It is not, perhaps, the Val Anzasca, the exquisite green corridor leading to the snows of Monte Rosa, which has the strongest hold on most of our memories, but it is a very interesting impression of the valley on a day when its slopes were wrapped in atmospheric tints, and the long falling lines of the hills well thrown out by shifting lights and shadows. It stood out among its neighbours by its intention and force—and admirable absence of commonplace.

Lastly we must call particular attention to two etchings by John Wright whose prints are treasured in many of the public galleries of Europe and America. Both are marvels of technical accomplishment, characterised by a scholarly draughtsmanship, and though neither has the remotest connection with the Alps or even mountains—one is of Ronda, and the other the Bridge of Alcantara in Sicily—they were very welcome additions to the December exhibition.

## THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following works have been added to the Library since October:—

*Club Publications.*

**Appalachia.** The journal of the Appalachian Mountain Club, vol. 13, 1913–1915  
9½ × 6 : pp. vii, 421 : maps, plates. Boston, 1915

F. E. Matthes, The glaciers of Mount Rainier.

There are eleven glaciers on Mount Rainier (pronounced Rainiër). A peculiarity of the snow-fall is that there is more at the base than at the summit, as the summit is above the level of storm clouds : so that most of the ice streams begin about 4,000 feet below the summit.

H. C. Parker, Conquering Mount McKinley.

A. Burr, Mont Blanc by the Brenva route.

A. H. Bent, Early American Mountaineers.

This review begins with the ascent of Popocatepetl in 1519 and El Misti in 1677, with early plates of the former. The exploration of the White Mountains, the Rockies of the U.S. and of Canada, of the Sierra and finally of Mount McKinley, is then reviewed.

A. H. Bent, Higher mountains of California and Colorado.

C. E. Fay, The Canadian Rockies to date.

S. P. Fay, Canadian Rockies between Yellowhead Pass and Peace River.

**Ladies' Alpine Club.** Calendar 1916.

5 × 3½ : 3 photographs.

**The Mountaineers,** Seattle. The Mountaineer, vol. 8. Mount Rainier National Park. 1915

10 × 7 : pp. 118 : map, plates.

**S.A.C.** Les cinquante premières années du Club Alpin Suisse. Notice historique par le Dr. Henri Dübi publiée sous les auspices du Comité Central à l'occasion du Jubilé semi-séculaire du C.A.S. Berne, 1913

10½ × 7½ : pp. vi, 303 : ill.

— **Alpina.** 23. Jahrg. Redigiert v. Dr. E. Walder. Zürich, Tschopp, 1915  
12 × 8½ : pp. iv, 240.

Among other articles, this contains:—

E. Wehrli, Skitouren vom Tirol in's Engadin.

H. Dübi, Melchior Anderegg.

A. Slecken, Ferientage im Wallis.

A. Müller, Die Kreuzberge im Säntisgebiet.

F. Stucky, Eine Jungfrautransversierung.

— **Molésou.** La section Molésou 1871–1896. (1896)

7½ × 5 : pp. 22 : 2 plates.

— **Uto.** Festschrift zum fünfzigjährigen Bestehen der Section.

9 × 6 : pp. 32 : plates. Zürich, Tschopp, 1913

The plates include portraits of Josias Simler, his descendant Dr. Th. Simler, Dr. Alb. Heim, Dr. E. Walder, Prof. C. Schröter, Dr. F. G. Stebler, Dr. G. Meyer v. Knouau.

*New Books and Articles.*

**Allen, Edward Frank.** A Guide to the National Parks of America.

New York, McBride Nast, 1915. \$1

6 × 4 : pp. (viii) 286 : maps, plates.

This is a handy guide-book for the Yellowstone Glacier, Yosemite, Mt Rainier, Sequoia, Grant, Mesa Verde, Crater Lake, Canadian National Parks and to the Grand Canyon. Descriptions, full particulars of

what to see and of all expenses, and of how to see the sights, with good maps, and a number of well-printed plates are given. To visit any of the Parks seems to provide a well-ordered, methodical camping holiday, a mixture of regulated organised routine with the freedom of open-air camping.

**Ami, Henry M.** Stanford's Compendium of geography and travel (new issue). North America, vol. 1. Canada and Newfoundland. Second edition, revised. London, Stanford, 1915. 15/-

7½ × 5: pp. xxviii, 1069: maps, ill.

This is an excellent statistical, historical, scenic and generally descriptive work. It contains many maps and views of the mountains of Alberta and British Columbia. There is a good bibliography of 30 pages to the end of 1913: but there are serious omissions in regard to books dealing with the Rockies, etc. While Dr. Collie's work is mentioned, the works of Mr. Green, the Duke of the Abruzzi, the Appalachian Club and the Alpine Club of Canada, are omitted. The book is altogether very useful for giving a traveller much information.

**Beckett, Samuel J.** The fjords and folk of Norway.

6½ × 4: pp. xv, 307: map, plates. London, Methuen (1915). 5/- nett

A description of Norway, geography, cultivation, people, history: with description of individual places alphabetically arranged. An interesting work with good illustrations.

**Le Blond, Mrs. Aubrey.** True tales of mountain adventure for non-climbers young and old. London, etc., Nelson, 1915. 1/-

6 × 4: pp. 395: plates.

**Burpee, Lawrence P.** Among the Canadian Alps.

London and New York, Lane, 1915

9 × 6: pp. 239: 4 col. and 45 uncol. plates, maps.

**Cairnes, D. D.** The Yukon-Alaska International Boundary, between Porcupine and Yukon Rivers. Canada, Depart. Mines, Geol. Surv. Mem. 67.

9½ × 6½: pp. iii, 161: plates, map. Ottawa, Gov. Print. Bureau, 1914

— Upper White River District, Yukon. Canada, Depart. Mines, Mem. 60.

9½ × 6½: pp. iv, 191: plates. Ottawa, Government print. bureau, 1915

**Coolidge, W. A. B.** Zur topographischen Geschichte des Belalp- und des Aletschgletschergebiet, der Eggishornkette und des Märjelsees. 1915

8 × 5½: pp. 67-102: in Bl. a.d. Walliser-Gesch. Bd. 4.

— The passage of the Alps in 1518. Reprint from English Hist. Rev.

10 × 6½: pp. 681-691. October 1915

**Egger, Carl.** Im Kaukasus Berghbesteigungen und Reiseerlebnisse im Sommer 1914. Basel, Frobenius, 1915

8½ × 5½: pp. 113: plates.

This expedition of Carl Egger and Guido Miescher included the following first ascents in the Caucasus:—Andürtschi, Dschan-tugan-Tau, Baschkara, Gadül-Tau, Dschailik-Basch, Tiu-tiu-Basch: and several unnamed peaks. The book is illustrated with numerous small good plates and a panorama from Kurmütschi.

**Freshfield, D. W.** The southern frontiers of Austria. In Geogr. Journ. London, vol. 46, no. 6. December 1915

9½ × 6: pp. 414-435: maps, ill.

This forms the opening address of the President of the R.G.S.

**Frobenius.** Die Schweiz aus der Vogelschau. I. Blatt (Mittelstück).

28 × 19: col. plate. Basel, Frobenius [1915]

A good view from Bâle to Milan and from the Col d'Otemma to Bellinzona.

**Geographical Journal**, vol. 46. July to December 1915

9½ × 6: pp. viii, 531: maps, ill.

This vol. contains the following:—

July. R. N. Brown, Spitsbergen in 1914.

August. F. De Filippi, Karakoram and Central Asia 1913-1914.

September. W. Weston, Northern Japanese Alps.

October. Sir A. Stein's expedition in Central Asia.

December. D. W. Freshfield, Southern frontiers of Austria.

- Hocking, Silas K.** The great hazard. London, Unwin (1915)  
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ : pp. 383.  
 A novel with some alpine climbing in it.
- Lewis, A. G.** Sport, travel and adventure. London, Unwin (1915). 10/6  
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 352: plates.  
 This is an interesting collection of extracts from various books, well selected and arranged. There is a chapter on 'Climbing Adventures.'  
 The book is very well put together and well illustrated.
- Nussbaum, Dr. F.** Schweizerische Landesausstellung in Bern 1914. Bericht über die Ausstellung des Schweizer Alpenclub. Bern, Wyss, 1914  
 $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 52: ill.
- Phoutrides, Aristides E., and Farquhar, Francis P.** With the gods on Mount Olympus. In Scribner's Mag., New York and London, vol. 58, no. 5. November 1915  
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ : pp. 558-577: plates.  
 An ascent in 1914, some fine plates of the precipices of the mountain and a bibliography of ascents.
- Rundall, Lt. L. B.** The ibex of Shā-ping and other Himalayan studies. With numerous pen and ink sketches and coloured plates by the author. London, Macmillan, 1915  
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ : pp. xiv, 152: 15 plates.  
 These are tales of wild animals founded on actual hunting experiences. They are delightfully and sympathetically told: and include hunting bear, ibex, musk deer, pheasant, etc. It is worth while quoting here the prefatory letter from the author, for its expression of keen feeling for mountain life.  
 'I love the mountains better than I can say, and the sport, if only for watching the game and getting to know them; and the music and the scenery of it all. There is music in it all, and the composer who has got closest to it is Grieg; but his music does not reach above the forests and the torrents, and even so it is a poor imitation. The "music" of absolute silence and loneliness high above forest and water is perhaps the grandest, and is, I suppose, one of the lures of climbing the high peaks. But there is nothing I have ever heard in the works of any composer which does more than barely suggest it—all so unutterably grand and bare, so sad and lonely. And the end of it all? How many mountain ranges have faded into sandy plains, and how many sea-beds have been raised into great jagged peaks and snowfields since the world was made? Shouldn't every man be glad to rough it out and test his power of endurance, and harden himself, and sharpen his animal wits in the keen mountain wind, and silence of the forests? Next to my profession I am keenest on sport; not necessarily from the point of view of firing off a number of cartridges and drawing blood, but because I love the mountains for their beauty, their moods, their music, and their absolute eeriness—so like the sea in a way. I have already thought out my future expeditions. One into unexplored Spiti, beyond the hills of Waziri Rupi which run up to about 23,000 feet; several short ones into Chamba, and Bhagal, and then a big one into Tibet. That is the one I want to do most, but it is far away.'  
 These expeditions will never be carried out, as the author fell in action in December 1914. The coloured plates of mountain peaks are very pleasing, somewhat in the style of Elijah Walton. The original sketches of the coloured mountain plates were exhibited in the Alpine Club Hall in December last.
- S., J. J.** De exploratie van Nieuw-Guinee. In Tijdsch. k. Nederl. Aardr. Gen. deel 32, no. 7. 15 November 1915  
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ : pp. 857-861: map.  
 The map contains the snow peaks of Cartensztop, Idenburgtop, Wilhelmminatop and Julianatop and the hill ranges to the north of them.
- Die Schweizerische Grenzbesetzung, 1914-15.** Basel, Frobenius, 1915  
 $12\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ : pp. 82: plates.

An album of plates representing military work in Switzerland, with descriptive text. There are 162 plates illustrating field work.

**Tarr, Ralph Stockman and Martin, Lawrence.** Alaskan glacier studies of the National Geographic Society in the Yakutat Bay, Prince William Sound and lower Copper River regions. Based upon the field work in 1909, 1910, 1911 and 1913 by National Geographic Society expeditions.

10 × 7½: pp. xxvii, 498: maps, plates. Washington, Nat. Geogr. Soc. 1914

This is a remarkably fine work, with many excellent plates and maps. There are more than 200 plates, very well printed, besides text illustrations, and 9 coloured maps and many uncoloured maps included in the plates.

**Thorne, Guy.** The greater power. London, etc. Gale and Polden, 1915  
7 × 5: pp. vii, 184.

Fiction referring to the war in the Italian Alps, including a chapter describing the hauling of big guns up precipices and work of the Alpini.

**Der Winter 1914-15 an der Grenze.** Schweiz. Grenzbesetzung. Basel, Frobenius, 1915  
12½ × 9½: pp. 86: plates.

A most interesting album of views of military work on the Swiss Alps: with descriptive text. There are 167 excellent plates, of mountain scenery, Red-Cross work, general army work and portraits.

#### Older Works.

**Compton, Thomas.** The Northern Cambrian Mountains, or a tour through North Wales, describing the scenery and general characteristics of that romantic country, and embellished with a series of highly-finished coloured views, engraved from original drawings by Thomas Compton.

London, printed for the author, by C. Corrall, 1817

9½ × 13½: pp. 63: 30 col. plates.

**Grew, J. C.** Sport and travel in the far east.

London, Constable: Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin, 1910

8½ × 5½: pp. xiv, 264: plates.

**Miéville, Sir Walter.** Letters from Norway.

Brighton, Combridge: London, Simpkin, Marshall [? c. 1906]

6½ × 4½: pp. 200.

**Toepffer, R.** Nouvelles genevoises précédées d'une lettre adressée à l'éditeur par le Comte Xavier de Maistre. Paris, Charpentier, 1846

6½ × 4½: pp. 490.

**Walton, Elijah.** Alpine vignettes. With descriptive text by T. G. Bonney. Fourth edition. London, Thompson, 1882

13 × 9½: 16: 12 col. plates.

**Wordsworth, William.** The River Duddon, a series of Sonnets: . . . to which is annexed, a topographical description of the Country of the Lakes, in the north of England. London, Longmans, 1820

9 × 5½: pp. viii, 322.

This is the first edition of the Sonnets and the second of the Description, for this was first published with Wilkinson's Views.

#### Map.

**Canada Depart. of Interior.** Topographical map of the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains between lat. 50°37 and 51°44 and long. 115°55 and 118°21.

Scale 1·97 miles to the inch.

1914

## ALPINE ACCIDENTS IN 1915.

On August 8 Herr **Thomann and his son**, of Zurich, accompanied by the guide Alfred Supersaxo, of Saas-Fee, were making the ascent of the **Allalinhorn** by the ordinary route. Close under the summit they started an avalanche and were carried down. The rope caught round a projecting rock and broke. The guide was able to stop himself, but the two travellers fell 300 to 400 metres and were killed.—(*Alpina*, No. 9, 1915.)

On August 17, Herr **Louis Meyer**, an elder brother of the two climbers mentioned below, and Herr **Paul Köchli**, who seem, from the work they had done, to have been quite competent climbers, appear to have been killed in attempting to traverse from the Dom to the Südlenspitze and Nadelhorn. They were last seen on the summit of the Dom. All that could be found was a trail leading from the Dom to the Nadeljoch, which disappeared near the first gendarme on the arête leading up to the Südlenspitze, at which point a length of cornice on the E. or Saas side had broken off. Notwithstanding continued and very thorough search, much interfered with by bad weather, no further trace of the party has been found.—(*Alpina*, No. 10, 1915.)

On August 25, two Bernese tourists, **Fritz Klein** and **Werner Kunz**, were descending the **Weisshorn** arête. Near the second gendarme Klein let his axe slip from his hand, and in attempting to recover it he himself slipped and dragged his companion down. The bodies were recovered 450 metres below, on the Schalli glacier.—(*Alpina*, No. 9, 1915.)

Readers of *Alpina* will have noticed in the August and September numbers very useful monographs of the Kreuzberge, striking rock peaks near the Säntis, in Appenzell. The style in which they are written is particularly attractive. The author was **Dr. Armin Müller**, a well-known Swiss surgeon. Before the second of the articles had appeared the author was killed on the **Tschingelhörner** in the Segnes district. Accompanied by a friend, Herr **J. Wyss**, of Wetzikon, he left the Segnes hut at 5 A.M. on August 29, intending to traverse the Tschingelhörner from W. to E., descending on to the Segnes Pass. A garde-chasse named Feltscher brought Dr. Müller's sack by arrangement to the Segnes Pass at 2 P.M., at which time the party was descending the last wall, only about 150 feet away from and plainly visible to Feltscher. Dr. Müller was singing and was evidently in great good-humour. He had been leading down, but now Wyss took off his boots and went down first on the rope until he found a stand on a steep slab. Dr. Müller then started to let himself down on the doubled rope, but either the rope must have been slippery and run through his hands, or he must have been

attacked by faintness, for, a few feet above the slab, he suddenly fell right on Wyss's head, and after a desperate effort on the part of Wyss they both pitched on to the snowfield below. Feltscher, who had witnessed the whole affair, hurried to their assistance, only to find them dead. The rocks of this mountain are described as very treacherous, and the climbing difficult and exposed.—(*Alpina*, No. 10, 1915.)

On the same day two young Zurich climbers, **Otto** and **Emil Meyer**, attempted and may have completed the ascent of the **Gross Tschingelhorn** from the Tschingelmaad. As they did not return home several search parties went out, whose operations were much disturbed by fresh snow. Finally, after hunting the whole mountain over, the bodies were discovered on September 18, roped together and nearly buried in ice and snow, in the so-called Knie-Kamin or knee-chimney, about 350 metres above the valley. This chimney has never been climbed and would only be possible when the rocks were quite dry. The injuries showed that death must have been instantaneous. The guides, Peter Marti of Matt and Hans Kubli of Glarus, are mentioned for their praiseworthy efforts, while several members of the S.A.C. took an active part in the search. The bodies could only be recovered with great danger.—(*Alpina*, No. 10, 1915.)

## ALPINE NOTES.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' VOL. I. THE WESTERN ALPS.—Copies of the new edition (1898) of this work can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Messrs. Stanford, 12 Long Acre, W.C. Price 12s. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART I.—A new edition (1907) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of A. V. Valentine-Richards, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, is now ready, and can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Messrs. Stanford, 12 Long Acre, W.C. It includes those portions of Switzerland to the N. of the Rhône and Rhine valleys. Price 6s. 6d.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART II.—A new edition (1911) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of the Rev. George Broke, is now ready, and can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Messrs. Stanford, 12 Long Acre, W.C. It includes 'those  
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Alpine portions of Switzerland, Italy, and Austria which lie S. and E. of the Rhône and Rhine, S. of the Arlberg, and W. of the Adige.' Price 7s. 6d.

MAP OF THE VALSESIA.—Some copies of the Map issued with the ALPINE JOURNAL No. 209, and of the plates opposite pages 108 and 128 in No. 208, are available and can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, W. Price for the set (the Map mounted on cloth), 3s.

MILITARY HONOURS.—We are glad to note that the following honours for services rendered in connexion with Military Operations in the Field have been granted :—

*To be Companions of the Most Distinguished Order of  
St. Michael and St. George.* (C.M.G.)

Temp. Col. W. T. Lister, M.B., F.R.C.S., A.M.S.

Lieut.-Col. Ransom Pickard, M.B., R.A.M.C., T.F.

*To be Companion of the Distinguished Service Order.* (D.S.O.)

Major L. W. Bird, R. Berks Regiment.

THE MATTERHORN HUTS.—After many years of tedious negotiation with the commune of Zermatt the S.A.C. are now able to announce that the new Solvay hut, which has been built close to the old or *upper* Matterhorn hut, as well as the reconstructed lower hut (near the Inn), have both been completed, and will be opened for use for next season. It will be remembered that the Solvay hut is not to be used for passing the night before completing the climb, but only in case of urgent need, the intention being that it shall serve as an emergency refuge.

THE JAHRBUCH OF THE S.A.C.—It is very satisfactory to learn that the publication of this annual is to be resumed, and that Volume L. may be expected to appear in June. The very able services of Dr. Dübi as Editor have again been secured.

THE 'CLIMBERS' GUIDES TO THE PENNINE ALPS.'—These much required books, mention of which was made in 'A.J.' xxix. 85 and 205, are understood to be in a very forward state, and may be expected to be issued very shortly. They are to be published in both German and French.

Vol. I. covers the district from the Col de Ferret to the Theodul pass.

Vol. II. the district from the Theodul pass to the Simplon pass.

Vol. III. the district from the Simplon pass to the Passo Rotondo. As already mentioned, they are based on the Pennine Guides of the Conway-Coolidge Series. An English edition would be of great use to the many climbers visiting the Zermatt district, and it is hoped that arrangements may be made eventually to issue this.

**CASUALTIES AMONG MEMBERS OF THE D. & O<sup>e</sup> A.-V.**—The 'Mittheilungen' for November 30, 1915, contains the twelfth list of members killed in action; the total of these lists amounts roughly to 1500, or about 1.45 per cent. of the total membership. (Communicated by Mr. Henry F. Montagnier.)

**CASUALTIES AMONG THE GUIDES AND PORTERS OF COURMAYEUR.**—The well-known guide Adolphe Rey, second son of the famous Emile Rey, who was killed on the Aiguille du Géant, is a prisoner of war in Austria. Two porters, Laurent Gadin and Laurent Ruffier, have been killed in action, the former being recommended for the medal for valour.

**CASUALTIES AMONG THE INHABITANTS OF THE COMMUNE OF CHAMONIX.**—Up to the end of the year, fifty-five of the inhabitants are reported to have been killed in action.

**THE SIEGFRIED MAP.**—With a view to the discovery of topographical errors in this map, the S.A.C., by arrangement with the Topographical Bureau, is issuing to its members, on demand, sectional, presumably skeleton, maps on which any error in the delineation of terrain may be noted.

**SCHWEIZER ALPEN-CLUB.**—The published accounts to December 31, 1914, give the following interesting information:—

Total members (including 1130 new members)	14,340
Total income, inclusive of the gross receipts from the 'Jahrbuch'	fcs. 143,602 = £5744

The principal items of expenditure are:—

New huts	fcs. 6,500
Repairs to huts; furniture and assurance	„ 6,163
'Alpina,' after deduction of proceeds of advertisements &c.	„ 11,562
'Jahrbuch,' vol. xlix.	„ 54,318
Instruction and assurance of guides	„ 11,274
Rescue arrangements	„ 1,224
Various subventions	„ 6,500
Publication of Guide-books	„ 1,000
General expenses	„ 10,889
Cost of the History of the S.A.C. (Festschrift)	„ 27,045

fcs. 136,475 = £5459.

'Alpina,' No. 4, 1915.

**CORRIGENDUM.**—Vol. XXIX. p. 307.

In line 3 of the Latin quotation the word *aequalis* is omitted before *ero*.

## REVIEWS.

*The Recollections of a Bishop.* By the Right Rev. G. F. Browne (lately Bishop of Bristol). With portraits. London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1915.

THIS is a delightful book and worthy of its distinguished author. Perhaps the first point that strikes the reader, when he has finished the book, is that it is no wonder that the Bishop is still so vigorous in mind and body for one who was born in 1833. He was brought up largely in the country, was a strenuous cricketer, a notable walker and later an indefatigable fisherman, and in his youth was by no means given to excessive intellectual work. He tells us when and how work in historical, literary, and philological directions became a passion.

Here is the Bishop's recipe how when full of years to be still full of life :

'Some seven years ago the editor of one of the daily newspapers wrote to ask me for my rule of life, as he had heard that I had reached an advanced age and was still vigorous. I replied that my rule was threefold :

1. To have had healthy parents.
2. To have been brought up in the country
3. When things look black at night,  
Turn on the electric light.

That third rule goes far and deep.'

Space forbids us to give the Bishop's comments on these rules : they will be found on pages 15 and 16.

Amongst the Bishop's contemporaries at his old school, St. Peter's, York, was Charles Hudson, then a famous athlete and afterwards well known as the best mountaineer of his time.

'The school,' the Bishop adds, 'has kept up a close connection with the Alpine Club. At one of the large annual dinners (of the Alpine Club), the two members selected to return thanks for the toast of the Club were both of them of this school, Tempest Anderson and myself, the extremes of heat and cold in their mountain studies, the one an explorer of subterranean ice in the stillness of pitchy darkness, the other a reckless photographer of active volcanoes in the hot glare of wind-tossed flames.'

There are very interesting mountaineering incidents in the book ; e.g. in chapter vi. we have an account of how the late Frederick Morshead joined the staff at Glenalmond and of how he and the Bishop used to prepare themselves for the Alps. 'We used to train for the Alps for about a month before the end of the half-year on the road through the Sma' Glen, a name ruined by Wordsworth because it wouldn't scan :

" In this lone spot, afar from men,  
Lies Ossian, in the Narrow Glen."

The milestones were regular and clear. We trained by degrees in heel-and-toe walking, till we could keep up to twelve minutes a mile for as many miles as we desired to walk.'

Then follows an account of an ascent of Mt. Blanc, of Morshead's famous solitary climb up it, and also of how the word 'grieslicher' was applied to that famous mountaineer; some of the Bishop's adventures and narrow escapes when he was investigating underground ice; the fatal accident to the Abbé Imseng; the Jubilee Dinner of the Alpine Club when the Bishop was its President; the memorial to C. E. Mathews; and reminiscences of Leslie Stephen and Whymper.

It is a hopeless task to give our readers an idea of the variety of topics on which this book touches, from an Auratum Lily with fifty-four blooms to University management and politics and Church government, with the sayings and doings of Bishops and Archbishops.

One slip must be pointed out. On page 98 it is stated that the Alpine Club proposed to mark its Jubilee 'by a determined attempt to ascend Kanchenjanga.' The mountain referred to is, of course, Mount Everest.<sup>1</sup>

To conclude, the book is captivating. It sets before us the picture of a vigorous, successful, and many-sided life. It is full of first-hand information on all sorts of points: its humour is delightful; its stories are numberless and pointed. It is well printed, its four portraits of the Bishop are excellent, and if anything more is needed to commend it to our members it will be found in what the author said of our Club (p. 102): 'I do not place the Alpine Club in the first class of clubs. Far above all first classes I place our Club, with this one word of comment, *Incomparabilis*.'

*Im Kaukasus. Bergbesteigungen und Reiseerlebnisse im Sommer 1914 von Carl Egger. Basel: 1914.*<sup>2</sup>

This volume consists of a spirited and condensed account of three weeks' climbing in the Urusbieh District in the summer of 1914, carried out by two Swiss without the help of Alpine guides. Their original intention, to cross the chain and visit Suanetia, was frustrated by the war. The tour therefore stands out as a specimen of how much hard climbing may be got in a short time in the Caucasus by mountaineers who are prepared to work round a single centre. Five new peaks, that would be reckoned in the Alps as first-class, besides Elbruz and several minor expeditions, rewarded the climbers' energy. The earlier explorers were attracted by the 'lure of the Unknown; for them every valley offered fresh surprises; they travelled more and saw more, but climbed less. Much of their

<sup>1</sup> See *A.J.* xxiii. pp. 466-8.

<sup>2</sup> Local names are here spelt on the system adopted by the Royal Geographical Society.

time and energy was expended in moving on from base to base between the Dariel in the east and Urusbieh in the west.

At Urusbieh the old order changes, but the change is slow. Parties of students of both sexes, Russian artists, and foreign climbers hang about the place and impose themselves on the old-world hospitality of the princely family. This is strained nearly to breaking-point, and the day must soon come when some adventurer (probably a Jew) will start an Elbruz Hotel in the outskirts of the village. The sooner the better for all concerned.

Herr Egger and his companion, Herr Miescher, wisely began their climb among the moderate summits in the range that divides the Baksan and the Adyl-su. From its highest peak, which is easy of access from the south and affords a magnificent belvedere, a photographic panorama was secured. Unfortunately in this, as in some of the other numerous small illustrations, the more distant peaks have failed to come out with any distinctness.

The adventurous climbers—we call them adventurous since it must always be a perilous adventure for two men, even if provided with the modern appliances, crampons and grass-shoes, without which no foreign climber ventures on the mountains, to attack difficult rocks and precipitous ice-slopes—next turned their attention to a group of summits on the watershed north of the great Leksur Glacier. These, though not counted among the giants of the Caucasus, are both respectable in height (*circa* 13,500 ft.) and bold in form. They rise in a cluster, two of them, Bashkara and Gadyl, forming the opposite end of a Schreckhorn-like rock-ridge. In the successful attempt to traverse this ridge from west to east the climbers were caught in a bad thunderstorm and forced to spend the night out on the crest of the chain. The expedition would appear to have involved a succession of very serious hazards with steep ice-slopes and difficult ridges.

The next expedition taken in hand was an ascent of Elbruz by the ordinary route, the only original feature in which was that the descent was in part made on skis. Herr Egger remarks that from the western summit the eastern interferes with the view along the main chain towards the central group. As this is by far the more impressive part of the panorama, it may be found in future a reason for giving preference to the eastern top.

From Elbruz the climbers went on to seek new ascents in the noble spur which separates the Adyl-su from Tchegegem. Here they were successful in conquering the two highest peaks, Jailik Bashli and Tiutiui Bashli. Jailik (14,768 ft.), the loftiest summit between Ushba and Tiktengen, is a rock-peak, very bold in form and prominent in all distant views. The two ascents were accomplished on succeeding days; that of Jailik offered very considerable difficulties, though less rock-climbing than from the aspect of the peak might have been expected. It is obvious that mountaineering and path-finding experience must have contributed largely to these

rapid and brilliant exploits. Herr Miescher, not content with his successes, climbed alone on the third day to the Freshfield Pass and visited the two relatively minor eminences on either side of it. We should add that Herr Egger shows conclusively that the peak climbed by Herr Winkler of Vienna under the name of Jailik is a lower summit on the spur between the two Jailik glaciers. It is that referred to in 'The Exploration of the Caucasus' in the following passage (vol. ii. p. 252):—'An important spur divides the Jailik Glacier from the south-east glacier traversed by Mr. Freshfield's party. On this stands the fine peak, apparently unmeasured, seen in S. Sella's Elbruz **panorama** behind the watershed to the right of the two **summits** subsequently mentioned' (Jailik and Tiutiu).

Recrossing to the Adyl-su by the convenient pass—an excursion recommendable to future tourists—that connects these two side glens of the Baksan with inconveniently similar names, our travellers regained Urusbieh to hear the fatal word *War* on all lips.

How, through many vicissitudes and mischances, they ultimately succeeded in getting home and bringing their photographic sheaves with them is recounted at some length in an entertaining chapter. The numerous photographs, many of which are well reproduced, add greatly to the interest of the narrative, which is also aided by some adequate topographical diagrams.

The general picture here given of travel in the Caucasus is lively and accurate. If there have been some changes in the last half-century, much has remained the same. The tourist is no longer a phenomenon. There is a rough inn at the foot of Elbruz as well as at the Zea glacier. But the changes are not all for the better. Once in the mountains in the old days the mountaineer was free of officialdom and passports, and could wander and photograph as he pleased. Here we read of trouble in these respects not only at the Caucasian Baths but in the mountain valleys. Possibly the fact that the travellers spoke German may have made some difference. Russian minor officials may be like the United States officer who seriously told a Swiss traveller in the writer's hearing on board a Pacific steamer that his Government did not recognise any European nationality except 'British, French, German, and Eastern European.' It took some trouble to bring him to a better frame of mind and induce him to admit that a 'Swiss' might possibly be neither a German nor a Frenchman!

D. W. F.

*Among the Canadian Alps.* By Lawrence J. Burpee, F.R.G.S. With 49 illustrations, 4 in colour. (London: John Lane. New York: John Lane Company. 1915.)

THIS is rather a difficult book to describe and classify, and one is left to gather as best one may just what the author set out to do,

and what readers he is addressing. Broadly speaking, his aim seems to be to help his fellow Canadians to realise the character and extent of their splendid mountain playground, and the work that has been and is being done by the Government and the great transcontinental railway companies to facilitate their enjoyment of it. Such books are by no means superfluous. One is apt to forget that the Canadians who live on this side of Lake Superior—that is to say, the overwhelming majority of them—for the most part know little or nothing of the mountain ranges in the west, and are considerably farther from the Rockies, whether one regards time or distance, than people in England are from Zermatt and other Alpine centres.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in the book is the general chapter on the National Parks of Canada, which gives a good idea of the policy of their founders and administrators. The scale of operations is somewhat staggering to a European. The total area of these mountain parks already considerably exceeds that of Wales, and spacious projects are in contemplation which will bring it up to somewhere about that of Switzerland. Mr. Burpee, of course, makes no attempt to cover this vast region. He sticks pretty closely to the railway, and gives a lively and attractive description of the centres, from Banff to Glacier, along the line of the C.P.R. Mount Assiniboine has a chapter to itself, but mountaineering, as will be obvious from what has been already said, takes only a secondary place. It is represented chiefly by accounts of climbs taken from the 'Canadian Alpine Journal' and other sources. The selection would justify the belief that the climber is an exceedingly reckless person, and climbing a desperately dangerous game. Did Mr. Burpee intend such a picture to act as an incentive or a deterrent?

In the later chapters, dealing with the country on the other transcontinental railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, Mr. Burpee changes his method, and we see the regions described in the light of his personal experiences, which include a visit to the hot springs by the Roche Miette, and a round trip to Medicine and Maligne Lakes. Due homage is paid to Mount Robson and its conquerors, and a tour of that mountain by the Grand Forks, Moose Pass, and Moose River brings a pleasantly-written volume to a close.

The illustrations are well chosen and good. Some of the best are by Mr. Lett, the genial representative of the Grand Trunk Pacific, who also contributes two of the pictures in colour. The very best are the work of that accomplished Alpine photographer Miss Mary Vaux; they confer distinction on the book.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W., on Monday, December 13, 1915, at 8.30 P.M., The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Pickford, *President*, in the Chair.

The following candidates were balloted for and elected Members of the Club, namely, Mr. Le Roy Jeffers and Mr. William C. West.

The PRESIDENT, in accordance with the provisions of Rule 29, declared the following gentlemen to be duly elected for 1916:—

As President: The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Pickford (re-elected).

As Vice-Presidents: Mr. George Yeld (re-elected), and Major E. L. Strutt in the place of Mr. George H. Morse, whose term of office expires.

As Honorary Secretary: Mr. C. H. R. Wollaston (re-elected).

As Members of Committee: Mr. J. E. C. Eaton, Major G. E. Gask, Lieut. C. F. Meade, Mr. J. H. Clapham, Mr. W. T. Kirkpatrick, and Mr. Claude A. Macdonald (re-elected); and Major J. P. Somers, Colonel A. H. Tubby, and Mr. H. W. Belcher in the places of Mr. R. W. Lloyd and Dr. O. K. Williamson, whose terms of office expire, and of Lieut.-Col. Harry Walker, C.M.G., killed in action.

Mr. A. L. Mumm proposed and Mr. F. A. Wallroth seconded that Messrs. E. B. Harris and F. W. Newmarch, C.S.I., be elected Auditors to audit the Club accounts for the current year. This was carried unanimously.

The PRESIDENT said: You have all received notice of the proposed alteration in Rule 5, which concerns Honorary Members. The proposed new Rule will read:

‘Honorary Members shall be exempt from the payment of any entrance fee or subscription, but shall have no right to or claim upon the property of the Club and shall take no part in the business or management of it, and shall not propose or second or take any part in the election of any candidate, and shall, save as aforesaid, be subject to the rules and restrictions applicable to Ordinary Members. An Ordinary Member elected to be an Honorary Member shall, nevertheless, retain all the rights and privileges which he previously enjoyed as an Ordinary Member, but shall be exempt from the payment of any further subscription.’

and with the consent of the Club we propose to adopt it.

The proposed Rule was unanimously adopted.

Another duty which I have to perform usually at this time of the year is that of proposing a very hearty vote of thanks to those Members, in this case Mr. Geo. P. Baker and Mr. Sydney Spencer, who have collected and selected the pictures and arranged the Exhibition of Alpine Paintings that we have here. We are much indebted to them for the work they have performed in collecting,



selecting, and hanging the pictures, and I ask the Club to pass a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Geo. P. Baker and Mr. Sydney Spencer for their services.

The vote of thanks was carried with acclamation.

As is nearly always the case during the period between the Annual General Meeting and the one that precedes it, there have been some deaths amongst our Members to which I must call attention.

There are no less than five of our Members who have been killed in action.

I do not propose to say very much with regard to any of those whose names I must mention, as there will be notices of them in the JOURNAL which will very soon be in your hands.

One Member of the Committee has been killed : Lieut.-Col. Harry Walker, C.M.G., a Vice-President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club and a climber of the highest class.

Major H. M. Battye was a member of a famous family of soldiers, and was himself a very distinguished officer in the Indian Army, and a first-rate climber. There are many members of his family who have devoted their lives to the service of their country.

Capt. R. D. Squires was also a well-known Indian climber and soldier. He climbed a good deal with the late Major Corry, to whose death I referred twelve months ago.

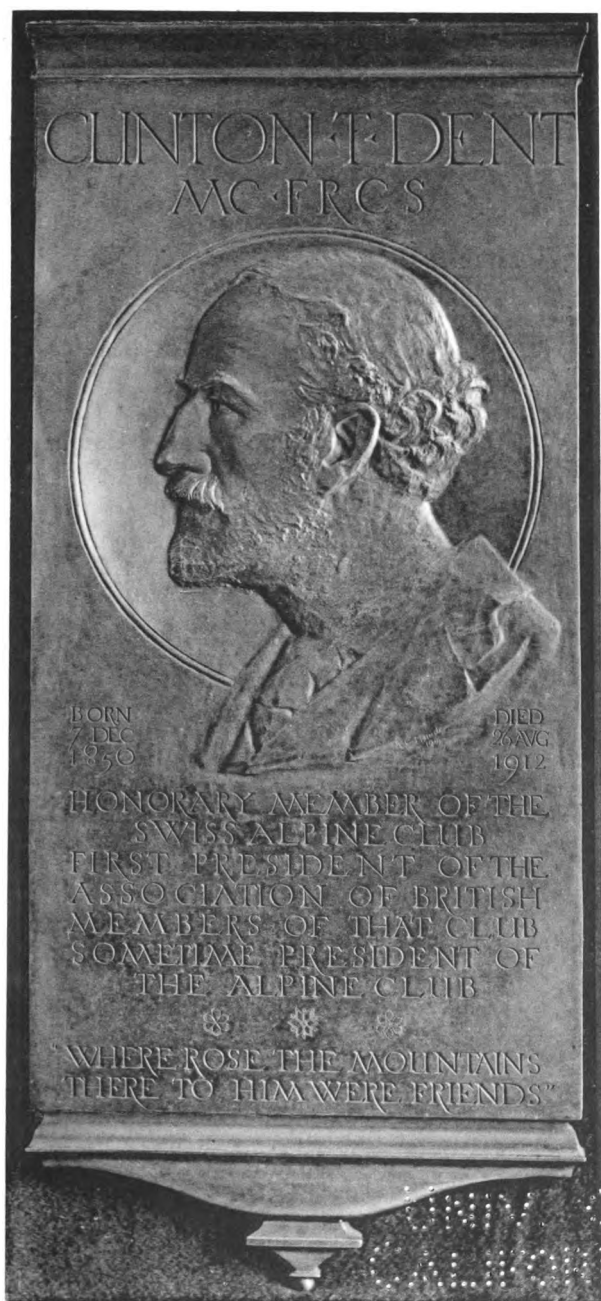
Major Bernard Head, whose climbing was done almost entirely in India and New Zealand, and Capt. C. F. K. Carfrae, a nephew of an old Member of the Club, and himself a first-rate climber, were also killed quite recently.

We regret and honour them all.

The President also alluded to the deaths of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bt., G.C.M.G. (elected in 1860), Governor of South Australia 1895-8, Sir John Fuller, Bt., K.C.M.G., at one time Governor of Victoria, Dr. T. W. Jex Blake (elected 1862), Headmaster successively of Cheltenham and Rugby, and afterwards Dean of Wells,

Lord Ellenborough, Mr. G. Chater (elected 1862), Mr. Daniel Jones (elected 1863), Mr. O. J. Bainbridge, Mr. L. W. Dent, M.R.C.S., Mr. F. W. Saunders and Mr. Percy H. Thorp, and to that of Mr. J. Eccles (elected 1874), one of the first climbers of his day, mentioning that Mr. Eccles made one of the first ascents of the Matterhorn from the Italian side, and with Michel Payot made the first ascent of Mont Blanc by the Fresnay and Brouillard Glaciers.

The PRESIDENT continued : I have to correct a mistake which I made in mentioning at a previous Meeting the death of the late Mr. J. H. Fox. I stated then that he was the father of another of our former Members, Mr. Harry Fox, who met his death in the Caucasus. I got that information from a Member of the Club who knew the family and accepted it as correct, but Mr. Slingsby has pointed out to me that I was wrong and that Mr. J. H. Fox was a cousin of Mr. Harry Fox. I am obliged for the correction and regret the mistake.



MEMORIAL PLAQUE IN THE BRITANNIA HUT.

TO THE  
ABORIGINAL

I also made another mistaken announcement in the course of the discussion on Mr. Harold Raeburn's Paper in stating that Mons. de Déchy was dead. I am glad to say that the statement I made was not correct and that Mons. de Déchy was not dead, although I hear that he has been very ill.

You have all seen in the circular convening this Meeting a note to the effect that the Winter Dinner has again been abandoned. We had to decide at the beginning of this year the date on which it was to be held, in case it was decided to hold it, and we therefore provisionally fixed the date on which the Dinner would have been held. The Committee decided later in the year that under the existing circumstances it should not take place.

Mr. DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD then read a Paper entitled 'War-time in the Italian Alps,' which was illustrated by lantern slides.

The PRESIDENT invited discussion on the Paper, and Major E. L. Strutt offered some remarks on points not touched on by Mr. Freshfield, notably the capture of the Vrata Spur of Monte Nero (Isonzo) by bare-footed Alpini in a night surprise, the destruction of an Austrian (peace) stronghold near the Sulden Glacier, and the ascent of Monte Tofana by Alpini.

Mr. EDGAR FOA said that, as one having close affinities with Italy, he should like to be allowed to express the pleasure and interest with which he had followed the description Mr. Freshfield had given of the campaign which was being carried on by that nation on its own behalf and on behalf of the Allies. These were rather gloomy days through which we were passing. When a country hopelessly unprepared for war was brought to grips with another where the conditions were exactly the reverse, its efforts, in the earlier stages of the conflict, must be necessarily directed to the endeavour to stave off the onset of its adversary; and it might esteem itself fortunate if it could do that. But we had had from time to time some brighter days to relieve the gloom; and amongst them he ventured to think that one of the brightest was the day when it was announced that Italy, detaching herself for good and all from the unnatural Teutonic alliance into which she had been forced by stress of political circumstances to enter some thirty years ago, had finally elected to throw in her lot with the Allies, and to risk the whole of her fortunes in what she believed to be the cause of justice and freedom.

Another element of interest in the Paper was derived from the familiarity which most Members of the Club possessed with one at least of the two theatres of war which had been described in it. The two main routes of invasion of Austria from the south were, the one across the Tyrol, and the other to the east of the province of Venetia. In the former the mountains offered an almost insurmountable barrier; and he agreed with Mr. Freshfield that the attack led by the Italians in that region was probably made less

with a serious view of invasion than with the desire of preventing a hostile descent into the plains of Lombardy. But in the latter the Carnic Alps, as they were called, were less formidable, so that if the Italian armies were to make any substantial advance into the enemy's country it would probably be in that direction and across the province of Carinthia; whilst their long-sustained attack on Gorizia had no doubt also in view the fact that that town was always considered the key to Trieste, one of the chief objects of Italian desire as a portion of their 'unredeemed' territory. With that district, however, most Members were probably little conversant—as little as he was himself. But the same thing could not be said of the Southern Tyrol, which was so well known to them, if only as a climbing ground.

Next to the incomparable beauty of the whole region, its most striking feature was the essentially Italian characteristics of its people, its towns, and its scenery. If a line were drawn from the northern frontier of Lombardy to that of Venetia, starting in the neighbourhood of the Upper Engadine, that line would run nearly due east, and, passing near Botzen, would cut off the whole of that part of the Tyrol which answered to the description he had just given. It was known to the Italians under the name of the 'Trentino,' and the frontier would coincide very nearly with the one shown on Mr. Freshfield's map. It was a region in which, with insignificant exceptions, no other language than Italian was heard; and in these days, when there was such a strong tendency to reconstruct maps on the principle of race and nationality, it seemed scarcely in the fitness of things that it should still remain in alien hands.

It must, however, be admitted that at no time of its history had the Trentino been Italian. But when this War ended, and in the manner in which they were all hoping and believing that it would end, it seemed probable that this would no longer hold good, and it would be a source of additional satisfaction to them if that end brought with it the completion of the great task of union for which Italy had been struggling so long, and if her flag should float, as it ought to float, over this most beautiful region of the Alps.

Mr. H. J. T. Wood said: I should like to congratulate Mr. Freshfield on his success in identifying two places mentioned in the official reports of the mountain fighting. The difficulties caused by the totally different names given by Austrians and Italians to the same mountain, *e.g.*, Croda Rossa and Hohe Gaisl, Drei Zinnen and Cime di Lavaredo—are increased in cases like the Mt. Croce which has been mentioned and which is the Italian name for the Plöcken Pass as well as for the Kreuzberg at the south end of the Sextenthal.

It would be interesting to know what has happened to the inhabitants of that curious group of villages well south of the frontier, the principal of which was Sappada, which were entirely Austrian

in speech, manners and customs, though surrounded by thoroughly Italian neighbours.

I am glad of the opportunity of being able to comment on the statement which recently appeared in one of the papers, I think 'The Morning Post,' that the inhabitants of the Cortina district were entirely Austrian in feeling. This is absolutely contrary to my experience. The three sisters who so long kept the Stella d'Oro at Cortina entirely declined to admit a visitor of Austrian birth and speech, and even refused to answer in German any of their guests who could manage to understand their villainous French. I have frequently tried to impress on the guides of Ampezzo how much better off materially they were than their neighbours over the frontier, but invariably met with the answer, 'We know all about that, sir, but we are Italians, not Austrians.'

General Marafini (who, as well as Cav. Uff. G. M. Pallicia, was present as a guest of Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby) also took part in the discussion, speaking in Italian and English, and thanked the Lecturer for his lucid description of the country, the subject of the Paper. He expressed his pleasure at having been able to be present.

The PRESIDENT said: I am sure we have all been extremely delighted to hear what our distinguished guest General Marafini has had to say.

I will now ask the Club to pass a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Freshfield for his very interesting and delightful Paper and the beautiful slides he has been able to show to us.

The vote of thanks was carried with acclamation.

The PRESIDENT continued: I should like to mention one matter in connection with this frontier warfare which cannot fail somewhat to amuse my audience, who so well know the pro-Ally feelings of the victim.

Our member, Mr. Henry Montagnier, a United States citizen, whose ancestor served under Napoleon, and who is well known as a very great authority on the early history of Mont Blanc, has been for some years resident at San Remo, on the Franco-Italian border. This summer he spent, as usual, six weeks in the Alps, and as most districts were naturally closed he chose the frontier district of the Maritime Alps. Upon his return to San Remo he was suddenly arrested and after some investigation was deported to Switzerland. This is of course due to one of those unfortunate mistakes which must be expected in times of warfare. His Government is making energetic representations.

We can only regret the inconvenience which has been caused to a gentleman whose membership of this Club we greatly esteem.

I have been reminded that one very well-known man has been killed in this War, unfortunately, as an enemy of this country, although, personally, he was a friend of a great many Members. Sepp Innerkofler was an extremely good guide and a good fellow. A great deal of his climbing was done with Sir Edward Davidson,

who had the highest possible opinion of him. He was, as you all know, a Tyrolese guide, but he had an exceptionally good knowledge of snow and ice work, which, of course, is not generally a strong point with other guides from his district, and he was, as we all know, a great rock-climber.







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*Sydney Spencer, photo*

GSPALTENHORN,  
from the Büttlassen.

# THE ALPINE JOURNAL.

MAY 1916.

(No. 212.)

## LIST OF MEMBERS SERVING IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

*The following Members serving in His Majesty's Forces have been killed in action or have died :—*

SLINGSBY, Capt. ARTHUR MORRIS, 56th Punjabi Rifles, killed in action in Mesopotamia on March 8, 1916.

Awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry. He led a party of his battalion which maintained itself with great determination for hours within a few yards of the enemy's trenches. When his commanding officer fell he commanded the battalion, and, on being ordered to break off the engagement, went back under heavy fire to make sure there was no mistake, and then, returning, skilfully withdrew his men.

STONHAM, Lt.-Col. C., C.M.G., F.R.C.S., died on January 31 of illness contracted on service in Egypt.

### *Addenda and Corrigenda.*

ALDRIDGE, Capt. E. A., R.A.M.C., Guards Division, B.E.F., Flanders.

BAKER-GABB, Capt. F., 3/3rd Monmouthshire Regiment.

CRAWFORD, 2nd Lieut. C. G., Q.A.O., Gurkha Rifles, India.

FITZGERALD, Major E. A., Inniskilling Dragoons.

GIBSON, Lieut. Joseph, Army Service Corps, B.E.F., France.

JARDINE, 2nd Lieut. J., Royal Flying Corps.

LONGSTAFF, 2nd Lieut. T. G., General Staff, A.H.Qs., Simla.

LUCAS, Lt.-Col. F.G., O.C., 2nd Battalion 5th Gurkhas, Mesopotamia.

MASON, Capt. KENNETH, R.E., Assistant Field Engineer, 3rd Division, Indian Expeditionary Force D.

MINCHINTON, Capt. H. D., 1st (K.G.O.) Gurkha Rifles, Indian Expeditionary Force, (*wounded in Mesopotamia*).

MOORHEAD, Capt. T. G., R.A.M.C., Consulting Physician, Alexandria.

MUIR, Capt. J. C., R.A.M.C., in charge of Hospital at Malta.

ROBERTS, Gunner Cadet W. M., Royal Horse Artillery.

RUMBOLD, 2nd Lieut. T. A., Royal Engineers (T.F.).

WELLS, Rev. E. G., Chaplain in Flanders.

WHEELER, Capt. E. O., R.E., K.G.O. Sappers and Miners, Indian Contingent, Mesopotamia. (*Thrice mentioned in dispatches from France. Has received the Croix de Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur from the French Government, and the Military Cross from the British Government.*)

S.E. Il Sig. Principe D. SCIPIONE BORGHESE is serving as Capitaine d'Artillerie de Montagne in the Italian Army.

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## NEW CLIMBS IN 1914: THE GSPALTENHORN RIDGE.

BY G. WINTHROP YOUNG.

A YEAR ago it would have seemed impossible to concentrate interest or memory upon the recall of an old climbing adventure. But time, monotony, and the exhaustion of the limited range of sensations that war in reality presents have brought back the sense of proportion, of detached appreciation. In the later occasional meetings with other mountaineers there has been a happy consent to return with relief to mountain-talk, to promise ourselves a joyful return of far deeper understanding 'after the war' to climbing and its wide, clear range of varied and beautiful sensation. 'From the monotonous alternations'—I am quoting from a letter—'of fear, counter-fear (commonly called "courage"), and craving for fear—which Stevenson characterized as the pleasure of biting on an aching tooth—the mind jumps back with inexpressible relief to the thought of a clean-cut rock, a calculable risk, an open struggle in which personality may count.'

At the very end of June, 1914, I came up from Italy to the Alps, in the hope of catching an early spell of fine weather and, haply, some remains of good snow to help us on the great ridges we were planning to attack.

S. W. Herford, most famous of our English rock-climbers, was to join me, for his first Alpine season. As a companion in difficult adventure I already knew him to possess the three essential qualifications, patience, appreciation, and silence. To balance the party, in its due proportions of age and youth, Joseph Knubel was to bring Hans Brantschen, a fine straight-backed young chamois-hunter. He had ski-ed with me in the winter, and I liked him for his modesty and resolute reserve. Great things were told of his powers, but it was almost a chance that decided me to try him on our difficult intentions. By chance I saw him jump down an eight-foot wall on to a narrow ledge. He did not 'lower himself' as I should have done; he dropped cleanly from his feet, and lighted on the little shelf with the perfect poise and in the bent 'arrested' curve of an ideal athlete. I will say here at once that the choice was justified. He proved to have all the qualities that should

produce, with opportunity, that rare appearance, the great guide. Strength, quiet unfailing confidence, a fine style and an instinctive knowledge of ice, snow, and circumstance.

*The Bietschhorn.*

Knubel and Hans met me at Brigue, on a sunny morning. Before we had tramped up to Ried we were sopped in a hopeless storm. It was useless to go up to the hut, but with hail roaring on the roof we left the usual word to be called at midnight. Under warm inky clouds we started from the hotel on July 1, clouds with the ominous 'run ink' in their lower edges. We struck straight up the slopes, to cut the lower end of the usual (S.W.) ridge; a weary wet scramble for untrained legs. There was little pleasure in the climb, but at this, my fourth, attempt on the peak we were resolved to break the evil spell. There was little difficulty, except wet snow in the holds. I think we hardly roped at all. On the way down the electric snow-storm caught us and gave us all the unpleasing excitement of sizzling axes and buzzing hat-hooks. We lost the lower ridge in blinding snow, and, cursing inwardly, weary, and feeling myself altogether too old and stiff, I crawled and bungled back to the hotel. The guides kept at a safe, unsympathetic distance, and I felt like spraining an ankle on purpose, in order to convict them of neglect. It was in fact too much for a training day after a year of armchair writing.

But the next day broke sunnily on more disciplined spirits and muscles. By 11 o'clock we were tramping up the Tellithal pastures, past the brown chalets, and knee-deep in forget-me-not and pink campion. Higher, we waded through fallen sky-patches of gentians, of four different shades, through sulphur anemones, three contrasts of viola, and white and yellow blossoms for whose name I must some day consult Mr. Yeld. And lastly, as we skirted the late snow, soldanella laughed up at us in the hot sun, breaking through its glittering winter bubbles in the valley wind, to dance above the evanescent rainbow edges of darkening snow.

Thick rain, fog, and lazy snow-flakes met us on the Petersgrat. But it was so hot under our heavy packs that we tramped in vests alone. We were going well, and for all the soft footing we reached the Mutthorn refuge at 4. The ominous weather we disregarded, and lapsed into a long, jolly, 'old times' gossip.

The 3rd we spent shut up in the Refuge, a driving, hopeless snow-storm. In all the library of illustrated Swiss and German literature I only found one passably pretty picture and no single joke that could even foreshadow a smile. We were waiting for a chance to get on to our Gspaltenhorn ridge more conveniently from this, the apparently proper, base; but we never even got a view. On the 4th a soft snow ramble to the Petersgrat rewarded us with an inconceivably lovely view of the Bietschhorn; the perfect white peak blazing in a hidden sun-ray behind a window in the wild, racing, stormy cloud. On the 5th provisions began to give out, and in a pleasant hot interval we waded over the Gamchi-Lücke, two feet of new snow, and down some nice hazards in the fall to the new Gamchi hut, called the Gspaltenhorn hut. The guides went on to Gries, for food-stuffs, and left me to that most perfect of experiences, a day alone high up in the great alpine spaces. In brilliant sunlight I wandered across to the W. ridge of the Büttlassen, passing on the way the remains of the old comfortless shelter. It is memorable to me as the place where I did not sleep some years ago. Marcus Heywood (now a red-capped staff officer) and I lay the night out, for lack of space, on the moraine. In the morning we bathed in the fine watershoot that sprays from out of sight on the cliffs above, and achieved a scorching ascent of the Gspaltenhorn, only relieved by the exquisite scooping out of a large tin of refreshing, icy, yellow grenadines.

Behind the last pinnacles of this ridge, on a high grassy shelf, I dreamed out the day. In a fierce, browning sun-bath I lay and watched the great semicircle of silver-white peaks. The avalanches whispered and boomed continuously: I counted as many as seven rushing simultaneously down the face of the Morgenhorn. The snow was water-logged, and cascaded like hill-torrents. Three students appeared like dots on the glacier, and passed out of sight down the valley, accentuating the loneliness. Over the Gamchi-Lücke, slung in a high white curve against the sky, long single clouds crept stealthily, clinging down the glacier fall and snuffing with their noses like great dragons across the ribs and hollows of the Morgenhorn. As they passed the avalanches seemed to shrink from their noisy game, to begin again tentatively when they felt the cold muzzles and breath safely withdrawn. As evening came on I climbed higher up the ridge, some pretty scrambling, to get a view back down the valley to the N.W. The clouds

were now high up round the peaks, miracles of torn wet silver. About 9 o'clock the greatest sunset pageant of my memory began. Past below my feet fell the white glacier, edged with dark crag. The valley receding beyond looked from above like a space of fallen sky, a golden turmoil of shallow, eddying, spouting cloud, in and out of which great pallid golden dragons twisted and coiled with uneasy, angry heads. Above the sea, far behind on the left, a black castle of rock jutted vividly. The low sunlight, blocked by a band of inky cloud, poured over and round its transparent silver edges, and flashed along the boil of golden foam, straight up the glacier to where I lay. Above it, on the pale electric-green lake of evening sky, grey-gold boats of cloud floated tranquilly. For intense experience solitude is essential. The cold lights and shadows of that evening are clearer memories than any incidents of the more recent war-time.

### *Gspaltenhorn.*

On the 6th, in a brighter 'alternate' day, we went up the Gspaltenhorn for training, and to examine our ridge again. There was bad deep snow; but we were up in three hours, and back on the Büttlassen-lücke again in another fifty minutes.

### *Büttlassen : South Arête, First Direct Ascent.*

We wanted to go up the Büttlassen, for view purposes. So we took the S. arête direct, crossing all the towers. The usual line is to turn to the left, on to the S. face, and ascend a large couloir. Our new route gave us the experience of one fear-some chimney. On its final overhang Hans appeared to delay so long that I doubted my choice of him, for a time. But when it came to my turn I took 40 minutes to surmount the step, even with the protection of the rope. How Hans did it—? But he tore off both stockings in the struggle! The ascent took 1½ hour from the Col, and snow fell all the time. We came down, slowly and wet, by the W. arête. I can find no record of this having been followed in all its length: but it is an obvious line of unpleasing rock. A herd of fourteen chamois made a comfortable distraction. We were down in 2 hours, reaching the hut at 1 P.M. For the double event, 8 hours with halts.



By the 7th the weather was hopeless. I trudged down to the Gries-alp, and met Herford. We returned again, in rain, that night; and spent the cheerless 8th in alternate spurts on to the ridges and in getting dry again in the hut. Our examination, through cloud-breaks, of the Gspaltenhorn Ridge cheered us but little. The two hideous 'gaps' looked worse to us the higher we went. I had already given up the idea of traversing the towers on the far (S.) side; and from the slabs on the near side avalanches rippled hastily, to vanish in the huge dark couloirs. It is, truly, a terrific face. The first white shoulder from the Gamchi-Lücke, we thought, would go. There followed a wall, behind a conspicuous 'needle,' which Joseph disliked. Thence the ridge, serrated and white-combed, would probably carry us to the top of the first great 'Red Tooth.' There must follow a shattering descent into the first gap. Out of this we must probably climb direct, as the second tower did not look as if it could be turned on its huge face slabs. Supposing the summit of this second tower gained, we should look down over the worst problem of all. The second gap is a deep scimitar-shaped gash into the sheer ridge. The higher the point from which we looked at it, the deeper, smoother, more undercut, it appeared to split the mountain profile against the sky. The summit of the third Red Tooth beyond, if we ever got out of the gash, connected agreeably—by contrast—with the mountain-top. The level of the ridge rises but little throughout its length. To traverse it would be much like climbing along the top of a fortress wall, cloven and split by heavy shell-fire. And the rock was, manifestly, of the worst quality. The most enterprising guide in the Oberland had told me the year before that the traverse would require a thousand feet of fixed ropes; and he had himself turned back without even attempting the first rock-wall on the ridge. In fact the complete absence of any serious attempt upon this famous problem, the last great untraversed ridge of the Oberland, perhaps of the Alps, a challenge to the hordes of bold mountaineers that fill in summer these popular valleys, can only be attributed to the hopelessly intimidating appearance of the two great 'Gashes' as seen in profile, on the ordinary ascent of the peak.

Joseph was gloomy, and fell back upon his chilly generalities, that 'every ridge must be climbable, if you have time and weather,' and on his usual 'We have never yet been turned back except by storm, but——!' and it was an emphatic 'but'

in this case. Hans, as be seemed his age, was silent, but quite undepressed.

*Wilde Frau, East Arête: First Ascent from the Glacier.*

On the 9th something had to be done. Herford's iron muscles had to be accustomed to general alpine work, and the monotony of snow-drizzle and hail on the hut roof was becoming irksome. The Wilde Frau faced us lower down the valley and across the glacier. Its steep black E. ridge, buttressing the near edge of the high white plateaux which surround on the N. the Blümlisalp group, offered a tempting ladder. A party of students coming from the plateau had cut, we read, into the highest white notch where the ridge reaches the glacier plateau, and had climbed the final point of the peak from our side. But, probably owing to the very recent opening up of the region, as a centre, by the new hut, no one had yet, as it appeared, made use of the ridge as a complete ascent from the E.

We used an interval of snowless morning, crossed the glacier, and found a hunter's track to get on to the butt of the cliffs. The climb was barely interesting; but snow covered all the broken rock surface, the storm began again, and the character of the ridge, the raised rock rim of a mountain facet with a great precipice falling on its S., over which we occasionally hung and clambered sensationally, kept us hard at it to advance at all. Joseph hated it, and a great measure of moral force was expended before we had earned the relief of a battered, snow-sopped descent. Happily for our humour, a numberless and shifting herd of chamois, with their attractive and absurd kids, performed the most amazing feats on the face below our feet, rocketing miraculously to and fro across our ridge and ecstasising the guide-mind with the same enchantment that draws a dachshund, inevitably and ludicrously, in futile chase of a mocking rabbit.

Another exquisite sunset balanced the day, of stabbing rays and sullen, shifting valley-clouds below us, with a great high sea of clear green sky behind. Herford and I watched it from the rock. These 'precious things of the lasting hills' were his inner life, and I am glad he saw them, so magically that year, in the great Alps.

The night cleared: but our ridge had now to be left for at least three days, for the new snow to harden or descend.

So, on the 10th, we started on one of the most splendid high alpine walks of my memory, the passage of the Gamchi-Lücke, Petersgrat, Lötschenthal, and Beich pass, to Bel Alp. For variety nothing could be more lovely. In the dark, on rock traverses and deep snow, we soon lost two guideless Swiss who started before us; they never got over the first pass, and we found their Zeiss glasses on a later day. Sunrise met us, glitteringly, on the Lücke; breakfast, desirably, at the Muthorn refuge. Over the high white upland glaciers of the Petersgrat; and down to the sunlit many-coloured loveliness of the upper flower-meadows of the green Lötschenthal. We went hard, but rested magnificently. Joseph left us there, and tramped to the Rhone valley, bent on some nice quest of luggage. The rest of us buckled to the steep wall of the Beich pass. At the crest we had some fine traversing on almost sheer snow. Herford reassured us at once. He showed on snow and ice the same sureness of foot and eye, and perfect balance, as had made him pre-eminent on British rocks. Hans protested faintly at my assuming, selfishly, on this wall the only passage of 'guiding' in the long day. We had excellent glissades, and tramped down the Ober-Aletsch glacier. Every turn here recalled some old adventure, and that most vivid sight of all when, after the exacting first ascent of the Nesthorn Ridge, we dropped triumphantly on to the glacier just as darkness fell, and only Donald Robertson's hoarded crusts and immense endurance averted the reaction, and propped me back to Belalp after midnight for a more comfortable sleeping-place.

Twelve and a half hours we spent on our high-level ramble, and I shall never know a finer-spent day. The greater the pleasure, that Herford, who in his first season might justifiably have been looking for chosen peaks and big climbs, enjoyed it, if anything, even more than I. Peaks could wait. This was what he came to the Alps for,—what only the Alps could give.

On the 11th we idled, gossiped with old peasant friends, and bathed in the famous little Bel Alp lake.

On the 12th, as it held clear, round we sped again by train, and tramped up to our familiar hut. And as we did so, down came the rain again!

On the 13th we watched the rain and flocks of wet snow-storms quarrelling up the glacier towards us. All day behind the clouds the watery avalanches hissed and thundered off the Morgenhorn and Blümlisalp-horn. The noise was continuous,

and through the cloud gaps we amused ourselves picking out our favourites among the wild cataracts down the faces, and backing them for a first finish on to the glacier. Two Swiss gentlemen also gave us a glorious laugh. While climbing the Gspaltenhorn the day before, they had been caught in the electric storm, and now offered us rewards to recover from the summit their axes, abandoned in panic, and—of all things—their naval telescope, one metre long ! Though why they preferred to come down those bad snow-slopes without axes, and why they chose to go up on a stormy day with a telescope 'one metre long,' remained a mystery ! But the whole evening and night Joseph and Hans dug one another awake with happy guffaws, and 'one metre long' became our catchword. Well—it was dull weather, and we had had a fortnight's depressing disappointment and internment !

One curious thing we noted, though we hardly dared breathe it aloud. For all the storms that harried it, our great ridge above grew no whiter ! It really seemed as if, by some great flaw in this exceptional atmospheric disturbance, the temperature remained warmer at the higher altitude. Snow and rain below fell only as rain above. That night, the 13th, it froze, starrily ; and I lay long awake listening for the fatal rustle on the roof, coughing to hide it if I thought I heard it, and bracing myself for the moral push it would surely require to urge the guides out for such an attempt in such incalculable weather. But, when three o'clock found us still with stars, they were the first to hasten our going. It was to be only an 'exploration,' of course.

*Gspaltenhorn : West Ridge ('Rothe Türme'), First Ascent.*

Choked with inaction, at 3.45 on the 14th, we started to scamper across the glacier. Joseph had marked a spot where we could get on to the rocks towards the W. end of the N. face. The deep snow had made us give up the idea of toiling first up to the Gamchi-Lücke, and thence turning along the easy snow crest. We saw that we could reach the W. ridge, below the point where the real climbing began, more quickly by a subsidiary rib and hollow up the N. face. I will do Joseph the justice to say at once that, difficult as it had been to examine the ridge in any close detail, we found at the end of the day that we had followed, with only slight modifications, the line of probably least resistance which he had sketched out to me before, pessimistically, from the Büttlassen. Joseph's brilliant

performance in youth has been supplemented, during years of work, by immense experience and untiring observation. It would be difficult now to find his superior as a reader of mountain 'sign.'

We left the glacier by an open chimney; traversed sharply to the right above the cliff, along iced slabs and geröll—a tricky footing in the dark. So we passed under the rock tower which finishes the subsidiary 'corner' arête of the mountain, and arrived at the foot of a great snow-slope. This overhangs the rise of the glacier-fall to the Gamchi-Lücke, and is the second of the snow facets on the N.W. face or angle of the mountain. The first snow facet is immediately above the Lücke. We turned close up under our N.W. 'subsidiary' arête, ascending by the snow-slope to where a great open couloir slants out of the walls of the arête on to the snow. Here we paused, at 4.30. By snow and easy slabs we climbed directly up the side of the couloir, on to the upper edge of our 'subsidiary.' This we followed, with the light now helping us, until it merged in crude snow-slopes below the crest of the main W. ridge. The crusted snow-wall brought us out on to the sky-line of our real attempt at 5.30.

The point where we joined the ridge is the second (higher) dark outcrop of rock on the snow profile that mounts, in two successive white shoulders, from the Gamchi-Lücke. It is some way below the first conspicuous rock 'step' in the ridge, and not far below a sensational 'needle,' which, from the N., is apparently set on the crest itself, but in reality projects oddly out of the N. face, with the true ridge-crest passing behind it.

Here we put on the rope, out of respect for our distant view of this first 'step,' though our nearer prospect was more reassuring. It speaks volumes for the terrors of the W. ridge, as seen from afar, that even this first easy section should never have been attempted. As far as the summit of the first great Red Tooth there is actually no real check.

On this first step or wall of the ridge we first traversed to the S., and then up steep snow. A second minor rise in the tower we climbed up an open chimney, of alternating ice, snow, and rock. We then swung back to our left, up slabs; and so regained the crest of the ridges above the wall: this passage included one steep problem. The ridge was heavily crested, in part corniced. But the snow was in very fair condition, and glistened radiantly in an all too hot sun. I gave the weather till noon to break.

The second wall, or step—it is impossible to give a right name to these ridge-incidents; from below they look like towers, from the top they are just ridge syncopations—we climbed by a chimney on the left (N.) of its centre as we faced the wall. A snow-crested ridge then brought us, almost unexpectedly, to the summit of the First Red Tooth. (And again, is it a Tooth? It would not seem so if a vast cleft had not formed just beyond it. Can the absence of one tooth, one negative tooth as it were, establish the continuations of a ridge on either side of it as positive Teeth? About the Second Red Tooth there is no such doubt: it is supported on either side by the most convincing ‘absences.’)

It was now 7 o'clock. The summit looked absurdly near, and almost on our own level. We took breakfast, thinking of the gaps, but talking of the white, arctic prospect. There was more snow now on the July Tschingel-horn opposite than when I had visited it on ski some winters back.

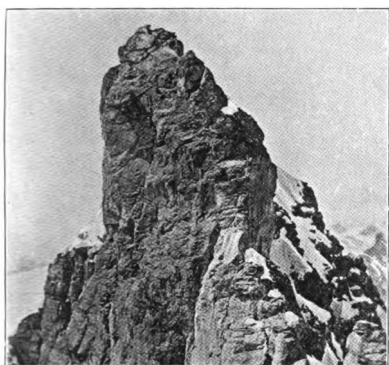
So we clambered silently over the edge, and looked down into the seemingly bottomless trough. Opposite frowned the red wall of the second Fang, and deep below, as one craned over, a little white bridge came up out of the void into sight, a floating thread of snow joining two unseen heights of undercut wall, dividing two depths of dazzling space.

On the S. face practically all the rock of the peak is weathered, bad and hopeless. On the N. face it is weathered and bad. In exceptional conditions a descent might be made on this side, by some chimney further back, with a traverse to follow on the rotten slabs round the base of the tower to the couloir below the little snow col. For us it was out of the question. By some means we had to get straight down on to the white clothes-line. A little crazy gargoyle of a rock crest drooped from the N.E. corner of the tower. To a rare secure point above this we made fast our long reserve rope. Joseph went over; and got a cramped but firm stance on some harder blue ledges between 50 and 60 feet down. I followed. The first 20 feet were a clamber down the loose fretwork of the gargoyle. Then, out and down over the wall-corner of smooth grey slabs, I had to depend almost entirely on the rope. Herford joined us, giving to the mechanics of the rope method the same concentrated attention which won for him during these few days a singularly rapid mastery of much novel alpine technique. Hans rehitched his double rope at the end of the gargoyle ridge, and managed to get it to follow him down with only one false start.

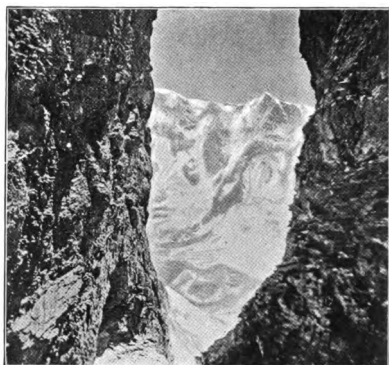
We were now half-way down the face of the tower above the gap. A broken edge inclining downward to the N. took us a stage further. Then the wall frankly overhung. The only possible route lay down an undercut chimney, which seemed to end in space well to the N. of our desired white col. The top entrance to the chimney was too narrow to allow of passage with a sack. Below, it opened into a vague chasm. We fixed the reserve again. I felt sure it would not 'pull off' from below. But the guides were now mentally far away in that aloofness of remote, tense purpose which difficult work always produces in their minds. It was another 60 feet of descent with little but hindrance from the rock. Scraped and muscle-racked I rejoined Joseph on some rough juts projecting at the base of the S. wall of the chasm. Along the edges of these craggy juts a tricky descending traverse of some 30 feet carried us across to the col, a white wave of snow-foam caught and frozen as it broke between the mighty towers. Hans came last ; but of course the reserve stuck. He had had enough for the time of unprotected rope dangling, and we could not afford to leave it behind with that worse scythe-gap to come. So Joseph had to re-ascend, an extraordinary feat on this thin Alpine rope. This time he got over his old-fashioned prejudice against cutting the rope and consented to make and fix a rope-ring for the reserve to travel in. He is a complete purist about rock mechanics. This last return took 50 minutes, and it was 9.50 when we all re-assembled below the curl of the col.

We were now in the first great gash. We had to get out of it by direct attack : we had seen that there was little hope of traversing round on the N. or S. of the colossal isolated Fang. Happily, at the S. end of the face of its great wall looming over us, the rocks leaned back a little. Some embryonic chimneys crinkled up round a less precipitous corner. We chose the second chimney, counting to the right. The first step was more difficult than it looked, an elbow-wriggling overhang. Then we worked rapidly up the broken steep wall, turned the vast shapeless head behind its left eyebrow, and emerged contented on the top of the Tooth at 10.15.

We never talk much ; but it was an exceptionally silent lunch. The monster had us fairly on the crown of its most formidable tusk and champed our tired nerves gloatingly against space. We had had one look over into the gulf in front, and each of us came back studiously nonchalant. Behind if we failed to get down, lay the return up the chasmic, decayed



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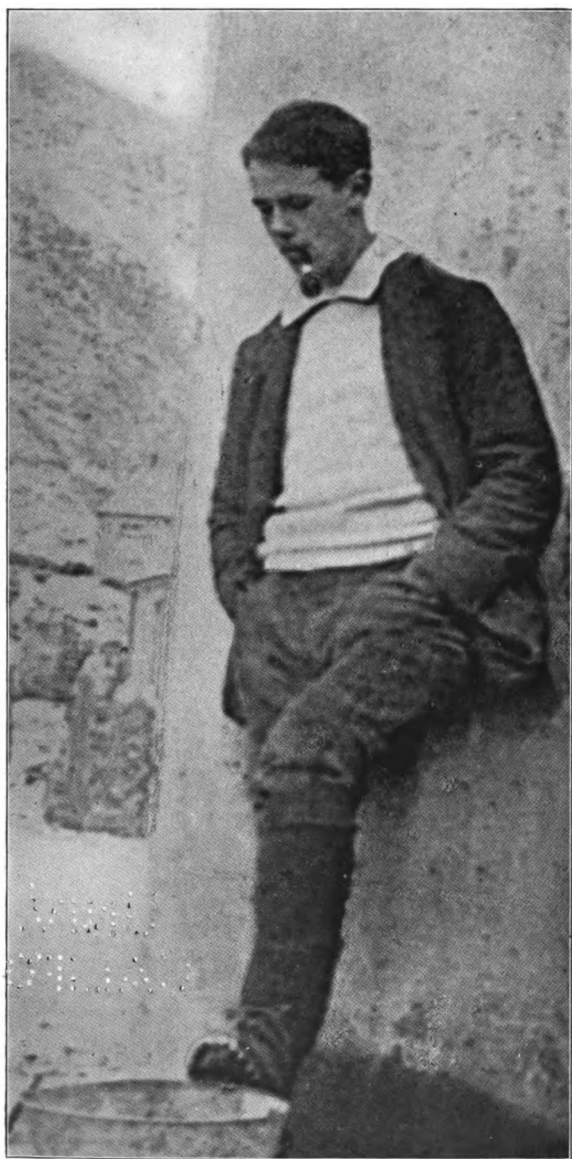
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ON THE GSPALTENHORN.

1. First Tower, from top of second. Descent goes down middle right-hand edge in face. (Worst part at half height.)
2. Taken in the gap between second and third Towers. View looks towards Lauterbrunnen Breithorn.
3. View from near top: third Tower in foreground; second just shows: first, the descent just shows.
4. Descent from first Tower: J. Knubel on traverse, after abseilung. Taken from the Col.





S. W. HERFORD  
Born, 1891. Fell in action, 1916.

200-foot first Fang. A few white films spread and bred thickly over the white fields below, and the sun began to chill under sudden shadows. But I can recall Herford's clear unmoved voice saying that the return would all 'go' upward, except perhaps the mid-height section of smooth grey slabs, and he would like to try those with his boots off.

We scattered, and began to prospect a little down the face, inclining towards the southern edge of the gap. But below a certain point the wall swept out of sight, and the next rest-point for the eye was the glacier swimming in cloud. Just opposite to us threatened the higher wall of the Third Fang, all weathered and red and whorled. The gash looked narrow enough, a hundred feet down, to have jumped across; but on to what? Immensely below, at least 200 feet, a white speck showed where the connecting bridge joined the two monsters. But, oddly enough, it did not run across the centre of the gap, but connected, as it were, the northern corners of the towers. I have never seen such a singular freak of connection in a great ridge. So it had to be as before; somewhere down the northern edge would lie again our only hope of reaching the frail white span. A very slight hope. Joseph was outspokenly despairing; but I relied still upon the line he had traced in less moving moments. So far it had worked out well; and to my ignorance a descent on to the northern slabs and a traverse on the rickety frozen fragment-concrete did not seem so entirely out of the question. I recalled, for my comfort, that entrancing crack that had solved for us the oft-tried problem of the descent off the first tower on the W. ridge of the Grandes Jorasses. There Joseph had swept us over breathlessly and unerringly. But this was a different matter: bad rock, bad conditions, weakening weather; and all too short a season's preparation for the strain which such outside attempts put upon the leading performers in this class of climbing.

I pointed out a possible descending couloir further back. Hans agreed that we might try it; but this spurred Joseph's genius. Down the N. face he led us, a little back from the summit. We screwed back and fro down a corner or two, and then had our strange line clear before us. The N. face of the tooth towered over us. Across it, at about our level, ran a sort of band of broken erupting rock, a possible, if awkward, traverse. At its end it merged, not upon the corner of the tower, but against a fantastic flying buttress or screen, projecting sharply out from the northern corner. So frail

and casual was this astonishing hanging curtain that at two points it was pierced through by windows, one some ten feet above the spot where the possible traverse ran into the angle made by the tower and the buttress, and the other some thirty feet farther out over space along the fretted rock-curtain. Joseph crossed the traverse delicately, climbed up to the first window, and—his head and shoulders disappeared through it. After some high-pitched exclamatory *patois*, he screwed himself into it securely, and then Hans followed. But *his* directions were to get into the second window. He turned the angle below Joseph, and by a very delicate but firm-ledged traverse moved out along the face of the curtain, and scrambled up into the second window. It is difficult to give an idea of the strangeness of the sight of these two figures jammed at intervals into two high holes, in a mad projection of fragile rock drooping from the corner of the dizzy red tower. Above their heads a few feet of tottering slanting rock-comb and travelling clouds; below them one appalling sweep of—slabs and the glacier.

I followed, roped now to all three comrades. I honestly hated that traverse. I had Joseph's abominable sack to carry. After that day I knew that Herford was far more able and accustomed than I to carry extra weights over awkward places, and I learned to appreciate, for the first time, the pleasant surrenders that reconcile us to middle-age mountaineering. My hands were thoroughly chilled, and—well—years tell. I crawled over it abusively, and joined Hans, thrusting him like a cork out through the hole as I shoved in behind him. Herford joined me, with extraordinary ease, and then Joseph began the elaborate manœuvres necessary to extricate him from his spiky church-window and to bring him along the traverse to ours. Hans meanwhile 'abseil'd' down on the further unseen face, and left my view clear, through the window, to appreciate at leisure the further revelation of the astonishing freaks of rock-architecture by which Joseph's genius was profiting. Here was I, legs and head hanging either way through the flying side buttress of a great tower on a main ridge. By rights I should have looked down through void on to a remote glacier. I did not. Sixty feet below, and immediately under my window, that fabulous little snow col frisked pertly and sunnily straight across to the corner of the third Red Tower. What mountaineer could conceive of such a structure? Well away to my right lay the main ridge. By twisting my head round to the right I could look into the

stupendous scimitar-cleft across which the gigantic, rugged, Red Towers nodded and made chests at one another. By rights that small white link, the connecting thread of the ridge, should have joined them across the gap in their mid-centres, and should have been found hopelessly unattainable from such a flanking position as ours. And yet, here it was, ridiculously joining the far corner of the next Tower to the flat, loopholed curtain of rock which stuck precariously out at right angles from the solid corner of our own. And our window was set unimaginably above it : and our traverse had led exactly to the window !

No wonder our hearts grew light and our voices loud. I tried to get through the window with the sack on, and failed. Then I tried head first, and should have succeeded if I had not objected to the prospect of proceeding in the same fashion down to the col. Finally, I tried feet first, and then had to perform an acrobat's body-bend, to get my feet down on to a supporting ledge. We fixed the rope for security, but the 60 feet of steep descent to the snow col would have been easy without it. Then I stood on the col, to watch the others. And again I can give no idea of the oddity of standing on this narrow white edge suspended arbitrarily across space, and seeing the others emerge casually through the sheer dark wall 60 feet above my head ; Herford's wild shock of hair and amused eyes suddenly appearing through blankness against the white drift of clouds. We were talking it over together, in snow-steps under the little crest, at 12.15.

Our way was now fairly obvious. The colossal wall facing us to our right on the opposite side of the gap was of course unassailable. The cyclopean measure of these gulfs and monoliths is beyond anything I have seen upon high mountains. One would have to look to the great river cañons for their match : to set the deep gravings and chisellings of the elements against the scale of this their experiment in modelled high-relief. But the next Tower, we knew, joined on behind to the summit-mass. We had only to turn the precipices by the N., where the red fang was set roughly in the already spreading base of the final peak, and so find some diagonal route upward on to the ridge behind it.

We stepped cautiously down the northern couloir from the col. Here the snow adhered on a slope of 60 degrees, a rare phenomenon even in high narrow supporting couloirs ; but it was frozen just enough to allow of careful passage. Then we struck off across the rough slabs under the tower, some

200 feet of icy pleasant balancing. Now we were well out on the face, and Joseph turned, at racing pace, up a slanting ice-backed chimney inclined at a decent angle. We varied this by excursions on to the containing arêtes, which I named 'crockery' arêtes as we moved delicately up the extreme edges of their angular, fragile soup-plates. From them we escaped on to steep snow; and long protuberant slabs of rotten rock finally brought us up on to the ridge, just behind the crest of the third and last great Tower or Tooth. From here we had a great view back along the ridge. The wall of our descent from the first Tower was imposingly visible, but the freaks of the second were hidden. It only seemed to us characteristic of the strangeness of our climb as we recalled that we had been now half a day ascending a great peak, and yet all our difficulties had been those incidental to descending. Any party which tries to descend this ridge will, conversely, find itself engaged almost exclusively with a succession of difficult ascents.

A last section of crag and cornice took us to the top, at 1.45; ten hours in all from the hut. The guides greeted the summit with shouts of delight. Not because it was the top at last—we accept these customary pleasures quietly; but because there, grotesque, lonely, and askew against the snow and sky, stuck up three abandoned axes, and in their midst, like a fashionable preacher, the ludicrous three-foot-six telescope!

The laughter seemed to serve to scare away the clouds. We lunched in tranquil sun on the fresh snow. Joseph draped the axes and telescope round him, looking like a mobile, second-hand marine-store. We unroped, and rushed gaily for the valley. On the lower safe slopes Hans cleared our way, carrying with him an avalanche, and on his harder track we shot down in a long sitting glissade. We reached the hut in 62 minutes. The rest of the day we basked in the sun on the rocks; deep under slow-following waves of measureless content, lassitude, and rainbow dreaming. Hours of mere pleasure in being; which leave no definite memory behind; which only survive in a heightening of our powers of appreciation and feeling, a deepening of our understanding of human fellowship.

And there, I suppose, the story should end. But later happenings have made it of moment, to myself at least, to outline the end of our tour, before the recollection of its incidents, already fainter after two years, is entirely gone.

On the following day we had a long and beautiful ramble

over the Sefinen-Furgge, and down the green alps, coloured with flowers and white snow patches, speckled with brown piebald goats and the tanned faces of their herds, to Mürren. We had another great climb in prospect; but the storms thought we had been indulged too long—one clear day! so the train shot us out, once more in bitter biting snow and hail, at Wengern-Alp. The following day we reached the Jungfrau refuge; and there we were soon pleasantly snowed in, under polar, snow-burrowing conditions that delighted a young explorer who had come up there to prepare his sleighs for an Antarctic climate.

Finally we broke through the gigantic icicles, glissaded off the pass in a snow-hurricane, and trudged down to Bel Alp and the valley.

At Zermatt the peaks were not 'going.' But, looking out of my window, I saw that the Zmutt ridge of the Matterhorn, thanks to violent winds, remained the one black edge in the valley. We hurried to the Schönbühl hut with a still favouring wind. Black looks surrounded our next morning start, for our exit recalled from bed several indignant and keen employers whom their faint-hearted guides had safely shepherded back to unwilling sleep. The ridge went magnificently. We put on the rope, in pairs, only when we came out on to the face; and Joseph and I, now in full training, had to use all our craft and saving power to keep our lead of the younger rope, of whom one was still in his first season, and making only his second big Alpine climb. But Herford's feet and hands on snow and ice were already as dependable as a guide's; and the guides trusted him to look after himself as they trust few amateurs of long experience.

We reached the top in some  $6\frac{1}{2}$  hours from the hut. I believe it was the only ascent by the Zmutt that year, and one of the few of the peak. On the descent we met the expected snow and clouds, the final break-up of the weather, and also several ascending parties. Four, I think I heard afterwards, were benighted. We had still a day or two to spare, so, Zermatt closed, we sped round to Chamonix. It is my view that no man should attempt the Aiguilles until he has climbed for ten years. They are the final crown of climbing enjoyment. The Grépon should be kept until one can lead it alone, or at least until one can follow without fatigue. To anticipate, and have to rely after a time upon the rope, as I have seen so many famous rock-climbers compelled to do, owing to its exacting length, is to spoil, prematurely, the greatest pleasure

a climber may know. But of Herford I had no doubt. All that preparation, technique, and craft could teach he knew. He lived so much in the mountains, they were so continuously the liveliest force in his consciousness, that even without climbing them he could read the pleasure out of new hill-forms, combinations, and novel atmospheres as surely as a musician can read music for his ear without the aid of an instrument.

Ryan was at the Montanvert, at the end of his return visit to the Aiguilles. His stories of great exploits ought to have disturbed our acceptance of bad weather and hopeless rocks. Josef Knubel got some interest out of Franz's story of their repetition of our route up the Grépon from the Mer de Glace. The engaging point for him was that Franz had managed somehow to find a more reasonable line up the notorious slab which Knubel first scaled on his ice-axe alone, and which seemed to us, on consideration, to exclude the climb from the class reasonable by its excessive demands upon a leader's nerve and strength.

We preferred to spend our last day in bathing, all a hot July afternoon, out of a boat on the Lake of Geneva. In the evening we dined on a terrace overlooking the lake, with the glint of the lights reflected on its uneasy violet shadows. We talked mountains as I have seldom talked them, and I remember saying at the end : ' Well, our sensation for this year is over. Now for winter and the normal round of work.' All the time, over the Jura, to the N., and mounting up against the stars, threatened and grew a long range of cloud of inky blackness. And we speculated idly as to whether this was just an unusual shadow of night or some great coming storm. In either case, it could not affect us now.

The next day, when I got home, I met a sword and naval kit-bag ready packed in the hall ; and two days later I was in Paris, in those first grim days of war. If I thought of the mountains, it was only to wonder whether I should now discover at last that the sensations they had brought were only the shadow, the self-deceiving efforts to make an adventure out of quiet living, which the world was accustomed to pronounce them, and that the battle thrill, the imminence of incalculable danger, was, as it was claimed, the real thing.

It only took six months to clear that up for me decisively and for always. It seems almost laughable now ever to have balanced the quickly monotonous reactions of the human mind to the unmeaning violence of other frightened angry humanity against the deep steady chords with which our sense

responds to the presence of the 'chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the lasting hills.'

While I have been writing this account, the news has come that my companion on these climbs, Siegfried Herford, has fallen at the front. He was not yet a member of our Club, but I do not suppose it will be thought out of place here if I end with one word as to the measure of the loss which mountaineering has suffered. During the last few years there has been no climber of the younger generation in Great Britain whose leading position has been accepted so unanimously, I will venture to say even affectionately, by climbers of every age and school. His extraordinary ascents, the most difficult ever made in our islands, speak for themselves. But they were more than single feats depending on an exceptional physique. From boyhood he was accustomed to wandering upon the hills, and much alone. Rock-climbing came to him later, in its natural course, but only as a new interest added to a long-established friendship with mountains. His independent training left him never in doubt as to what he could or could not do. He never slipped. He was never known to take a 'chance.' Instances are told of his nerve and sureness when, later, he climbed as a leader with other men: of his being able, even in the moment of executing some exhausting feat, coolly to release a hand or foot as a security for a wavering second man. I should myself class him with Hugh Pope, as the two most finished rock-climbers we have yet produced. They were alike, too, in the intensity of study, the broad interest, and the unequalled promise, fraught with so much hope for the future of mountaineering, which distinguished their first and, in both cases, also their only season in the greater Alps. And yet more alike in the curious intimacy of understanding which held them to the hills, happier and perhaps only really themselves when alone among them.

Herford used to appear and disappear, in our mountain companies, as unaccountably and naturally as a mountain wind. In spite of his love of solitude, silence, and unconscious reserve, no man had more friends and fewer critics among mountaineers. They seemed part of a personality which embodied—and very humanly and boyishly—much that we care for most in the hills themselves, simplicity, steadfastness, detachment, 'untouchedness,' and an impersonal charm.

He brought with him the sense of open valley spaces, of clear lines of mounting cliffs, and of the wide sunlit view from a friendly summit.



A FURTHER CONTRIBUTION TO THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF  
MONT BLANC, 1786-1853.

By HENRY F. MONTAGNIER.

IN the ALPINE JOURNAL of August 1911 (vol. xxv. pp. 608-640) I published a list, arranged in chronological order, of all the printed matter relating to the early ascents of Mont Blanc with which I was then familiar. My object was to reduce the bibliography of the subject to some degree of precision, and I also hoped that my paper, despite its numerous mistakes and omissions, would prove useful to many fellow-collectors of Alpine literature who had undertaken the almost impossible task of forming a complete series of these rare documents.

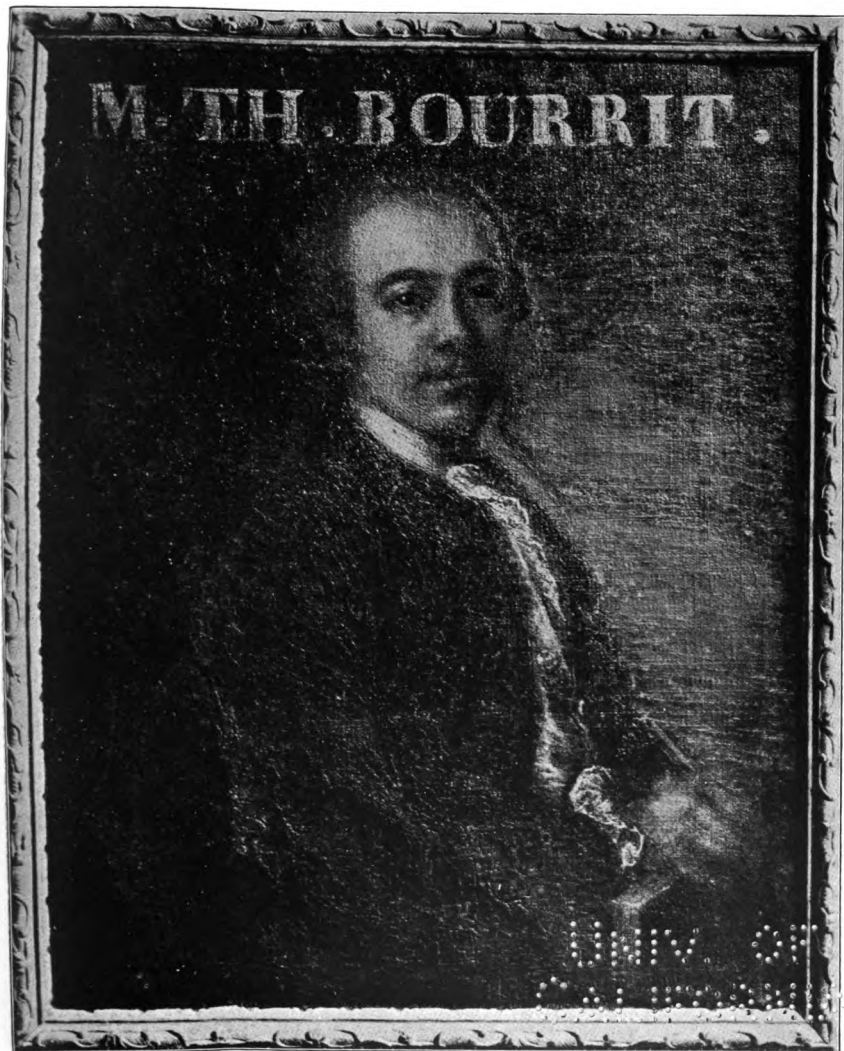
As far as the publications of the climbers themselves are concerned, my list is, I believe, with one exception (Lieutenant A. C. Murray's<sup>1</sup> ascent in 1853), practically complete. But in addition to these narratives there remains a vast amount of important material in the form of brief articles buried in the contemporary journals of Romance Switzerland, most of which is inaccessible, if not indeed unknown, to the great majority of English students of Alpine history. With regard to many little-known ascents these old journals are our only source of information, and even in the case of the more famous expeditions they often contain curious details which are well worth preserving.

In the present paper I venture to reprint, as a continuation of my first paper on Mont Blanc, a few of the more interesting of the mass of articles I have succeeded in bringing to light in the course of several months' research in the two great libraries of Berne, in the hope that they will form a not unwelcome addition to Mont Blanc literature.

Bourrit's letter about Woodley's ascent is a treasure well worth reprinting. His account of the 1802 ascent is also valuable. The two accounts of Ordinaire's ascents in 1843, that of the Pollards' attempt in 1844, and the two English ascents of 1853 are new. The rest is of minor interest.

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<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant Augustus C. Murray, R.N., made the ascent on August 2, 1853, accompanied by Jean Tairraz and three other guides. A brief narrative of his expedition, entitled *The Last Ascent of Mont Blanc*, was printed in *The Romance of Adventure*, London, 1853, pp. 285-288.



MARC-THÉODORE BOURRIT.

From an unpublished portrait in the possession of his great-great grandson,  
M. Albert Bourrit, of Geneva.

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If an apology is necessary for reverting to a subject that has been discussed so frequently in recent years, I can only plead that for the few who are keenly interested in the evolution of our sport the records of these climbs of from sixty-three to a hundred and thirty years ago will always possess a singular fascination. They form, to a certain extent, a connecting link between the dawn of mountaineering in the days of De Saussure and Bourrit and the founders of the Alpine Club six or seven decades later. Moreover, the great majority of these ascents were made by Englishmen.

Of the sixty-four tourists who attained the summit of Mont Blanc between the years 1786 and 1853 no less than thirty-eight were Englishmen. The French hold the second place with nine ascents to their credit, and no other nationality can claim more than four; while of the ascents made from 1854 down to 1870 about sixty-six per cent. were effected by Englishmen.

The first travellers who followed in the footsteps of Dr. Paccard and De Saussure were Beaufoy (1787) and Woodley (1788); and with these two climbs begins the history of British mountaineering in the Alps. There followed, it is true, a long period of thirty-one years during which no English ascents are recorded, although during this interval we have the successful expeditions of Dorthesen and Forneret (1802). Rodatz (1812), and Matzewsky (1817). But the absence of English travellers from 1789 to 1819 was probably due rather to the unsettled state of the Continent in consequence of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars than to any lack of enthusiasm and enterprise on their part.

The year 1819, however, marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of Mont Blanc; indeed from this date down to comparatively recent times it is no exaggeration to say that the great mountain remained for the most part an English playground. After the ascents of my fellow-countrymen Van Rensselaer and Howard in this year we have a brilliant series of English expeditions, beginning with that of Undrell (1819), and followed by those of Clissold (1822), Jackson (1823), Markham Sherwill and Clark (1825), Fellows and Hawes (1827), Auldjo (1827), Wilbraham (1830), and Barry (1834). All of these climbers published well-written narratives of their adventures, of which those of Van Rensselaer, Clissold, Markham Sherwill, and Fellows were soon translated into French.

The first French ascent, that of Comte de Tilly, was not

effected until 1834, and although the mountain lay then entirely in Sardinian territory no Italian attempted to reach the summit before the Marchese Imperiale di Sant' Angelo in 1840. As for the Swiss, after De Saussure (1787) and Forneret (1802), only one ascent is recorded, that of Henri Jacot of Neuchâtel (1843) down to 1858. The Germans can point to one very early ascent, that of Rodatz (1812), who was followed by the Chamonix inn-keeper Ferdinand Eisenkramer (1838), but it was not until 1856 that the next German ascent was made.

It has been suggested that the narratives of the English pioneers on Mont Blanc be reprinted in the *ALPINE JOURNAL*. As the earliest records of English mountaineering we possess, they ought to have been placed within reach of the average reader long ago. Most of them have become extremely rare, and the few copies that are now offered for sale command fancy prices. Probably not a dozen of our members are fortunate enough to possess a complete series of them from Beaufoy to Albert Smith.

It would be interesting to add a brief biographical notice of each author with a portrait if one can be found. It is to be hoped therefore that any members who are in possession of obituary notices or biographical notes relating to these climbers will kindly communicate them to the Editor.

DR. PACCARD AND JACQUES BALMAT, AUGUST 8, 1786.

*Leipziger Zeitungen*, August 23, 1786.

*Aus einem Schreiben aus Genf, den 12. August.*

Gestern sind wir aus Chamouny hierher zurückgekommen. Wir sind daselbst Augenzeugen des glücklichen Erfolges einer bisher vielmals vergeblich angestellten Unternehmung gewesen. Dem dasigen Arzte, D. Michel Gabriel Paccard, ist es endlich gelungen, nebst einem dasigen Einwohner, Jacques Balmat, den Gipfel des bisher von keinem Menschen erstiegenen Mont Blanc bey ausserordentlich heiterer Luft zu besteigen. Sie sind, den 7ten Aug. Nachmittags, von Prieuré aufgebrochen, haben in einer Hütte auf dem Gipfel des Berges de la Cote, an der rechten Seite des Gletschers des Bossons gelegen, übernachtet, sich von da den 8ten mit Tagesanbruche wieder auf den Weg gemacht, und sind gegen 6 1/2 Uhr Abends auf dem

höchsten Gipfel angekommen, wie wir und ein Russischer Offizier, Herr von Lanskoy, nebst vielen Einwohnern dieses Fleckens, durch Fernröhre deutlich und mit allgemeiner freudenvoller Bewunderung gesehen haben. Die Strenge der Kälte, welche Hr. D. Paccard 6 Reaumürische Grade unter dem Gefrierpunkte gefunden hat, nötigte sie, nach einer halben Stunde den Rückweg anzutreten und ohne auszuruhen, durch Hülfe des hellen Mondenscheines, ohne welchen sie ohnfehlbar würden umgekommen seyn, nach Prieuré zurück zu gehen, wohin sie den 9ten früh um 8 Uhr glücklich zurück gekommen sind. Sie haben wegen des öfters steilen Weges und wegen der vielen Spalten im Schnee und Eis unglaubliche Schwierigkeiten zu überwinden gehabt. Von der sehr dünnen Luft auf dem Gipfel dieses ausserordentlich hohen Berges haben sie keine unangenehmen Empfindungen verspürt, übrigens aber doch an den Augen, Gesichte und Händen durch den blendenden Schnee und die Scharfe der Luft sehr vieles gelitten.

A. T. v. GERSDORF, auf Meffersdorf,  
in der Oberlausitz.

C. A. v. MEYER ZU KNONOW.

[*Translation.*]

*Leipziger Zeitungen*, August 23, 1786.

*From a letter from Geneva*, August 12, 1786.

We got back here yesterday from Chamouny. We were there eye-witnesses of the fortunate success of an undertaking vainly attempted already many times. The local medical man, Dr. Michel Gabriel Paccard, at last succeeded, with a local inhabitant, Jacques Balmat, in reaching in exceptionally splendid weather the hitherto unascended summit of Mont Blanc.

They left the Prieuré during the afternoon of August 7, spent the night in a hut on the summit of the mountain of La Cote, which lies on the right-hand side of the Glacier des Bossons, and, setting out from there at daybreak of the 8th, reached the highest summit about 6.30 P.M., as we and a Russian officer, Mr. von Lanskoy, as well as many inhabitants of the village, through telescopes and with general joyful admiration, observed.

The severity of the cold, which Dr. Paccard found to be six degrees (Réaumur) below zero, obliged them after half an hour to commence the descent and, without resting, by aid of the bright moonlight, without which they must certainly have

perished, to return to the Prieuré, where they safely arrived on the 9th at 8 A.M. They had to overcome incredible difficulties owing to the frequent steepness of the route and to the many crevasses in the snow and ice. They experienced no disagreeable sensations from the very rarefied air of this exceptionally high mountain, but suffered much in the eyes, face, and hands from the glare of the snow and the keenness of the air.

A. T. v. GERSDORF, of Meffersdorf,  
in Upper Lusatia.

C. A. v. MEYER ZU KNOWNOW.

This letter, which Dr. Dübi has very kindly allowed me to reprint from his scholarly monograph on the Paccard-Balmat controversy,<sup>2</sup> is undoubtedly the first printed account of the conquest of Mont Blanc.

The Russian officer mentioned by Gersdorf and Meyer also signed a brief statement regarding the ascent, probably at the suggestion of M. Jain, secretary of the commune of Morges in the Canton de Vaud. The text of this document reads as follows :

‘Je certifie que le 8 août, 1786, environ 6 heures  $\frac{3}{4}$  du soir, étant à Chamounix et revenant du Montanvert, on me dit que deux habitants de l’endroit, monsieur le docteur Paccard et Marie Balmat, devaient être allés sur le Mont-Blanc pour chercher à monter au sommet. Là-dessus, étant sorti de l’auberge avec M. le Baron d’Hernsdorf, je vis très distincte-

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<sup>2</sup> *Paccard wider Balmat, oder Die Entwicklung einer Legende.* Ein Beitrag zur Besteigungsgeschichte des Mont Blanc von Dr. Heinrich Dübi. Bern: Verlag von A. Francke. 1913. (Price 6 frs.)

It is greatly to be regretted that this valuable work, which is the most remarkable contribution to the history of our pursuit that has appeared for many years, has not yet been translated into English. Dr. Dübi has reproduced in it the entire text of Dr. Paccard’s famous MS. Journal, as well as a large number of fascinating documents in French and English bearing upon the early history of Mont Blanc.

If an intention to subscribe to an English translation of Dr. Dübi’s work were notified by a sufficient number of members an endeavour would be made to arrange the matter. The valuable French appendices would be printed in their original form—untranslated. The price would be about 12/6. Communications should be addressed to the Hon. Sec., Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, London, W.

ment au moyen de la lunette d'approche deux personnes montant sur la sommité du Mont-Blanc ; nous les suivîmes avec cette même lunette, tant M. le Baron d'Hernsdorf que plusieurs habitants de l'endroit, jusqu'à ce qu'ils fussent parvenus sur la plus haute pointe, où nous les découvrîmes très bien pendant près d'une demi-heure au bout de laquelle nous les vîmes redescendre par le même chemin. De plus, le lendemain matin, ayant su qu'ils étaient arrivés chez eux à la pointe du jour et ayant désiré les voir avant mon départ, j'appris qu'ils étaient couchés et tellement fatigués qu'on ne pouvait pas leur parler. En foi de quoi, je me suis signé à Morges.<sup>3</sup>

'SERGE DE LANSKOY,

'Officier de S.M.I. de toutes les Russies.

'Le 12 Septembre, 1786.'

[TRANSLATION.]

I certify that the 8th August, 1786, about a quarter to seven in the evening, being at Chamonix and having returned from the Montanvert, I was told that two inhabitants of the place, the Dr. Paccard and Marie Balmat, must have gone on the Mont-Blanc to try to ascend to the summit. Thereupon, having gone outside the inn with the Baron d'Hernsdorf, I saw very distinctly by means of a telescope two persons ascending the summit of the Mont-Blanc ; we followed them with this same telescope, the Baron d'Hernsdorf as well as several inhabitants of the place, until they had arrived on the highest point, where they were very clearly visible during nearly half an hour, at the end of which we saw them redescend by the same route. In addition, the next morning, having learned that they had reached home at dawn and being desirous to see them before my departure, I learned that they were gone to bed and so tired that one could not talk to them.

In witness of which I have subscribed my name at Morges.

SERGE DE LANSKOY

Officer of H.I.M. of all the Russias.

September 12, 1786.

MR. WOODLEY, AUGUST 5, 1788.

Woodley set out from Chamonix with the Genevese Alpine traveller Marc-Théodore Bourrit, the latter's son Charles,

<sup>3</sup> Printed in *Choix de Lettres et Documents tirés de 'Papiers de Famille, 2<sup>e</sup> Livraison,* pp. 96-97. Dr. Jain, Morges, 1882.



and a young Dutchman named Camper.<sup>4</sup> The Bourrits gave up the struggle a few paces above the Petits Mulets ; Camper succeeded in ascending a little higher, and the young Englishman alone, accompanied by four guides, among whom were Jacques Balmat and Cachat le Géant, was fortunate enough to attain the summit.

Of the many accounts of this expedition published by Bourrit (see 'A.J.' xxv. 617) the following letter in the *Journal de Genève*<sup>5</sup> of August 23 and 30, 1788, is by far the most detailed. It appears to have been unknown to Mr. Mathews at the time his work on Mont Blanc was published.

1788.

*Le Journal de Genève*, August 23, 1788.

*Lettre de M. Bourrit adressée aux Rédacteurs. Voyage au Mont-Blanc le 5 août 1788.*

L'on voudra bien se rappeler que, tandis que l'on publioit généralement que le Mont-Blanc étoit inaccessible, moi seul n'admettois pas cette assertion, et que je m'efforçois à y atteindre, soit du côté de Chamouni, soit par la vallée de Bionçay, située au couchant. Le succès que j'obtins par ce côté donna de l'inquiétude aux Guides de Chamouni, qui ne voyoient pas sans peine que l'on eût atteint par Bionçay au dôme du Goûté. Ils projetèrent une nouvelle tentative, et le nommé *Jaqes Balmat*, qui fut de la partie, en revint persuadé qu'il y pourroit parvenir. De-là son ascension sur le dernier sommet.

Il étoit bien naturel à moi de désirer d'y atteindre à mon tour, mais des maladies et l'inconstance du tems, lorsque je me mettois en marche, m'avoient porté obstacle, et ce n'est que depuis quelques jours que j'ai pu entreprendre cette expédition.

Dans le tems que j'en faisois les préparatifs, je reçus la

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<sup>4</sup> A son of Pieter Camper (1722-89) of Leyden, one of the most celebrated physicians of the eighteenth century.

<sup>5</sup> The *Journal de Genève* of this period was a curious little quarto sheet, scientific rather than political, which appeared every Saturday from 1787 to 1792. De Saussure published in it the first narratives of his ascent of Mont Blanc and his passage of the Col du Géant. The admirable journal now published under this name was not founded until 1830.

visite de *M. Woodley*, fils du Gouverneur de l'Amérique Anglaise ; jeune, intrépide, il me demanda de l'admettre ; et bientôt après *M. Camper*, fils du célèbre Docteur de ce nom, me fit la même demande.

Me voilà donc associé à ces deux étrangers et à mon jeune Fils, que l'on a vu l'année dernière pénétrer avec moi en Piémont par la mer de glace du Montanvert, voyage où il se distingua par son courage et sa constance au milieu des plus rudes épreuves.

Avant d'entreprendre un tel voyage, il faut être bien assuré du beau tems, et l'on a à Chamouni des signes certains du beau et du mauvais ; le mauvais s'annonce par des nuages que l'on nomme des *Crèmes* ; 2° Par une teinte presque noire que prennent les rochers ; 3° Par le soulèvement des neiges du Mont-Blanc, poussées par le vent d'Ouest ; et quelle que soit la beauté du Ciel, l'un de ces signes suffit pour constater le changement du tems.

Or, depuis plusieurs jours, nous étions retenus par la crainte d'entreprendre cette course dans un tems équivoque. Enfin convaincus que nous avions le beau, nous nous sommes mis en marche, accompagnés de vingt-deux Guides chargés de vivres pour quatre à cinq jours, de deux tentes, de couvertures et matelas pour camper sur les neiges du Mont. Le premier jour, nous montons à la montagne de la Côte, élevée sur Chamouni de 779 toises ; et après une halte de trois quarts d'heure nous armons nos pieds de crampons, nos mains de longs bâtons ferrés, et une échelle longue de 14 pieds précède nos pas pour nous servir de pont sur des crevasses qui deviennent un vrai labyrinthe et de vastes tombeaux, à mesure qu'on s'y enfonce, et cette année le glacier de la Côte est plus difficile à traverser qu'il ne l'a été depuis long-tems. Après cent détours et trois heures d'inquiétudes, nous avons le bonheur d'arriver au pied des grands mulets,<sup>6</sup> rochers qui séparent le glacier en deux parties.

C'est-là que, pour les atteindre, nous nous sommes vus arrêtés plus d'une heure par l'extrême rapidité du lit de glace

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<sup>6</sup> This is very probably the first reference to these now celebrated rocks as 'Les Grands Mulets.' De Saussure in his *Rélation Abrégée* (p. 8) describes them as 'une petite chaîne de rocs qui sont enclavés dans les neiges du Mont Blanc,' and Beaufoy mentions only a rock on which De Saussure's hut was situated. Hence it would seem that the name originated among the guides about the time of Woodley's ascent.

qui y aboutit, et sur lequel il fallut tailler des escaliers avec la hache ; les rochers ensuite ne nous ont pas moins donné de peine par la mobilité de leurs parties, qui s'éroulent sous les pieds et échappent aux mains qui les saisissent. Nous les avons escaladé à quatre, en usant de grandes précautions ; et après deux heures d'une marche laborieuse, nous sommes arrivés à la hutte que M. De Saussure fit construire lors de son voyage. Ce gîte est situé derrière les rocs et aux pieds du glacier, qui n'offre que des horreurs. C'est là que nous avons dressé nos tentes et passé la nuit, reveillés de demi-heure en demi-heure par le bruit éclatant des avalanches.

Mardi nous nous sommes levés une heure avant jour, et nous étant attachés les uns aux autres, nous avons pris notre route contre le dôme du Goûté. La neige étoit assez solide, mais les plateaux très-rapides et entrecoupés par d'énormes crevasses nous obligeoient à de grands détours. Elles étoient immenses et si larges, que sans notre échelle qui fut posée huit à neuf fois, nous aurions été dans l'impossibilité de les franchir. Je marchois le premier en suivant les Guides qui marquoient le chemin ; mon *Fils*, *M. Woodley*, et *M. Camper* venoient ensuite ; et qui nous auroit vu dans ces lieux où les horreurs égalent les plus étranges beautés, marcher en silence à file les uns des autres, ayant le visage couvert d'un crêpe noir, auroit eu de la peine à nous reconnoître pour des hommes.

Dans cette marche l'on ne contemple pas sans étonnement l'énormité des crevasses, la roideur des plateaux, les superbes coupes des glaces du dôme du Goûté qu'on nomme *Séracs*, que l'on voit suspendues et prêtes à s'abîmer ; leur blancheur éclatante, opposée à la teinte noire du Ciel, fait un beau spectacle.

La vallée de Chamouni attiroit aussi nos regards. Qu'elle nous paroissoit belle dans son grand enfoncement ! C'est un tableau magique et des plus piquans ; ses sommités argentées, les coupures de tant de monts, les ombres opposées aux parties que le soleil éclairoit, la rivière, les torrens qui s'y rendent, tout fait spectacle, et la scène devient plus imposante à mesure qu'elle s'étend et qu'on s'élève.<sup>7</sup>

Après cinq heures de marche, nous nous sommes vus au plateau, dit le *Camp*. Le vallon est large ; à la droite, il est dominé par le dôme du Goûté ; à la gauche, par les deux

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<sup>7</sup> The first part of the letter ends here. The continuation in the same journal of August 30, 1788, is entitled *Suite de la Lettre de M. Bourrit, sur son voyage au Mont-Blanc*.

sommités que l'on voit de Genève faire partie du Mont-Blanc à l'Est : moins sourcilleuses que lui, elles s'élèvent considérablement au dessus des grandes Aiguilles. Enfin, devant soi au midi, l'on est renfermé par le Mont-Blanc lui-même ; ses divers plateaux sont tellement rapides qu'il semble impossible d'y jamais parvenir sans une puissance supérieure à l'homme.

C'est là où nous avons dressé nos tentes, où nous avons fait fondre de la neige pour nous pourvoir d'eau. La manufacture est lente, le feu a trop peu d'aliment pour s'animer, et ce n'est qu'à force de souffler le charbon qu'on obtient quelques flammes. La hauteur de ce lieu est de 1455 toises au-dessus du Prieuré.

Après avoir fait un repas et nous être reposés trois quarts d'heure, nous avons ployé bagage pour gravir le jour même la calotte du Mont-Blanc, comme l'avait fait M. Beaufoy. Notre premier projet avait été d'employer trois jours pour y parvenir, mais des *crèmes* au ciel nous faisant craindre un changement de tems, nous prîmes la résolution de hâter notre ascension, étant d'ailleurs tous bien portans et capables de cet effort.

Nous voilà donc de nouveau en marche ; mais par une inadvertence dont on va voir les suites fatales, au lieu de me trouver formant l'avant-garde de la troupe, je me trouvais à l'arrière-garde avec mon fils. Aussitôt la tête où se trouvait M. Woodley entraîne le centre où étoit M. Camper, qui par-là se sépare de moi. L'intervalle ainsi augmente, je m'en effraie, je rappelle à l'ordre toute la troupe, j'en suis entendu mais non compris, et la séparation est telle qu'il n'y a plus de remède. Je persiste cependant à ne point me presser, j'espère que leur ardeur se rallentira à mesure qu'ils s'avanceront dans un air plus rare, et qu'en allant toujours avec prudence je les rejoindrais ; j'espère encore que la roideur des derniers plateaux les arrêtera ; j'en vois qui me paroissent comme impossibles à surmonter, je fixe donc mes compagnons dans leurs efforts, et ma surprise augmente en les voyant y atteindre. Cessant dès-lors de m'occuper d'eux, je ne pense qu'à faire tranquillement mon chemin. Six Guides me restent pour mon fils et pour moi, et je me crois assez fort par leur secours, lorsque j'en vois tomber un à mon côté et un autre derrière moi ; je cherche à les secourir, je demande de l'eau et du vinaigre inutilement. Personne ne sait qui a ces provisions de première nécessité, et je me vois obligé d'abandonner ces deux malheureux Guides. A cent pas plus haut, j'en aperçois d'autres étendus, abouchés ou couchés sur leur dos sans senti-

ment ; ils sont sans forces et évanouis, les uns leur charge à leur côté, les autres les ayant encore sous eux, et je les dépasse l'âme déchirée de ne pouvoir les secourir.

A ces accidens, le Ciel vient encore augmenter mes allarmes, il est serein mais l'orage paroît s'élever sur la sommité du Mont. Un vent du Nord-Ouest en soulève les neiges, la fumée augmente et bientôt tout le sommet ne paroît être qu'un volcan. J'avance toujours, mais il ne me reste plus que trois Guides de 22 qu'ils étoient. Ces trois Guides sont le grand Jorasse, Jacques des Dames et Tournier l'Oiseau. Si je regardais en arrière, je vois toujours au loin ceux que j'avais vu sans sentiment ; si je porte mes regards en haut, j'en découvre d'autres dans le même état. Mon angoisse étoit concentrée dans moi, je craignois la sensibilité de mon fils que j'observois sans-cesse, et il ne falloit pour me rendre le Père le plus malheureux, qu'un léger mal-aise de sa part. Ce moment si redouté arrive ; il se plaint de la tête, et bientôt il me dit qu'il ne peut faire un pas de plus. Nous avons cependant surpassé le dernier rocher du second Mont-Blanc ; toutes les Aiguilles étoient sous nos pieds, et les sommités du Piémont découvroient leurs têtes ; nous marchions sur le dernier cône du Mont. Chamouni nous voyoit, mais le vent et le froid excessifs ne nous permettoient aucune jouissance. Nous étions dans cet état, lorsque nous voyions *M. Camper* fuir la sommité et venir à nous la terreur peinte sur tous ses traits. ' Arrêtez,' nous dit-il, ' je viens de voir nos compagnons de voyage luttans contre l'orage, renversés dans leur chemin, enveloppés par les neiges et pouvant à peine résister au froid.'

Ce discours qui devoit suspendre ma marche m'anime ; je désire être le témoin et l'acteur de cette scène effrayante, et j'encourage mon fils en lui montrant la sommité et le champ de bataille n'être qu'à 300 pas de nous. Nous avançons donc encore. Déjà nous touchons à deux pierres de granit<sup>8</sup> que nous voyons bientôt couvertes de neige, et je me flatte toujours de vaincre ces obstacles, lorsque mon fils pour la seconde fois sent ses forces s'épuiser malgré son ardeur et son courage. Ce moment fut le terme de nos efforts, et cessant de considérer le Mont comme un objet digne de mon ambition, je ne fus occupé que de l'état du jeune homme et de sa prompte descente. Nous laissons donc la terrible sommité exposée au vent le plus

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<sup>8</sup> The Petits Mulets (15,383 feet) ; consequently Bourrit's highest point was well within 400 feet of the summit.

impétueux que j'aie jamais senti, et au froid qui devoit y faire descendre le thermomètre à 12 ou 14 degrés sous 0; puisque consultant le mien, je le trouvai déjà à 9 degrés et demi.

Dans notre descente nous recueillons nos Guides encore épars sur la route, et nous nous étonnons en voyant sa rapidité, que nous ayons pu la vaincre. Le long de notre chemin mes regards se portoiient aussi en arrière, je frémissois sur le sort de *M. Woodley* et de nos Guides qu'il avoit entraînés avec lui, et ce fut un moment heureux pour moi que celui où je crus les appercevoir descendre. Réunis enfin après notre cruelle aventure et quelques plaintes de ma part sur leur imprudente séparation, nous rejoignîmes au *Camp de la Tente des grands Mulets* où nous sommes arrivés à 7 heures, et assez à tems pour voir à notre aise le coucher de soleil, qui nous a offert le plus magnifique des spectacles.

Le lendemain, pour éviter des rochers où nous étions engagés en montant, nous sommes descendus le long du glacier que resserrent les *grands Mulets* et les bases de l'Aiguille du midi. Ce glacier est le plus étonnant que je connoisse; nous nous sommes vus dans des défilés si étroits et si profonds, que les parois de chaque côté s'élevoient de 4 à 500 pieds au-dessus de nos têtes, puis dans des rues et des places d'une grande magnificence; de l'obscurité la plus profonde nous passions subitement au plus grand jour; les précipices étoient sous nos pas, des horreurs et des dangers nous environnoient; des pyramides embellissoient ces labyrinthes, l'éclat des édifices, leur couleur azurée, le noir foncé des crevasses, les reflets de lumière nous faisoient oublier que notre vie étoit en danger, que des tours énormes menaçoient ruine et que le glacier soulevé par ses mouvemens intérieurs s'éclatoit sous nos pieds. C'est la plus belle chose que j'aie vue de ma vie.

Notre Anglois, *M. Woodley*, n'a pas tardé à payer cher sa parfaite ascension; il s'est vu sur le sommet sans rien jouir et a failli d'être précipité par le vent; lui et les quatre Guides qui l'ont accompagné n'ont pu tenir qu'un instant et sont redescendus mourans de froid.

Arrivé à Chamouni, *M. Woodley* s'est trouvé avoir les deux pieds gelés, et il les tient constamment dans l'eau de glace malgré les souffrances que lui donne un tel remède. *Cachat sans peur* a deux doigts de chaque main très souffrants, et Dominique Balmat est revenu aveuglé, mon fils est fort bien, et je n'ai eu aucun mal. Quoique je n'aie pu rien manger

de toute la route, sur la fin de mon trajet j'allois extrêmement fort, et depuis le Prieuré l'on étoit étonné de me voir gravir le sommet du Mont-Blanc avec autant d'activité et de vigueur. Les habitans ont deviné nos aventures en voyant l'orage sur le sommet, et se sont très inquiétés sur notre sort.

Nous avons été observés du Breven, du Col de Balme, et de Cerves.<sup>9</sup> Dans ce moment tout est prêt de ma part pour une seconde ascension, et je profiterai du premier beau tems.

La hauteur où je suis parvenu est de deux mille quatre cents toises; j'avois la tête à la fenêtre, comme disent les habitans de Chamouni. Telles sont les principales circonstances de notre voyage dont je ne suis point fatigué; l'on s'étonne ici, mais c'est le fruit de ma persévérance à aller lentement et à suivre des principes dont je me suis toujours trouvé bien dans mes nombreuses courses.

*Liste de nos Guides.*

Ces quatre premiers sont montés au Mont-Blanc.	Jaques Balmat dit	François Couttet
	<i>le Mont-Blanc</i>	Michel Devuassou
	Dominique Balmat	Marie Bellin
	Cachat <i>sans Peur</i> <sup>10</sup>	Michel Ravenel
	Alexis Balmat	Charlot Mercure
	Tournier <i>l'Oiseau</i>	Michel Fege
	Balmat dit <i>des</i>	Michel Rosset
	<i>Dames</i>	Colin Balmat
	Le grand Jorasse	Pierre Devuassou des
	François Favret	Barras
	Louis Bossenet	Jean-Pierre Cachat
	Alexis Désaillou	<i>dit la mâchoire</i>
	Jaques Cupelin	Jean Balmat

<sup>9</sup> Servoz.

<sup>10</sup> Jean-Michel Cachat, dit le Géant. Bourrit gave him the nickname of 'sans peur' after his passage of the Col du Géant in 1787, the success of which was due to Cachat's daring leadership. See his portrait, *A.J.* xxix. 325. Cachat was born in 1756 and died in 1840. It is interesting to note that in 1826 he accompanied James David Forbes—the first honorary member elected by the Alpine Club—on an excursion to the Mer de Glace. See Mr. Coolidge's edition of *Travels through the Alps*, p. xix.

1802.

BARON DORTHESEN AND M. FORNERET,<sup>11</sup> August 11, 1802.

In addition to the brief account of this ascent in Dr. Paccard's MS. Journal, of which I reproduced the original text in 'A.J.' xxv. 617-18, the following letter by Bourrit, written the day after the two climbers returned to Chamonix, certainly deserves being placed within reach of English readers.

*Extrait d'une Lettre de M. Bourrit, adressée aux Rédacteurs de la Bibliothèque Britannique. (Bibliothèque Britannique, Sciences et Arts, xx. 429-32.)*

De Chamouni, le 13 Août, 1802.

Vous devez vous rappeler, MM., que les hommes qui les premiers sont parvenus au sommet du Mont-Blanc, cette cime des Alpes, élevée sur la mer de 2451 toises et regardée si longtemps comme inaccessible, ont été le Docteur Paccard et Jacques Balmat, l'un et l'autre habitans de la vallée de Chamouni ; que l'illustre De Saussure y parvint en 1787 ; que l'année suivante j'y montai moi-même avec mon fils cadet, l'Anglais Woodley et le Hollandais Camper, que cette course fut suivie de celle de l'Anglais Beaufoix,<sup>12</sup> et que depuis lors à l'exception de quelques Anglais<sup>13</sup> qui n'éprouvèrent que des accidens facheux et ne purent exécuter leur entreprise, personne n'a osé la former ; elle présente en effet trop de périls et des avantages trop incertains pour que l'on veuille en courrir les hasards sans un grand but, et d'ailleurs les étrangers étoient éloignés des Glacières par les événemens qui ont agité l'Europe. Maintenant la paix leur laisse le loisir et la liberté de retourner à la contemplation du magnifique théâtre des montagnes ;

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<sup>11</sup> Baron Dorthesen (Doorthesen, Dorthsen, or Dortheren) was a native of Courland. Forneret was from Lausanne. Despite a good deal of research I have not yet succeeded in unearthing any further details regarding these two pioneers.

<sup>12</sup> Bourrit's memory is at fault here, for Mark Beaufoy made the ascent in 1787 six days after De Saussure.

<sup>13</sup> In 1792 four Englishmen, whose names have unfortunately not come down to us, attempted the ascent, but were forced to turn back by bad weather. The entire party is said to have suffered more or less. One of the guides broke his leg and another fractured his skull during the descent. (*Bibliothèque Britannique, Sciences et Arts*, 1820, xiv. 234.)



et parmi le grand nombre de ceux qu'elles ont attirés cette année, il s'en est enfin trouvé deux qui ont essayé leurs forces et ont réussi à parvenir sur le sommet du Mont-Blanc. Voici donc quelques détails sur cette cinquième ascension.

Mr. Forneret de Lausanne et le Courlandais Baron de Dortheren, arrivés à Chamouni le 9 août, demandèrent Jaques Balmat, et après avoir reçu quelques informations, se décidèrent à gravir le Mont-Blanc. Accompagnés de sept guides, ils se mirent en marche le 10 et furent coucher aux *Mulets*, rochers isolés où Mr. de Saussure avoit fait construire une cabane, dont le temps a enlevé la façade. Le 11, ils gravirent les plateaux reserrés entre les *Mulets* et la partie du Mont-Blanc qu'on appelle le dôme du Gouté. A 10 heures, un violent orage s'éleva ; les nuées s'entassèrent, les neiges furent soulevées par un vent impétueux, et cependant les deux voyageurs, loin de perdre courage, redoublèrent tellement leurs efforts qu'entre midi et une heure ils atteignirent le sommet. Bientôt la tourmente les y força à s'asseoir en pelotons les uns contre les autres de peur d'être précipités, et déjà au bout de 20 minutes il falloit descendre. Avoient-ils désiré jouir d'une perspective étendue ? leur but étoit manqué, car ils ne découvroient que quelques parties de la vallée de Chamouni, ou de l'Allée Blanche et de Courmayeur, par des déchiremens qui se faisoient dans les nuages, et encore ces espèces de vides transparens dispa-roissoient aussitôt qu'ils étoient formés. Se proposoient-ils quelques expériences ? Le temps ne les auroit pas permises, eux-mêmes ne paroissent pas avoir eu le projet d'en faire puisqu'ils étoient dépourvus de tout instrument et n'avoient qu'un thermomètre à l'esprit de vin. En les comparant avec le mien qui est gradué sur celui de l'observatoire de Genève, il paroît qu'ils ont éprouvé un froid de 7 degrés, c'est-à-dire, moindre de 6 degrés de celui que j'y éprouvai en 1788, puisque mon thermomètre y descendit à 13 degrés sous celui de la congélation. Mais ce qui les a surtout incommodés, c'est une suite d'ondées de neiges et de givre dont ils ont été chargés comme dans la plus rigoureuse saison. La rareté de l'air ajoutoit à la difficulté de la marche ; leur poitrine étoit déchirée, et ils m'ont déclaré qu'aucun bien ne pourroit les engager à entreprendre de nouveau une semblable course. Dans leur descente, ils ont été entravés par d'énormes crevasses ; ils ont vu de grandes avalanches, et ils sont arrivés à 5 heures du soir aux *Mulets* où ils avoient passé la nuit précédente, et où ils ont encore couché dans la hutte de pierres. Le lendemain, comme ils trouvoient leur route toujours plus encombrée et plus pénible, ils se sont dirigés vers les bases

de l'Aiguille du midi, renonçant ainsi à quelques provisions qu'ils avoient déposées sur le sommet de la montagne de la côte, et ils ont regagné Chamouni vers les deux heures.

Telles sont les principales circonstances de leur voyage : s'ils n'ont pas augmenté la somme des observations qu'on a pu recueillir sur cette haute région des Alpes, au moins ont-ils continué de frayer une route qui sembloit se fermer ; et que de courage ne faut-il pas pour affronter tant de périls ! Que d'éloges méritent ceux qui domptent la nature, et par la hardiesse de leurs entreprises étendent le domaine des hommes !

Je suis, &c.

1818.

COUNT ANTOINE MATZEWSKY, August 4, 1818.

*Gazette de Lausanne*, August 11, 1818.

On nous écrit de Chamouny qu'un polonais, M. Antoine Malczesky, est parvenu au sommet du Mont-Blanc, et a aussi réussi à découvrir, au milieu des glaciers, un chemin jusqu'à l'aiguille du midi, où personne n'avait encore pénétré. Ce courageux étranger, après avoir recueilli plusieurs observations intéressantes, vient de se rendre à Genève.

Mr. C. E. Mathews, who had the good fortune to discover the livret of one of the guides who took part in this expedition, quotes from it the following note by Matzewsky :

'Jean-Michel Balmat a été avec moi à l'Aiguille du Midi et au Mont-Blanc. Je le recommande comme un guide très bon, fort et attentif.'<sup>14</sup>

1825.

CAPTAIN MARKHAM SHERWILL AND DR. EDMUND CLARK,  
August 26, 1825.

*Gazette de Lausanne*, September 20, 1825.

On vient de faire avec succès une tentative pour arriver au sommet du Mont-Blanc. Cette entreprise hardie a été formée par le docteur Anglais Clark, jeune médecin du plus

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<sup>14</sup> *The Annals of Mont Blanc*, p. 251.

grand mérite, et elle a complètement réussi le 27 août. Il y avait quatre ans environ qu'on l'avait essayée ; mais le résultat avait été malheureux.<sup>15</sup>

1838.

MDLLE. D'ANGEVILLE, September 4.

*Le Fédéral*, Geneva, September 11, 1838.

Notre orgueilleux Mont-Blanc doit se sentir singulièrement humilié. Mardi, 4 septembre, à 1 h. 25 min., il a vu son sommet atteint par un pas de femme. C'est une Française, Mdle. Henriette d'Angeville, qui a exécuté cet exploit inoui dans les annales de son sexe. Il faudra désormais, en disant avec le poète : *nil mortalibus arduum*, ne pas oublier les *mortelles*.

*Le Fédéral*, Geneva, September 14.

Le jour où Mdle. d'Angeville faisait son ascension du Mont-Blanc d'autres voyageurs accomplissaient la même périlleuse entreprise. Vingt-quatre personnes se sont trouvées en même temps sur le sommet du Mont-Blanc.

1843.

DR. EDOUARD ORDINAIRE, OF BESANÇON, AND EDOUARD  
TAIRRAZ, August 26.

*Le Fédéral*, Geneva, September 1, 1843.

On nous écrit de Chamonix : Nous venons d'être témoins de l'ascension du Mont-Blanc la plus heureuse et la plus rapide qu'il soit possible d'exécuter. Vendredi, 25 du courant, le temps étant magnifique, et tout faisait espérer un lendemain aussi beau. Le docteur Edouard Ordinaire, de Besançon,

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<sup>15</sup> This refers evidently to the Hamel accident of 1820, in which three guides were killed. Two ascents had been made since then, however—those of Clissold (1822) and Jackson (1823).

se décida à 11 heures du matin à tenter l'ascension, et M. Edouard Tairraz, l'un des fils du propriétaire de l'hôtel de Londres et d'Angleterre, où il était logé, voulut l'accompagner : à midi, le 25, la caravane composée de treize personnes, partait du Prieuré ; à 6½ heures du soir, elle arrivait aux roches des Grands Mulets qu'elle quittait le lendemain à 2½ du matin. On les vit monter par l'ancien chemin, exposé aux avalanches, et où trois guides du docteur Hamel furent engloutis en 1820. A 10½ M. Edouard Ordinaire, qui devançait les autres voyageurs, avec deux de ses guides, arrivait au sommet, où le reste de la troupe le rejoignit quelque temps après. A 11½ heures, on la vit redescendre par le nouveau chemin, et à 7 heures du soir M. Edouard Ordinaire et ses compagnons recevaient les félicitations bien méritées de ceux qui les avaient suivis des yeux avec tant de plaisir et d'anxiété dans leur périlleuse entreprise.

It is evident from this note that M. Chenal did not accompany Dr. Ordinaire as is stated by several authors (see 'A.J.' xxv. 633-4).

DR. ORDINAIRE, GEORGE NICHOLSON, ABBÉ G. CAUX, AND  
ANOTHER TOURIST, August 31, 1843.

*Le Fédéral*, Geneva, September 8, 1843.

Une nouvelle ascension sur le sommet du Mont-Blanc a eu lieu le 31 août. Le même médecin, M. Ordinaire, de Besançon, qui a fait sa première ascension peu de jours auparavant, a eu le courage de recommencer, le 30, cette aventureuse course, avec un Anglais, M. George Nicholson, de Londres, et une nombreuse caravane. Vingt-sept personnes, compris les guides, ont de même atteint, le 31, sur les 9 heures du matin la sommité de la plus haute montagne de l'Europe et ont opéré leur retour à Chamonix le même jour, sur les 9 heures du soir, sans avoir éprouvé aucun accident fâcheux.

In the narrative of this expedition published by Abbé Caux (for the title see 'A.J.' xxv. 634), he says the party consisted of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, and himself, all of whom succeeded in reaching the summit. The first two were of course Dr. Ordinaire and Nicholson, while

the so-called 'German' was probably Henri Jacot of Neuchatel. There was evidently some ill-feeling between the latter and the worthy priest, for Jacot's name is not even mentioned, and, although the King of Prussia was still the titular Prince of Neuchatel at that time, it could not have been pleasant for a French-speaking citizen of a Swiss canton to be termed a German.

According to Abbé Caux the party was accompanied by twenty-five guides, porters, and volunteers, of which he gives the names of Joseph-Marie Couttet,<sup>16</sup> Ambroise Simond, Jean and Jacques Devoussoux, Joseph Tairraz, and Edouard Simond.<sup>17</sup>

Dr. Ordinaire was the first tourist to make two ascents of Mont Blanc.

*Le Nouvelliste Vaudois*, Lausanne, October 10, 1848.

Les ascensions du Mont-Blanc, qui ne sont que des folies de la vanité lorsqu'elles n'ont aucun but scientifique, ont été nombreuses cette année : cent personnes y ont pris part. Le printemps et la première partie de l'été ayant été nuageux et sombres, les neiges ne s'étaient pas fondues en aussi grandes quantités qu'à l'ordinaire ; affermies au contraire et changées en glace, elles ont formé des espèces de ponts au-dessus des effroyables crevasses des glaciers, de sorte que, sauf quelques escarpemens de glace où il a fallu pratiquer des escaliers à coups de hache, le voyage était généralement assez facile.

On écrit de St. Gervais qu'un accident déplorable a cependant signalé l'une de ces dernières ascensions : Un jeune aspirant-guide nommé Léchaz, au lieu de se munir d'une chaussure chaude et épaisse, n'avait mis que des souliers ordinaires et des bas de coton. Après avoir marché une journée dans la

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<sup>16</sup> The portrait of Joseph-Marie Couttet facing this page is taken from 'Huit Jours en Savoie, par Paul de Kick' (Vicomte Paul de Choulat), Chambéry (about 1845). Couttet was the son of Marie Couttet, one of De Saussure's guides, and was the guide-chef of nearly all the famous expeditions between 1819 and 1850. He also accompanied Dr. Hamel in the ill-fated attempt of 1820 and lived to identify the remains of his three companions when they were found at the foot of the Glacier des Bossons in 1865.

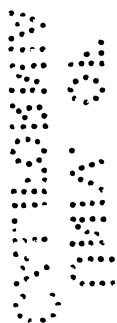
<sup>17</sup> It is well known that a guide lost both feet about this time (see *A.J.* xxv. 637) in consequence of an ascent of Mont Blanc, but I have not seen his name mentioned apart from this article.



ALBERT SMITH.



JOSEPH-MARIE COUTTET,  
"LE CAPITAINE DU MONT-BLANC."  
Son of Marie Couttet, one of De Saussure's Guides.



neige, il ressentit en descendant, une grande faiblesse de jambes qu'il attribua à la fatigue ; mais bientôt on s'aperçut que ses deux pieds étaient gelés. On lui a fait l'amputation d'un orteil ; mais cette opération n'ayant pas arrêté les progrès de la gangrène, il vient d'être transporté à Genève, et il est à craindre qu'il ne soit nécessaire de lui couper les deux pieds.

1844.

GEORGE AND WILLIAM POLLARD, July 30, 1844.

*Revue de Genève et Journal Suisse*, August 14, 1844.

De toutes les ascensions qui ont été tentées cette année, il n'en est qu'une seule qui ait réussi. Deux jeunes Anglais, MM. William et George Pollard, sont seuls parvenus jusqu'à la cime. Ils y ont mis beaucoup de résolution, car la plupart de leurs guides n'ont pu les suivre, trois seuls sont arrivés avec eux. Il est vrai qu'ils n'ont pu atteindre jusqu'à l'extrême sommet, le vent étant si fort qu'ils n'auraient pu y tenir, mais la distance qui restait à franchir n'était plus que d'une trentaine de pieds. On peut donc bien dire que leur ascension, commencée le 29 juillet, a réussi. Ils ont comme d'habitude couché au Mulet, et le lendemain de bonne heure ils se sont mis en route. Ils sont arrivés vers la cime à deux heures et demie. En revenant ils ont trouvé une partie de la route qu'ils avaient suivie couverte par une avalanche, qui est tombée peu de temps après leur passage. Ils sont revenus tout-à-fait bien portans à Chamounix. Ils sont à Genève en ce moment.

The only complete ascent made in 1844 was that of MM. Martins, Lepileur, and Bravais on August 29.

1846.

COMTE FERNAND DE BOUILLÉ, July 14.

*Le Fédéral*, Geneva, August 4, 1846.

Une lettre de Chamonix donne des détails sur une ascension qui a été faite récemment au Mont-Blanc. Le lundi, 13



juillet, à huit heures et demie du matin, M. le Comte de Bouillé, de Nantes, partit avec sept guides, par un temps favorable. L'arrivée aux Grands Mulets se fit assez heureusement ; mais après la halte, qui avait duré jusqu'à une heure du matin, les guides trouvèrent la voie fermée par une avalanche qui occupait tout le passage. On fut au moment de reculer. Cependant, après une heure de recherches, on parvint, à l'aide de falots, à découvrir un petit sentier dans la glace. M. de Bouillé fit quatre chutes pendant cette périlleuse traversée. Etant arrivés à 4 heures aux Grands Plateaux, les guides se consultèrent sur la question de savoir lequel vaudrait le mieux, de prendre l'ancien chemin, où périrent, il y a quelques années, trois guides qui accompagnaient le docteur Hamel, ou le nouveau, qui est plus long que le premier d'environ deux heures. On se décida pour ce dernier, et bien en prit aux voyageurs, car en revenant, on s'aperçut qu'une avalanche avait couvert subitement l'ancien chemin. Malgré un brusque changement de temps et un orage dont la violence s'était concentrée sur les montagnes, M. le Comte de Bouillé et ses guides atteignirent rapidement le sommet du Mont-Blanc. Il était alors 8 heures 40 minutes du matin. Le mardi, à 6 heures du soir, c'est-à-dire après une absence de trente-deux heures, M. le Comte de Bouillé et ses guides rentraient à Chamonix, salués par les acclamations générales et accueillis par des détonations bruyantes et joyeuses.

1846.

JOHN WOOLEY AND JAMES T. HUNT, August 5, 1846.

*Le Fédéral*, Geneva, August 11, 1846.

... Je n'aurais peut-être pas pris la plume ... si je n'avais pas aussi à vous annoncer une nouvelle ascension du Mont-Blanc par deux jeunes Anglais qui en ont atteint la cime mercredi dernier 5 août, à midi. Ils ne pouvaient donc pas être de retour à Chamonix à 3 heures, au moment où j'ai quitté ce village ; mais ils avaient été vus sur le sommet du Mont-Blanc par ceux qui les observaient avec des lunettes, et je les ai moi-même vus très distinctement à 3 heures redescendant le Grand Plateau, et près d'atteindre les Grands Mulets.

*Revue de Genève et Journal Suisse*, August 12, 1846.

Le 5 août deux jeunes anglais ont effectué heureusement l'ascension du Mont-Blanc. A leur retour à Chamounix, ils ont été reçus par les étrangers de tous les pays qui y abondent dans cette saison.

1851.

ALBERT SMITH, THE HON. W. E. SACKVILLE WEST, CHARLES G. FLOYD AND FRANCIS PHILLIPS. G. N. VANSITTART, August 13, 1851.

*Journal de Genève*, August 19, 1851.

Mardi et mercredi la semaine dernière, trois jeunes Anglais, accompagnés chacun de cinq guides, ont fait avec le plus grand succès et sans aucun accident, l'ascension du Mont-Blanc. On croyait généralement à Chamounix que l'abondance des neiges empêcherait cette tentative de réussir. Il est probable que d'autres vont lui succéder.

*Journal de Genève*, August 23, 1851.

Nous avons parlé d'une ascension au Mont-Blanc, qui a eu lieu les 13 et 14 août. Ce n'est pas une seule ascension, mais bien deux qui ont eu lieu ces jours-là.

La première a été faite par quatre voyageurs Anglais avec une trentaine de guides ; la seconde par M. Georges Vansittart avec trois guides seulement. Ces derniers, partis quelques heures après la première caravane, sont arrivés au sommet en même temps qu'elle : le 14, à 9 h. du matin.

Les hardis voyageurs ont joui d'un temps magnifique et leur ascension s'est faite dans les circonstances les plus favorables. M. Vansittart a couru, dans le trajet du glacier des Bossons, un danger auquel il n'a échappé que grâce à l'adresse et à la vigueur d'un de ses guides : le pied lui ayant manqué sur le bord d'une crevasse, il tomba, mais en se retenant à la jambe du guide qui le précédait ; celui-ci tomba à son tour, et tous auraient été entraînés, si le guide qui se trouvait

en avant n'eut saisi rapidement son camarade par le collet de son habit, le retenant ainsi dans sa chute.

A la suite de son ascension, M. Georges Vansiltart a été complètement privé de la vue pendant trois jours ; maintenant il est parfaitement remis.

It is interesting to note in connection with this ascent that two of the party, Francis Phillips and Albert Smith, were among the thirty-one climbers who founded the Alpine Club in 1857.<sup>18</sup>

1853.

MAJOR S. SALMOND AND ARTHUR WALSHAM, R.N.

July 22, 1853.

*Journal de Genève*, July 31, 1853.

On écrit de Chamonix, 22 juillet : Hier, 21, à 5 heures du matin sont partis de l'hôtel Royal de Chamonix, M. le Major Salmon, accompagné de M. Watsham, tous deux Anglais, pour faire l'ascension du Mont-Blanc ; le soir ils ont couché aux grands Mulets, ils en sont repartis le matin à 2 heures : à 11 heures moins un quart ils étaient parvenus à la cime. Tous les voyageurs et touristes qui se trouvaient à Chamonix ont pu, à l'aide de lunettes, les suivre dans leur marche ; à 7 heures du soir ils étaient de retour à Chamonix ; ils y ont été reçus et accueillis par la foule des étrangers qui se précipitaient à leur rencontre.

Mme. Salmon et sa fille ont voulu les accompagner jusqu'aux grands Mulets. Les dames ont fait cette course avec courage et célérité ; Mdlle. Salmon eût voulu suivre son père s'il y eut consenti ; le roi de montagnes eût été fier de voir ses glaces foulées par la beauté, les grâces et l'amabilité.—Cette ascension, favorisée par le plus beau temps possible, s'est faite sans accident fâcheux et ne laissera que de jolis souvenirs.

Mrs. and Miss Salmond appear to have been the first English ladies to ascend as far as the Grands Mulets.

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<sup>18</sup> See Mr. Mathews' *Annals of Mont Blanc*, p. 200.

1853.

JOHN MACGREGOR AND LEOPOLD L. SHIELDHAM,  
September 22, 1853.

*Journal de Genève*, September 29, 1853.

Nous recevons, dit la Gazette de Savoie de notre correspondant de Chamonix d'intéressants détails sur une ascension au Mont-Blanc qui vient d'avoir lieu le 20 septembre courant.

La caravane était nombreuse. Elle se composait de huit voyageurs, 28 guides ou porteurs et deux volontaires, les sieurs Kerly, sculpteur, et Maganon, de l'hôtel de la Couronne.

Partie de Chamonix (hôtel de Londres) à huit heures du matin et favorisée par un temps magnifique et un ciel sans nuages, elle arriva au Grand-Mulet à deux heures de l'après-midi. La cabane que l'autorité locale vient d'y construire est pourvue d'un poêle en gueuse. Elle est spacieuse : mais elle était tellement encombrée que plusieurs guides ne purent y pénétrer. Le poêle fut enlevé et chacun s'accroupit à qui mieux mieux pour y prendre quelque repos. Le lendemain, à deux heures du matin, toute la caravane était sur pied et prête à se mettre en route. Quatre voyageurs seulement, suivis de leurs guides et des volontaires, se sentirent le courage d'affronter le géant ; les autres se contentèrent de l'horizon que l'on découvre du Grand-Mulet.

Des quatre qui poussèrent ainsi en avant, deux seuls ont pu atteindre le sommet du Mont-Blanc avec leurs guides et les volontaires. Quant aux deux autres, l'un n'est arrivé qu'auprès du Dôme et l'autre a dû s'arrêter au grand plateau.

Les deux hardis voyageurs qui sont parvenus jusqu'à la cime du Mont-Blanc sont MM. Léopold Shuldham, Irlandais, et John Macgregor, Anglais. Tous les deux ont fait preuve de force et de courage. L'un d'eux a même refusé le secours de ses guides.

This party had the honour (along with Lord Killeen, Captain de Bathe, Messrs. Albert Smith, W. Russell, Fanshawe and Burrows,<sup>19</sup> who slept there the night of September 21 22) of inaugurating the hut on the Grands Mulets which was built during the summer of 1853 by the Chamonix guides at a cost

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<sup>19</sup> *The Times* of September 30, 1853.

of 1680 francs. According to W. Winter Raffles,<sup>20</sup> who made the ascent the following year, it measured eighteen feet in length by eight in width, and the furniture consisted only of a stove, a table, and four rustic benches.

### ZERMATT IN WAR-TIME.

By EDWARD A. BROOME.

(Read before the Alpine Club, February 1, 1916.)

ALL climbers have been punished by the War, and the only ones heard of or seen this year in the Canton Valais were Swiss, and not nearly so many as usual of these, though several bad fatal accidents had to be recorded. I myself was unfortunately the only English climber and representative of this Club visible to the naked eye. I might add that I doubt if I could have faced the innumerable worries, annoyances, and trials to temper of foreign travel, especially after the experiences of 1914, for love of mountains alone apart from other urgent calls. Then, of course, had I been thirty years younger it would have been impossible, and I trust I should have been still better employed.

Perhaps I ought to apologize beforehand for inflicting this paper on you, but it is not altogether my own doing. Papers, for obvious reasons, seem scarce. 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,' and are sometimes only too pleased to deliver themselves of their foolish and feeble experiences!

I named my puny offspring 'Ex Nihilo Nihil fit,' but its godfather rechristened it 'Zermatt in War-time.' Let us hope he is right; anyhow, 'may difference of opinion never alter friendship.'

Zermatt in 1915 was a desert. Its busy street was empty. Its shops were shut. Half of its hotels were closed, and the other half more than half empty. The Zermatt-Visp and Gornergrat railways ran very few trains, and carried a very unremunerative number of passengers. Hardly anyone could be seen on mountain paths, no one on the peaks. The English

<sup>20</sup> 'Zermatt with the Cols d'Erin and de Collon and an Ascent of Mont Blanc,' 1854 (Reprinted from the *Liverpool Times*), p. 14.

<sup>1</sup> The preamble is omitted.—EDITOR.

churches both at Zermatt and the Riffelalp were not open at all, and as an anticlimax the curious breed of loafers who wander aimlessly about the village with a rope over one shoulder and an axe in one hand were conspicuous by their absence ! The most pathetic spectacle of all was the sprinkling of dismal, unhappy-looking guides, most of whom had not had a single client up to the middle of August, though later some few ascents were made of the Breithorn, Monte Rosa, Matterhorn, Rothhorn, Dent Blanche, and Weisshorn ; but all the passes into Italy (Theodul, Lysjoch, Weissthors, etc.) were quite impossible (or I might say impassable) to the average climber for international and frontier reasons.

Yes ! one felt very melancholy about the poor guides, especially the older ones, whose second bad season it was. The younger men seemed less in evidence and a good many were serving in the Army, while others had found temporary employment in the lower valleys on railways, electrical engineering, and in agricultural and even occasional urban work. One of the best known and most enterprising of all the young guides was reported to have been making some extra dare-devil ascents with a Bavarian, who had soon afterwards gone off his head and been taken to an asylum, to which place the said guide was invited, of course in the capacity of attendant to take charge of his Herr, and had then and there settled down with great success, 'as if a native and to the manner born.' After all, the difference between mountaineers and lunatics is not great :

'There is a pleasure sure in being mad  
Which none but madmen know.'

Nothing gave us surer pleasure than to counteract our own tendency in that direction, by engaging for two or three weeks a couple of the best and most level-headed guides, both old friends ; and we were almost equally pleased to recommend them and others to 'cohabitants' (a good Swiss word this) for suitable tariff jobs.

Then, again, the weather up to the end of July had been hopelessly unsettled, and the higher mountains coated with new soft snow, also much against the interests of the poor guides. Later, during August, it was generally brilliantly fine overhead for about five or six days together, and then came the invariably-recurring storm with a lot of fresh snow high up, making the bigger peaks impossible for at least two or three days more, and never giving them any chance to get into really

good condition. The few humble and meek aspirants who repaired to such huts as were open pensively recalled quite different evening rites. Overnight they filled the hungry rucksacks with good things, yet on the morrow from the rich mountains were sent empty away, and were fortunate indeed if they did not go down mighty hastily from the sleet ! On one such occasion late in the afternoon our whole party, comprising three generations, who had scrambled across the Gorner Glacier with the climbers, could not possibly get back that night, and all had to sleep in the Bétemps, much to the delight of the younger members.

Coming back to Zermatt, its hotels, its huts, and its visitors ; the Mont-Rose, the Victoria, the Beau-Site, and two or three others were shut up, and the only one that seemed to be doing a fair business was the Mont Cervin ; above the Riffel-Haus and Schwarz-See were also closely shuttered, and the maximum Census at our own favourite Riffelalp was about 50 against the usual 280 or thereabouts. All of the inns looked as if some substantial repairs and a coat or two of good paint were needed. It would also interest a good many members to hear that 'Bouvier' was not in demand, in fact quite a 'drug on the Alpine market,' and the food by no means up to the usual standard. We, however, found little to grumble at except perhaps the bread, which was of the 'Kriegsbrod' variety and very moderate in quality. It would be all right when quite fresh, but fifty folk were too few to bake for, and by the time the loaves had travelled up in the sun from Zermatt they had to be made (or say incinerated) into toast, which was obligingly done ! However, these hotels and the guests here were both better off than at Grindelwald, where we were told that the Bär, Eiger, Bristol, Alpenruhe, and all the larger hotels were closed, and the total visitors of all nationalities at one time nineteen ! Pontresina and Saas-Fee were a little better, perhaps about equal to Zermatt ; but the resorts that did best were the bathing-places, such as St. Moritz, Leukerbad, and Bex-les-Bains, mainly because the Austrian and German Spas were impossible to all outside nations.

The huts were some of them open, though it was wiser to communicate beforehand. The Bétemps seemed the most popular ; some of our party slept there four times, and we never once had it entirely to ourselves. The good Führer always made us very comfortable, and he was fortunately assisted by quite a fair cook. He reminded me one night of the present contrast with a very noisy evening some years

ago when I was also there with two of the Pollingers, and we were forty-three in all, a fair proportion of whom had to sleep under the canopy of heaven, and doubtless found it more wholesome than inside! There was a notice stuck up in the hut with instructions how to treat 'cohabitants,' but it is satisfactory to recall that we didn't find any, or rather that those we thought of were *not* those they meant!

The visitors in this district were, as I said, mostly Swiss, and, thank goodness, chiefly of the French-speaking variety, who all seemed more violently pro-Anglo-French than the French and English themselves, while there is no doubt that even the Swiss from Basle, Berne, and Zurich had learnt somewhat more about frightfulness and Kultur, and were much less pro-German than at the beginning of the War! There was also a sprinkling of Americans, Russians, and Poles, but with two exceptions we saw no Germans. One of these was a party of capable but exhausted-looking nurses from the front, who had accepted Dr. Seiler's proffered hospitality at the Mont Cervin, just the same as he, being very sympathetic and strictly neutral, had kindly offered at the Riffel (through the Alpine Club) to English wounded officers and to our nurses. The other exception was a Dresden professor and his officer son (badly wounded in France), who were very sad and quiet, and were both old clients of our hotel, or they would not have been accepted. We understood one reason Germans were so scarce in Zermatt was that they had no gold, and their paper money was too depreciated in exchange value to be acceptable to Swiss hôteliers.

I don't think I dare stand up before this distinguished audience and sit down again without saying *something*, however little, about climbing mountains, but here again it is emphatically a case of 'Ex nihilo nihil fit'; or at any rate next to nothing fit—for publication!

Our little family party had all agreed beforehand to go in more for long high-level walks than for real mountaineering, though I had made one mental reservation, and fired by the exploits of Farrar and Reade, and duly drilled by these good friends, had set my affections on a trip over a pass to Macugnaga, returning *via* the Loccie and Sesia Cols. Alas! I soon found out this was not to be, and indeed under this year's conditions the game was not worth the candle. Careful inquiries showed that the guide would first have to make personal journeys to get passports, and that then both they and I must make other journeys to Brigue to procure additional

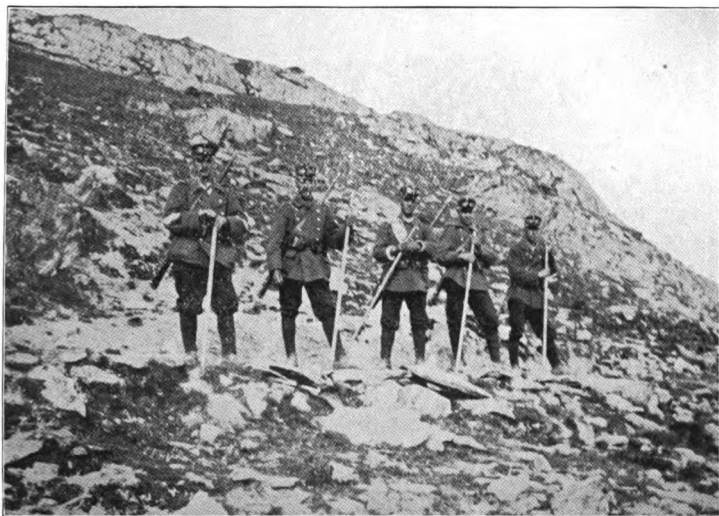


visas for Italy. Failing all this, which would swallow up both time and money, we should certainly be 'run in' as soon as we got off Swiss soil, be locked up pending explanations, and then transported at our own expense to (say) Domodossola, and thence by rail! There was nothing for it but to hope for better luck another year, and for this one to fall back on our first programme of interesting and if possible original walks, perhaps varied by a mountain or two neither too near the frontier nor sensational, but as high as possible.

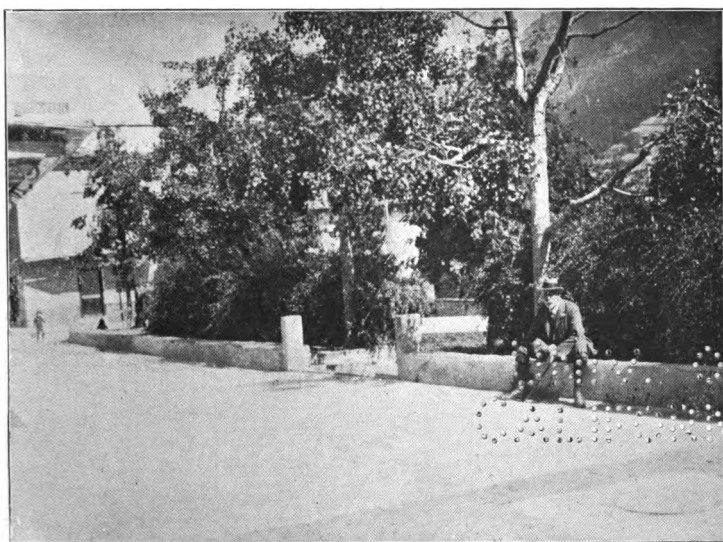
My initial attempt was enjoyable, and, though short, quite long enough for a first walk, especially as it had to be taken quite alone. It was the Gornergrat, Hohtäligrat, and Stockhorn. Although a fine Sunday morning, not a soul was to be seen on the Gorner or beyond; and thence onwards there was such a lot of snow, and indeed after the Col between the Hohtäligrat and Stockhorn it was so deep and soft, I began to wonder, if I went into a hole, how I was to get myself out. A careful mountaineer, like a good Freemason, says 'At my initiation I was taught to be cautious,' so I halted and ate my lunch on the arête, with probably as good an appetite, as fine a view, and a clearer conscience than the summit would have given.

The long walk that pleased us all most was a high-level tour from the Riffelalp to the Täsch-Alp, certainly seldom if ever made. We liked it so much that we repeated the expedition, taking probably 5-5½ hours, and returning each time *via* Zermatt. We went down to the lower end of the Findelen Glacier, across it, up beyond the village, and over the ridge that comes down from the Unter Rothhorn; then more or less on the level to a point above the Tufteren Alp, on steeply up to Galen, and thence across a nasty, steep, deep-cut rock couloir coming down from the Bösentrift to the very highest bit of the forest near the Täsch-Alp. The first time Aloys Pollinger led, and the second (he being on the Matterhorn) I found the way, selecting a higher and, I thought, a more sporting line, though no one else shared this modest view, and my route certainly took longer. Either way it was a glorious walk and can be recommended.

My first roped effort made with Aloys, just the two of us alone, was to the Adler Pass and with rather *nebulous* subsequent intentions. We slept out at the uncomfortable and for once crowded Fluh-Alp, starting next morning in doubtful weather, which later indeed prevented any of our Swiss fellow-sojourners attaining their happy haven, the Rimpfischhorn.



ON THE BÉTEMPS PATH, 1915.



THE SOLITUDE OF ZERMATT, 1915.



THE ALPHUBEL  
(MISCHABELHORNER behind.)

We followed the interesting and rather complicated icefall route, and while Aloys cut a lot of steps up the last steep bit to the pass, I hesitated between the proverbial three courses, namely crossing the Adler, or ascending therefrom one or other of our old familiar friends the Rimpfischhorn by the rocks (left), or the Strahlhorn snow-slopes (right). A coming storm settled the knotty point; it looked like being too bad to venture much further from home, and the steep rocks could, we knew, be very nasty in wet snow, so up the Strahlhorn we went in cloud, hail, and sleet, which fortunately only lasted long enough to wet our skins and chill our bones, 'and so early home to tea.'

The Alphubel has generally been voted a dull mountain, and no one can call it very exciting climbing from either the Alphubel or Mischabel Jochs. Taken, however, up the Weingarten Glacier and the Rothengrat, it makes a thoroughly good sporting day,—about the best we had. I never seem to have heard much of this route, but it was climbed first in 1879 (the only record to be found in print), the steep rocks from the glacier to the top then taking 10 hours. We, that is Aloys and Josef Pollinger and I, slept at the Täsch-Alp, and, after going up the interminable moraine to the foot of the Mischabel Joch, crossed right-handed the steep glacier to the foot of the Rothengrat rocks. Aloys, who had been up once before, laughed at the idea of 10 hours, and as a matter of fact we took just  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours from the bottom of the rocks to the snowfields above them, and about another half-hour over the almost level *névé* to the summit. The rocks were of the best, very steep, difficult enough to be interesting, and for once in excellent condition. In descending the heat was great, and big *bergschrunds* forced us down some distance towards Saas-Fee, but as soon as possible the Alphubel Joch route up was joined and the pass crossed. The return home proved a costly experience. My companions had hurried down with a view to sleeping that same night at the Schönbühl hut, and attempting the Dent Blanche next day, but I descended leisurely to Täsch and on to Zermatt. The six o'clock train thence to the Riffel this year only ran for a minimum of three passengers, but to-night no one else appeared. Distance, decrepitude, and a desire for dinner all alike deprecated delay; so, alas! there was nothing for it but to travel up by 'Special,' pay the three fares, and possibly by that amount postpone the winding-up of the railway company!

Even at Zermatt and the Riffelalp there was no getting far

away from the War ; but a long day on Monte Rosa would at least get us as far *above* it as was possible. Having many pleasant recollections of the Grenz Glacier route, with ascents and descents by the nice warm south rocks, I stipulated for them ; but those recollections are now chastened, and the warm rocks have become a term of reproach ! Another night in the Bétemps was of course part of the programme, and we there forgathered with eight *fürherlos* Swiss also bound for Monte Rosa, who next morning decided on going our way. Our own party was five on the rope, and we made good progress to the foot of the Grenzsattel and round the glacier bay under the Zumstein-spitze to the place where the rock ridge ought to have begun, but which now appeared more like a rough, steep snow-ridge. The rocks, when we did get on to them, were full of snow and ice and very cold, so there was little inducement to linger ; and higher up we worked into as biting a blizzard as I can remember, so cold indeed that two of us found our fingers slightly frost-bitten. Our faithful guides soon rubbed life into these again, and Aloys reminded me of my similar experience on the opposite N. rock face some years back. The summit, when we got there, was as cold as the North Pole, and we could not have lost very much time, for our guideless neutrals did not reach it till  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours later. Going down the W. arête the wind soon dropped, and by the time the 'Saddle' was reached we were all quite warm and comfortable again, and later floundering on down through the deep snow to the Bétemps, and crossing the glacier to Gadmen was more Tropical than Arctic, at any rate in temperature.

Following this we had again for a day or two to content ourselves with long walks, for Monte Rosa had 'smitten us between the joints of our harness,' and more bad weather was brewing. Two of the party had designs on Castor and Pollux, but this expedition was only achieved (at any rate by the present writer) vicariously, and in point of fact through a telescope ! We could not quite make up our minds between a start from the Theodul, working along under the S. face of the Breithorn to the Schwarzthor, and climbing Pollux first (undoubtedly the better route) ; or going up the Zwillinge Glacier and the Felikjoch, taking Castor first. However, one more night at the Bétemps hut, instead of at the aromatic Gandegg, secured the casting vote, and we got to the former with the senior member of the party very lame. The ailment seemed to go off in the night, but next morning, after an hour or so on the ice, the lower limbs went on strike altogether, and





*V. Sella, photo.*

MONTE ROSA GROUP,  
from the Rimpfischhorn.



thoughts turned sadly to Ben Battle, of pious memory. We could not quite appropriate his 'cannon ball,' but could and did shamelessly parody it, and say that Monte Rosa's

Chilly wall knocked out his legs,  
So he laid down his arms;

and returned painfully and alone to the hut, whence later we watched the guides with their active companion complete the steep climb, though under the circumstances they contented themselves with Castor.

This made rather a doleful finish to three lively weeks, but it could not be helped. What made it still more disappointing was that the following night (August 22) saw the last snow-storm of this *severe* summer, so that dates which had been provisionally fixed could have been actually kept, for both the Matterhorn and Rothhorn. Also, after we had gone away a letter came from our distinguished ex-President, with directions for two climbs (new to me) on the Riffelhorn which we should have greatly liked, for so far this year only four different ways had been achieved.

However, the word of command was Bex-les-Bains, and thither we repaired. It was a poor substitute for the beloved mountains, but possibly served us right for trying to climb at all this year; and was also perhaps another illustration of the truth of the beautiful lines (attributed to Wordsworth):

The plague of guide and friend, of wife and daughter,  
Is Senex who will climb, and didn't oughter.

Before leaving Zermatt a comment or two on the number of fatal accidents in this and adjoining districts seems permissible. These were quite out of proportion to either the number of climbers or the amount of climbing, and all or nearly all occurred to guideless parties. During the latter part of August two at least were killed on each of the following peaks: The Allalinhorn, Weisshorn, Südlenzspitze, Jungfrau, and Glarus Tschingelhörner, and only on the first-named was there a guide at all (making three on the rope), and he only escaped by something very like a miracle. The other parties were in each case two on the rope, or so we were told; the Südlenzspitze bodies have never been found; and certainly the Weisshorn accident was caused by want of judgment and of technical knowledge. Reading between the lines, it seemed that most of the victims, all of whom were Swiss, might have been still alive if they had either employed



their unemployed fellow-countrymen or been somewhat more experienced.

So much for the mountains and their ever-recurring pathos. We descended to the bathos of Bex-les-Bains and its baths ; to heat, dust, flies, and mosquitos ; and a week later to a nightmare of numberless nocturnal sheep-pens where passports, visas, and luggage were examined, and suspicious passengers duly detained.

This, though vexatious to innocent travellers, is of course necessary in war-time ; still some of our friends might easily be a little more methodical and business-like in their consulates and on their frontiers. I had some experience of these both at home and abroad, which made me look back with regret to the peace and solitude of Zermatt.

Let us hope, however, that it may not be long before all these little difficulties will, with the War, be ended ; and we shall again be free to flock back to the High Alps, free to scramble up our favourite peaks at our own sweet will, and free to meet our brethren on common ground.

Above all, as we think of all that has happened during the last year and a half, let us hope that when the War is ended

‘ Our object all sublime  
Will be achieved in time  
To make the Punishment fit the Crime.’

## RANDOM MEMORIES OF SOME EARLY GUIDELESS CLIMBS.

BY J. STOGDON.

(Read before the Alpine Club, April 4, 1916.)

THE appearance of this paper, which I have been asked to write, would seem, in the face of some of our recent papers in the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, something like the appearance of the Neander Thal man or the Pithecanthropos of Java armed with a stone axe in the face of a 75-mm. gun. My adventures are so slight in comparison with the splendid guideless climbing of more recent years that I feel ashamed to talk of them, but I have received my orders from Captain Farrar, and the essence of discipline is that the Captain is always right when he speaks to the private. After all, even in the presence of the 75-mm. gun, there is some interest in

the palæolithic axe, even if the interest is only historical or archæological, and the number of those who remember the old days is getting so small that it may possibly interest a few of us to be told or reminded of how we used to think of the Alps fifty or sixty years ago.

I am afraid I shall have to be absurdly egotistical, but even the most modest historian of his own adventures cannot avoid mentioning himself, and I must face the reproach as humbly as I can. It is forty-six years ago since I wrote my first paper in the *ALPINE JOURNAL*. It was a review of Schlagintweit's travels in the Himalayas, and was a sort of requiem for the death of my early dream of living out my life among the highest mountains of the world and climbing them, if I could. Such dreams often die early (I was just married) or take the dreamer to the end which befell Emil Zsigmondy, whose book was the subject of my last paper in the *JOURNAL*. I wrote it at the request of my old friend C. T. Dent, now, with most of my old Alpine friends of forty-five or fifty years ago, gone where, let us hope, they may still find peaks to climb and wind enough to climb them.

This time I have been asked to say something of the Switzerland of fifty years ago, and of some guideless climbs I did with the Rev. A. Fairbanks in the early seventies.

It is curious that the powers who then ruled the *JOURNAL* refused to take any notice of these climbs, and I was told in a nice (I mean really nice) letter, which I wish I had kept, that my conduct was utterly subversive of the highest mountaineering morality and might easily lead silly sheep astray; (I wish I could believe that the splendid guideless climbs which have been done since owed anything to our example). I was young then and I must have felt rather hurt, for I flew to ink and paper and wrote my only book (unfinished and unpublished) in defence of guideless climbing.

I wonder if many who are still alive remember the effect of the first volume of 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers.' It was like the discovery of America. It revealed a new joy of life, the purest possible. It gave a new outlet to energy, a new link with power and nature. To us who were young then the earliest climbers were supermen, the earliest guides, the Andereggs, Almers, Laueners, Croz, Balmats and the like, were gods. We clothed them all with the richest garments of romance. We longed to follow, however humbly, in their steps. I remember, as if it were yesterday, my first interview with one of these gods in the year 1861. I ventured to call

on Wm. Mathews at Birmingham without an introduction. I entered his study as a worshipper might enter the temple of a god. The god was very good to me and gave me some excellent advice, as gods generally do to sincere worshippers (and how sincere I was !), and I left the shrine and seemed to tread on air. I remember Wm. Mathews told me it would be a great thing to climb the Matterhorn, and I inwardly determined it should be done.

When I next went to London I was eager to see the Club rooms and called a hansom, and said in my grandest manner 'Alpine Club.' 'Alpine Club!—where's that? Never heard of it.' My pride fell out of me, but I got to Trafalgar Square and managed with some trouble to find the old rooms, which were being cleaned by a benevolent charwoman, who let me in. I am reminded of the story of the new M.P. who called a hansom and said with dignity 'The House.' 'Ouse, sir? What 'ouse? The workhouse?'

I first saw the Alps in June 1858, from a ridge in the Black Forest between Bonndorf and Schaffhausen. This was before I had read 'Peaks and Passes,' and the Alps were nothing to me but a geographical name, but the memory of the view of the Bernese Alps which burst suddenly upon us as we turned a corner is an everlasting possession. I was travelling with a German school in the days of the old, simple and very lovable Germany of nearly sixty years ago. We were in Switzerland about three weeks and we had bad weather. We went to Grindelwald without seeing the mountains, to Chamonix without seeing Mont Blanc, missed the view from the Righi, the view from the Wengern Alp and from the Brévent, and could not go to the Montanvert; but some of us had one unforgettable day. We went on the Unteraar glacier as far as the hut of M. Dollfus-Ausset and we saw the Finsteraarhorn.

That year, as the French say, *fit date*. I belonged to the mountains. I don't know whether many of my readers ever set to work to make themselves climbers in the extravagant ways I invented. I bought enormous dumbbells and a horrible angular 56-lb. weight, which I carried a couple of miles, quite the severest walk I ever took. Every night, with this weight on my shoulder, I lifted myself many times from a crouching position on one leg till I was upright. I even strapped the awful thing to my leg and lifted it with my thigh muscles. I climbed trees, I violated the sanctity of house-roofs and treated the chimneys as peaks. I emerged from upper windows, used the rain-gutters as holds and elevated myself on to sloping

roofs, as on to ice-slopes. The Hampshire chalk-pits gave fine opportunities for breaking one's neck, and the chalk cliffs of Swanage, Scratchells Bay, and Beachy Head provided me with quite sensational risks. There are bits on all these places as dangerous as anything in the Alps. To glissade down a steep, hard, chalk-slope is not easy, and steps cut in the treacherous, crumbly material are not too reliable. I didn't kill myself, but I had some very close escapes.

I didn't go to the Alps again till 1861. I was travelling with an uncle, who weighed 16 stone and had to ride a mule off the main roads. To me this was nothing short of infamy. I spurted up the paths and ran down them. We went to the Riffelberg. Dear little simple place it was, with the small wooden dining-room and the little pine-wood bedrooms with the tiny washhand-basins. Just room for the bed, a table, and one chair, and you could hear the conversation from the next rooms, but they were very clean and smelt sweet and fresh. I got leave from my uncle to go up Monte Rosa and sought out Matthäus zum Taugwald's house, where I spent a blissful hour, buying gaiters and other climbing odds and ends, and talking on equal terms with a god. When I came back my uncle had changed his mind. Some fiend in human shape had persuaded him that I was too young for Monte Rosa, but I was allowed the Cima di Jazi. Oh the glory of getting up at 2.30 A.M. for a *grande course*! I feel hot with shame, even now, to think that I made as much noise as I could with my heavy boots in the passages to show that a strong man armed was rousing himself. I reached the top of the Cima de Jazi in something like record time, but there I drank too much red wine and the descent in deep snow was a poor affair.

In 1862 I got leave to go to Switzerland alone. I only had £19, but I made a great programme, of which the Matterhorn and the Finsteraarhorn were the principal features. I got hold of a really good guide, Kaspar Blatter of Meiringen, and started over the Urbach glacier to the Unteraar. Awful weather came on, and we stopped at the Dollfus hut. M. Dollfus was there with his nephew, and he asked me to stay with him. I learnt much about Alpine matters here, but the weather continued hopeless, constant gales, rain, and snow. The Matterhorn had to wait. We managed to do a new pass, which we called the Thierberg Joch to the Oberaar glacier. Years afterwards I found it put down to my credit in one of the Swiss or German club publications, I forget which. We climbed on the ice and rocks, went chamois hunting, got wet

through every day, slept in a hard-floored loft, and lived the very simple life for ten days or so. During the whole of this time we only once saw the Finsteraarhorn. The old man was patriarchal and interesting; his nephew was an enterprising climber. I gained under Kaspar Blatter some idea of ice and snow, also the truth that love of the mountains does not imply free quarters at the expense of scientific old enthusiasts. I had thought it did.

I got back to England somehow, and till 1871 went to Switzerland at intervals, and did plenty of good climbing with guides. I nearly lost my life in a fearful storm on Mont Blanc in 1870, and made one of the earliest ascents of the Dent Blanche in 1868 with two indifferent guides by the face from Bricolla under a bombardment of falling stones. I perhaps ought to say something of this ascent of the Dent Blanche, as it was one of the earliest. I slept in the Bricolla chalet in the vilest pigsty, between two dirty guides, with nothing but the bare ground to lie on. The fleas walked over me all night, stopping to feed at intervals. At 2 A.M. I turned out, bathed in a running stream, and counted ninety-two bites on one arm. This is a bit of the old Switzerland.

The Bricolla face seemed the most obvious way up. We bore too much to the left and got to very steep ground near to the arête on the left. We were soon in serious difficulty, so we cut across an ice couloir to the right and bore, constantly rising, more and more to the right, till we were almost exactly under the top of the peak, and we finally reached the arête, some ten feet below the summit. Heavy falls of stones came down at intervals, but none quite near. The top seemed absolutely virgin. There was no sign of a stone man. We built a pretty substantial one, and I left my card. Some time afterwards Mr. Coolidge ascended the Dent Blanche and found my card and no others. It is curious that no one should have built a cairn before us, or that, if they did, it should have disappeared. We came down very fast, were nearly killed by falling stones, and only just cleared the peak before night came on. I managed to get down to Evolena and bed after a nineteen hours day. Altogether this was a most casual ascent, unpremeditated, and taken in front. My guides were old Ignaz Biener, who once owned the small Hôtel des Alpes at Zermatt, the first sign of an opposition to the Seiler interest, and a very young Andermatten. They were neither of them very good, but stuck pluckily to a rather dangerous enterprise. The face

cannot be described as a safe climb. There were some tremendous falls of rock during the day. One specially, some 300 yards to our right, I happened to see just at its beginning. A huge tower sloped outwards, overhung the perpendicular, and broke into bits when it reached an angle of about 60°, falling somewhat as a factory chimney falls. We were lucky to get nothing quite close till we were half-way down, in the afternoon, when one large fragment, flying alone, came between Biener's head and mine, as he was handing me a tin of wine. I felt the whiz of it in my hair and on my cheeks. I don't fancy anyone now takes this route up the Dent Blanche, and it certainly is not one to be recommended, though with a little dodging there is nothing specially difficult in the climbing.

In 1870 I saw something of the great war. Switzerland was very empty, but we had no difficulty whatever. Even on September 1 it was quite easy to leave Paris. The streets were placarded with proclamations when we passed through in August, explaining the loss of the battle of Woerth and signed 'Napoleon.' I remember two phrases: 'Nos armes ont soutenu un échec,' and 'Tout peut se rétablir.' On September 1 the ramparts were swarming with civilians working at entrenchments. A blue cap I used to wear brought me into trouble. Some men suggested I was a German spy, but I wriggled out of it somehow.

In 1869 I got to know the Rev. Arthur Fairbanks at the Bel Alp. We did a few expeditions alone together. We suited each other, and in 1871 I went to the Bel Alp again and we began to work more seriously. For some years Fairbanks spent the whole summer at the Bel Alp and had become a first-rate mountaineer, especially on ice. We spent days among the most crevassed ice we could find on the Great Aletsch and Oberaletsch glaciers. Fairbanks had an uncanny power of cutting up the most horrible séracs above yawning crevasses with the shallowest possible steps, which I had to enlarge before I dared follow. He had the most superb balance on narrow ice-bridges, and I remember on one of these ice-edges which he had rushed I stopped to make a couple of steps, when the whole top of the bridge peeled off and went rattling down the crevasse. I managed to fall cross-legged on what was left of the bridge instead of plunging into the gulf. Fairbanks was fond of taking ladies and a bishop or two for expeditions on the ice. I remember one day he got us on to a long ridge between two wide crevasses, and as the ridge got narrower he called out that each man had better take a lady's

hand. Some of the men were more helpless than some of the ladies, and I quite expected to see someone go down. At last James Robertson, whom some of us may still remember, made a furious protest, and we turned back and took to easier ice. Fairbanks and I explored all round the Bel Alp. I forget details, it is so long ago, but I remember the Griesighorn, the Unterbächhorn, the slopes of the Sparrenhörner above the Oberaar glacier and passes in the direction of the Lötsch Thal. Mr. Coolidge and Miss Brevoort were at the Bel Alp that year. Coolidge had some work to do, which kept him indoors, and for a week we took Miss Brevoort with us. Her courage and exuberant enjoyment doubled our pleasure. She was ready for anything. One crevasse, of which we could see no end, was too broad for her to jump, but she jumped at my rash proposal that we should let her down into it till she could find a ledge to stand on. We paid her out some forty feet, but I thought we should never have got her up again. You can't get a direct pull. However, in spite of cut knuckles, she thoroughly enjoyed it. Another time we tried to get down into the Gredetsch Thal. The rocks got very steep. There was a deep couloir on our left into which we thought we might get, but it was very steep with precipitous rocks overhanging it, so we thought we had better wait a bit and watch for falling stones. In a few minutes some tons of rocks came thundering down and that route had to be given up. Coming back we got belated and had to let Miss Brevoort down some difficult rocks by the rope. This made her more happy than ever, and I am sure that among the many memories of her climbs one of the brightest was her rather exciting week with us.

In 1872 we determined to try the Nesthorn. Now in fine weather one cannot call the Nesthorn a difficult mountain. It is a good peak to begin on without guides. Still mistakes are possible, and where the slope steepens above the glacier there is a curtain of steep ice with séracs above, where the way has to be carefully chosen. There were three obvious breaks. The only difficulty was to choose the passage where the ice was least likely to come down. I fancy we chose the safest. The bergschrund gave some trouble, and the ice above wanted some big, safe steps, but soon it became covered with sound snow till we reached a point where we overlooked the Gredetsch Thal. There only remained the last peak. This, with the snow quite right, is nothing but a steep walk. We found the snow too hard to kick, and it required a terrible number of steps cut to reach the top. Fortunately it was not ice, so that a couple

of blows was generally enough for a step. Still it took time and care, and a slip would have been fatal. Patience had its reward, and thanks to our absurdly early start (12.30 A.M.) we had time for a long and delicious rest at the top, and with perfect weather and a warm sun I don't know that any mountain-top is a more glorious resting-place than the Nesthorn. It is a perfect view-point. The descent was comfortable enough. The snow had got softer, but was nowhere dangerous. The only place that wanted care was the ice couloir above the bergschrund.

A few days later we took the Aletschhorn. With great caution we started so early that some of the guests had not yet gone to bed. There is so much path work and level glacier that the light of the stars was enough for us, and we got to understand the meaning of the heliacal rising of Sirius. A long way up the glacier and full in front of the Aletschhorn we stopped for breakfast, just as the stars were paling and the sky lighting up with the dawn of a perfect day. It was cold, but we were hungry and very happy. No one with the most elementary eye for a mountain can mistake the way up the Aletschhorn. The dip on the right of the peak looked at from the glacier is a very well-marked V. On the left of the V rises the arête of the mountain, and on the right there is a very high and perpendicular gendarme. To reach the V there is a steep couloir of perhaps 1000 feet high, which faces south. If this couloir were ice it would be a serious business, but we found it in perfect order and we kicked a ladder up in the most comfortable way till we reached the V. The arête is long, and the rocks generally easy enough. Where the top of the ridge was too rugged, the bad bits could easily be turned on the south side by descending a little and cutting across the tops of couloirs. This was easy, for the snow, though often very steep, was hard, and the steps were sound and firm. We only took  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour to reach the top, which was fast going, but the conditions were quite perfect. The day too was perfect, not a cloud in the sky, and the sun was grilling. We were very early and we stayed too long at the top, three hours or so. We revelled in the glorious view and went to sleep. When we turned to descend, we soon found that high enjoyment has often to be bought at a high price. The arête, which had taken us  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour to ascend, took us  $2\frac{3}{4}$  hours to descend. The snow had softened and peeled off the couloirs the moment it was touched. Under it was a layer of scaly and unsubstantial ice, in which it was almost impossible to cut steps



which would hold. Square yards of it peeled off at once. While I cut the steps Fairbanks kept the rope tight, but a horizontal rope is not much safeguard when the two men are thirty or forty feet apart. In fact we had a very bad time indeed and were glad to reach the V in safety. But our troubles were not over. The couloir below, which had had the blazing south sun on it for hours, was evidently in a vile condition. Sheets of snow peeled off and went hissing down. It had to be faced and we got down safely, but it was not a pleasant experience. It is no use calling a mountain easy or difficult. Our ascent was perfectly safe and easy, the descent was both difficult and decidedly dangerous. We did no more climbs that year, and I went on alone to Zermatt.

In 1873 we packed a mighty porter's basket and set off to the Faulberg to climb the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Finsteraarhorn. We took the Jungfrau first. It was a fine day and the conditions were good. The only difficulty on this side of the Jungfrau is to steer well through the enormous névé crevasses. Bad steering may land you in places which are almost impossible to cross, and snow-bridges have to be very carefully chosen. We had no special adventures, and reached the Roththal Sattel quite early. The 600 feet of steep slope at the top were in excellent order, and were as easy as walking up a ladder. If these 600 feet are ice, the Jungfrau becomes at once a difficult mountain. We had a delightful hour on the top, and the view was quite unusually clear. That night we had the Misses Pigeon for companions in the hut.

The next morning we started for the Finsteraarhorn. It was all straightforward enough. The snow was in good order. The weather was perfect, and there is no difficulty anywhere on the rocks. On the arête, no doubt it is possible to be giddy in places. The north side is very steep, and on narrow bits at the top of the ridge the glimpses down there are suggestive. The top is an ideal place from which to hurl down rocks. Someone, somewhere in the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, has said that no man is a real mountaineer unless he loves to hurl rocks down slopes. It is a soul-stirring amusement on the Finsteraarhorn and can hurt no one. Coming down we had an accident. Fairbanks slipped on a bit of hard snow among the rocks, put out a hand to steady himself, happened to strike a sharp edge and cut his hand open from one side to the other just below the fingers. The blood streamed out, but plenty of snow and some strapping plaster supplied first aid. We did not dare to tackle the Mönch with this disability. Accidents like this show the weak side of climbing with less than three

on the rope. We should have preferred three, but we never could find a third to suit us. A week after we went on to Zermatt to try the Matterhorn. We bought our provisions, but the next morning the weather was bad. It did not change before I had to leave, and we never meant to try except in good weather, so we gave it up.

The Matterhorn was our first failure. No doubt we ought to have waited for the weather and tried again. We gave it up too soon, but I had a limited time and there were other reasons, chief of which perhaps was a growing family. Still it was a failure, and I have two or three others to mention. We slept the next year at the Mountet hut to try the Rothorn. It was a splendid night. We were quite alone, and the Mountet hut is a glorious place. In the morning my knee was very stiff from a severe blow I had given it on some rocks the day before; the weather didn't look settled; in short we turned in again and slept till 8. By this time it was raining. We waited. Thick mist settled down over everything and a tropical deluge came on, which lasted for hours. It was lucky we were not on the Rothorn. It was bad enough getting to Zinal. Those who know the Zinal glacier will remember that it is very easy to miss the right point to leave the ice, and I have often thought it one of the best things I ever did to hit it exactly in the thickest mist in which I was ever buried.

Another time we went to examine the Zinal face of the Weisshorn.<sup>1</sup> This was another of my failures. I always had a desire to get up the Weisshorn from that side. We chose a point of attack. It was late, and we were only out for a very preliminary exploration. We worked up some steep rocks near the centre of the face into a couloir on the left, partly snow, partly ice. The angle was pretty severe, and while we were looking up and debating on the best route, a shower of falling stones came flying over us, and as it was late we thought the best route was down again.

So far this was wise, but, as in the case of the Matterhorn, we never tried again. A painful illustration of the average life: a high ideal, a grand start at high pressure; then common sense, or the common light of ordinary day, dulls romance, and small obstacles are enough to prevent achievement. At any rate, except a couple of Dolomites with a guide, and years

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<sup>1</sup> [This stupendous face, of which an illustration appears in the article on Inseng's Führerbuch, was eventually climbed in 1879 by the late G. A. Passingham with Ferdinand Imseng and Louis Zurbrücken. It still ranks among the greatest expeditions in the Alps, and has only been twice repeated.] (EDITOR)

afterwards a quite solitary stroll to the Jardin, I have done no more climbing. I have done strolls on glaciers with a son and daughters comparatively lately, and I have even crossed the Caucasus and knocked about on the Müller glacier in the New Zealand Alps, when I was too old to face Mt. Cook or Mt. Sefton, and probably it was partly because I saw my growing family, when I was stuck on an ice-slope or under a shower of falling stones, that romance began to give way to reality and that I tamely began to acquiesce in failures.

Anyhow, such is my story. It is, not unlikely, in some of its features, the story of many others. I can't claim to have begun climbing without guides. That honour falls to Hudson and Kennedy. Girdlestone's work was early and the plucky attempt of the Parkers on the Matterhorn and their success on the Finsteraarhorn in 1865 were before us. I don't think we can claim more than that we made a more deliberate and systematic business of it than had been done before. Shortly after our time came the fine ascent of the Matterhorn by the three Cs, Cust, Cawood, and Colgrove, and from that time guideless climbing gradually became orthodox and was no longer a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence in the eyes of the hierarchy.

Since then our mountaineers have shown that there is no expedition, however long or difficult, that they cannot accomplish. If men can carry out such expeditions as the Brenva route up Mt. Blanc, the traverse of the Meije, Monte Rosa from Macugnaga without guides, one may fairly say that our best men are equal, if not to the best guides, at least to the second division of the first class. I always felt, though, when I was climbing alone, that there was a kind of solidity about a good guide, which I missed in myself, however capable I might feel myself of dealing with difficulties, and I had an under-current of feeling that if bad weather came on in difficult ground, I should be really much relieved to see an Almer or a Melchior as a third on the rope.

One must feel, however, that whether we look on climbing as a pleasure, an art, or a science, it is in all cases very incomplete unless it is done without guides. No man is a good yachtsman unless he can steer his own boat in a race and knows the run of the tides, and a man cannot call himself a navigator if he depends on the captain of the ship to lay the course and to take the sun. In any case the trade must be learnt under professionals, but the joy of performance, the pleasure of well-applied knowledge and the application of all the delicate arts of the game can never be really felt till a man depends entirely

on himself. As to the question of danger, the average sane human being won't generally attempt what he feels is quite beyond his powers. No doubt there are a fair number of men who are not sane, but they will probably come to grief somehow, even if they don't climb. If they climb without guides they almost certainly will.

I often think the change from the old Switzerland to the new is not unlike the change from St. Martin's Place to Savile Row. Of course the new is more splendid and more convenient, but one misses the dusty old rooms in Trafalgar Square, where we were a family at home, half hidden in the smoke from our friendly pipes, very sociable and very happy. In Switzerland the little inns were homes. Who does not remember old M. Seiler's back parlour at the Monte Rosa, where he used to fetch out a bottle of his best wine to welcome his old friends, and Madame Seiler would look in from time to time to see that nothing was wanting? But I am wrong; I fear only a few can remember those days. Now you are a mere number, and if you don't dress for dinner you feel you are out of the fashion. Of course, like the new rooms, the new Switzerland is more convenient. You get about quicker, but you miss much. In old days, if you wanted to get to Zermatt you had to walk, but what a splendid walk it was! The train is quicker, but how much you miss!

How full of romance was the first volume of 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers'! Chanrion and Chermontane suggested to one writer 'Les champs riants de la chère montagne,' and how deliciously the difficulties were exaggerated, not vaingloriously, but out of pure bubbling joy. Hinchliff's account of the Trift pass might suggest a descent of the dome of St. Paul's or the Nelson Column. Hardy's splendid travesty of the rocks of the Finsteraarhorn is lovably comic now. 'For the next two hours we are climbing a wall of rock which seems almost vertical, now hand over hand, now getting well into a corner and bringing our backs into play after the manner of chimney-sweeps, now coming to some awkward place where the tallest man must go first, for he alone is long enough to feel the way, now baffled by some monstrous crag,' &c.; and on the arête, 'When I suggested to Simond that it would be well to put on the rope again, I was met by the startling suggestion that the rope would be useless here, for the slip of one would drag all the others down. "Non, Monsieur, ici chacun pour lui-même!" It might be the worst part of the Grépon. Hardy was the Rabelais of Alpine literature. The stupid porter and the joys

of food and drink are the standing themes, literally *la dive bouteille*. In one paper the author, after severe abstinence, on reaching Zermatt breaks out into a psalm of joy: 'Did we not revenge ourselves in the matter of food and drink?' Under this the original owner of my second-hand copy of 'Peaks and Passes' has written: 'Pigs, asses, and glasses,' but that is a blind criticism. It is not the love of guzzling, but a frank outburst of pure, healthy, human nature. The joy of youth and strength, love of beauty, love of struggle, and a touch of innocent vainglory riot in these pages. Over them broods the spirit of Leslie Stephen enjoying to the full as much as the rest, but with an amused and tolerant criticism of the enthusiasm for nature, and especially of the thermometers, barometers, and sympiesometers with which those conscientious souls used to load themselves, who felt uneasily that they were really working too hard for mere amusement. 'I had no barometer, so I cannot tell the deviation from the correct altitude as determined by the Federal map.' This was gall to the few who took their science seriously, and, it is said, led to the retirement of Tyndall from the Club.

As time went on, the style of our papers has changed as Switzerland itself has changed. They are less romantic and more business-like. They clear up a problem of geography, invent a new way up an old peak, or, taking a leaf out of the book of our climbers in Wales or the Lakes, deliberately choose the most difficult way up a mountain, such as the steep side of the Marmolata, or they introduce us to new and distant countries and their peaks; still the romance has worn thinner and our modern papers mean business.

I am perhaps wrong to say the romance has gone. Each generation finds its own romance, and the romance of the Alps has taken refuge in their wildest, steepest, and most grim recesses. I do not look on modern highly-developed rock-climbing as mere gymnastic, as some purists seem to do. There is a specially wild grandeur in the most terrible places. The thin ledges and the slight holds to which you cling when half-way up a set of savage slabs, set at an angle of 70 or 80 degrees, where the void below seems to draw you down and the awful slope above hints at no mercy, have a tremendous fascination of their own. Whoever is able, let him enjoy this fierce delight; still the spirit of it is different from the first, free, careless rapture of the first volume of 'Peaks and Passes,' as different as the old Switzerland is from the new.

PASSAGE OF THE TRIFTJOCH AND ASCENT OF THE  
FINSTERAARHORN IN 1865, WITHOUT GUIDES.

(From letters addressed by the late Mr. Alfred Traill Parker,  
member of the Alpine Club, to his father.)

Chez Seiler, Zermatt, July 30, 1865.

**M**Y DEAR FATHER,—A rapid line from Sierre will have  
told you that we made out our first pass.

Wednesday was very wet at Lenk, so we only made out the  
Iffigen Bach.

Thursday looked hopeless at 3 A.M., but the rain stopped  
and we trapped it to the end of the road.

We had previously explored the way to the Fluh-See, so  
we took the driver and a lad to carry our sacks. We had to  
build cairns on the way up to guide them down.

They seemed much amused to see me take a header in the  
lake, but were evidently anxious to start down again, and made  
off best pace as soon as they were paid, without betraying any  
curiosity as to our progress.

We climbed up by the right bank of the Râzli Glacier, where  
there seemed to be a constant cannonade of stones, so we  
hugged the rocks like a certain lady of our acquaintance.  
You remember how she used to coast along the wall coming  
from church on Sunday. It was fair travelling on the glacier,  
and at a point of rock we left our sacks to ascend the Strubel.  
The mists shut us in, and though we waited nearly an hour on  
the top we could not see anything. There are two or three  
peaks of nearly the same height. Ours had its cairn, but we  
cannot tell whether we were at the real summit. There is  
some confusion about the topography of the neighbouring  
glaciers, and after picking up our sacks we made quick travelling  
and soon had a shrewd suspicion that we were on the Glacier  
de la Plaine Morte, *alias* Wildstrubel, instead of the Lämmern.  
We pushed on for a good point of view, and our doubts were  
soon solved by seeing Sierre and Chippis below. As Sierre  
was our destination we saw no particular object in going by  
Schwarenbach and Leukerbad in preference to straight down  
the hill, so we made direct tracks. I enclose a gentian or two—  
they were the most perfect blue I have yet seen. Two hours  
over a stony valley, followed by windings among cliffs with

fine waterfalls, and a gorge like a small Via Mala brought us to some chalets and we were soon seated on three mushroom stools, and proceeded to put ourselves outside a bucket of very good cream. A strong-minded youth offered to take our sacks to Sierre, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours—partly over sward, partly stony-hearted zigzags—brought us to the Soleil, Sierre, by the Raspily Thal. The views of the mountains south of the Rhone Valley must be splendid on a clear day, and I recommended mine host at Sierre to build an hotel there as well as at Zinal.

Friday we started for Zinal on three of the best nags the place could produce. You may remember the long slant above Chippis. While we were winding up, some pianofortes [rocks] were heard approaching, and presently one about the size of my head arrived best pace with a good deal of the forte and very little of the piano. I saw it would clear me, but I thought my mule would be short of a hind quarter or two; luckily it cleared us both, and Charles' mule must have had a good view of it, as there were not six feet between us. I should think it bounded 40 feet as it crossed the road. There was not much time for reflection, but I consider it the nearest approach to an accident I have had in the Alps.

The night looked so hopeless that we slept at Zinal instead of Arpitetta. I shall be sorry to see the little inn give place to a larger one which is being built. My bed was a climb of 5 feet from the ground.

On reflection we determined to give the Trift another chance in preference to the Moming, because, as we know both sides of it and were anxious to reach this for Sunday and the weather looked dubious, we should be able to make tracks—unless things looked very bad. We took a porter for two of the sacks to within  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours of the ladder and started at 2.30 A.M. We were so early that we had to cut some 100 steps up to the ladder. The rocks are considered a good hour, but we found it very difficult to make sure we were on the path and it took us nearly 3 hours to reach the col (12.15 P.M.).

The Zermatt view was limited by mist, but the near view on the Zinal side was very fine.

The névé was rather crevassed and we were dangling from our trusty rope more than once; a few steps cut in the ice brought us over the difficulties of the pass, and after a tedious descent over moraine we reached the sward at the foot of the Trift Glacier, and brewed lots of lemonade. We find lemons squeezed on lump sugar 'splendid invention and very portable.'

The most exciting work of the day was crossing the Triftbach, very much swollen. We found a place where three jumps served to make it practicable, so I was roped and led off, but No. 3 was unjumpable, so I returned. Charles then left us to descend by a path he knew, and Sandbach and I crossed by three jumps higher up—at the expense of being wet to the middle, and Sandbach's bâton lost in the final jump. We nearly got pipped on the way down, as the path is very difficult to find, but we got in by 6.45 and Charles turned up some two hours later. The place is crowded, and we slept in the 'salon de lecture,' but to-day we have No. 10, the best suite of rooms in the house. Professor Sellar and wife are here, and Reilly, A.C.

This morning we attended the funeral of the porter who was killed by the avalanche on Monte Rosa last Friday. He seems to have run into the way of it, while the others ran more out of the way.

Mr. Wilson's body is placed with the others in the churchyard next to Von Grote's tomb, and a few evergreens placed above.

When I have had a talk with McCormick, the chaplain, I will give you any details I can collect. I need hardly say that the recent events here will make us take every precaution for safety.

Albrecht, the Walkers' old guide, is here, and considers our Sierre Col a very useful one. He is surprised to hear it is so easy. We must name it.

I hope these yarns will not tire you.

We had a first-rate sermon from McCormick<sup>1</sup> and a very nice allusion to the recent accidents. He is a fine fellow, over 6 feet, and was in the Cambridge Eight and Eleven.

Love to you all.

Ever your affectionate son,

(sd.) ALFRED T. PARKER.

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<sup>1</sup> [The Rev. Joseph McCormick was then chaplain at Zermatt. He was a great athlete, and had made in that year the ascent of Mont Blanc with Mr. Hudson's party. He took part in the recovery of the bodies of the men killed on the first ascent of the Matterhorn (cf. 'Scrambles,' 5th edition, p. 389). In his later years he was chaplain in the summer at Grindelwald and a great feature at the Bear. He died about two years ago, as rector of St. James's, Piccadilly.]



Bel Alp, Aug. 5, 1865.

... The weather has been sadly against us. I thought we had booked Monte Rosa. We shall try to 'Climb the dark Finster where road there is none.' I believe the work is rather in our line—rock climbing and such like. . . .

Cheval Blanc, Luzern, Aug. 13, 1865.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I sent you a pencil note from Viesch to announce the ascent of the Finster.

It happened on this wise :

On Wednesday afternoon the weather took a turn for the better and we decided to sleep again at the Faulberg, and to combine if possible the Finster and the Oberaarjoch next day.

There were two Englishmen and three guides already *en route* to the hut and after considerable delay, caused by a letter from Gladstone<sup>2</sup> to Charles arriving as we were starting, we got under weigh and reached the hut in less than three hours.

We had a convivial night, but individually I had no sleep, as the door was shut and the atmosphere questionable. I will back one of the guides for variety in snores against the field : one phase was exactly like the blowing a fat man makes when swimming against the tide. At midnight I got up and bribed the guide next the door by giving him my waterproof to let it remain open. I then got the fire ready and made coffee, and a little after 1 we started by moonlight on our respective expeditions—they for Jungfrau, we for Finster. It was hardly fair of their guides (whom we had tipped 5 fr.) to let us start the wrong way, as we had been told to make a wide détour to avoid crevasses in entering the Grünhorn Lücke. This was unnecessary and our ways would have lain together for the first half-hour. The night was cloudy and cold, but we soon got into our stride, and were sitting at the top of the 'Greenhorn's Gap,' looking down at the roots of the Finster, when dawn arrived. He looked somewhat stiff, and was guarded by as mazy a labyrinth of crevasses, hidden and otherwise, as we ever saw—though we could not say the same some 18 hours later.

We picked out our ridge (*vide* Hardy's account in 'Peaks and

<sup>2</sup> [The Rev. Stephen Gladstone.]

Passes'), but soon thought an ice slope on the right of it was easier and worked up it, cutting some 300 steps. Then rock again to the snow-fields, which were rather soft, and about the Titlis angle in the steepest part. We found fifty steps at a time enough, and were sometimes down to thirty. About noon we were at the foot of the final arête of rocks, which are said to take two hours, but as we had another 100 steps to cut it took us  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . The views down on the glaciers towards Grimsel and Grindelwald were splendid, but the mists rolled up as we neared the top and we saw very little on arrival.

By the time we reached the foot of the ridge it was sleeting and hailing apace, and our footsteps were mostly obliterated; luckily the small round holes made by the points of our axes were not filled up, so they left a faint track—but we were disappointed of the glissades, the prospect of which had consoled us during our upward toil.

When we got down to the glacier it was dense mist; it was some 3 hours back to the Faulberg, and Charles proposed Viesch by the Viesch Glacier—some 6 hours, he supposed. As I expected to sleep out anyhow, and we had little to eat and were wet through even if we did reach Faulberg, I gave in to the Viesch plan, and as the mist rose a little we made rapid travelling down; but we were soon in clouds again, and instead of bearing away to land on the right we went down to the junction of the Viesch and Rothhorn Glaciers, and were soon in the most diabolical mesh of crevasses that we had ever encountered. It looked very like sleeping in one, but by some gymnastics which we should have spared in cold blood we emerged on the right bank of the Viesch Glacier.

Here daylight failed us, and as the next process was to find a waterfall down which people are lowered by ropes we determined to have table d'hôte and a night's lodging. Bread and cheese were the former, and we had a very fine selection of flat stones for the latter. It was not warm, but we were thankful for small mercies; stones were better than crevasses for beds, and the charge for service was not likely to be exorbitant.

As nights go, 11,000 feet above the sea, it was warm, and we had no rain, but most of the time was passed in walking up and down opposite each other like beasts at the Zoological Gardens waiting to be fed.

Dawn at 4 a.m. failed to show Charles where the track was, and we were just going to mount and cut our way across the snout of the Trift Glacier (which would probably have proved

a failure) when I espied a goat track which led to the waterfall. We got down without ropes, but had plenty of steering among crevasses before reaching Viesch at 1.30 p.m. It would have been much better to have made for Grimsel than Viesch, but Charles seemed to have forgotten the nature of the glacier we had to pass.

As you will remember, Viesch is celebrated for the variety of its beverages, and we tried most of them. Gladstone turned up just as we had finished, so we drove to Rhone Glacier in two traps, and sent a man up to Grimsel for our sacks.

We met Charles' friend (?) Legard fresh from Grimsel, who asked if we knew anything of the three Englishmen who had tried the Finster without guides—and perished. It would require the lives of a cat to keep up the credit of being alive with the Grimsel folk.

We made a fine day's travelling yesterday. Left Rhone Glacier at 9.30 on four horses; walked from Furca to Realp, waited  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour for Sandbach, who was botanising on the old road, and were driven in a three-horse shay, with two minutes to spare, and only one halt of 10 minutes (no change of horses) to the 5 p.m. boat at Fluelen. Schweizer Hof is full, so we came here—good cuisine, civil people, but in the town. The Schweizer Hof is immensely improved, and we had a table d'hôte at 4 fr. in a room which *à mon avis* surpasses the Grand Hotel. We wired in vain for rooms from Altdorf—where I did not see the lovely Minna.

Love to all of you.

Ever yours affectionately,  
(sd.) ALFRED T. PARKER.

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### *Note on the Descent of the Fiescher Glacier.*

It is very interesting to read these remarks on the Fiescher Glacier. It would appear that Charles Parker had been up or down this glacier on some previous occasion, and one may conclude that it was at that date not difficult, or he would not have suggested following it again.

In 'A.J.' i. 108 the party (Stephen, Hardy, Liveing and Morgan, with the two Michels, P. Baumann, C. Bohren, and Inäbnit) which, on July 9, 1862, had crossed the Fiescherjoch from the Kastenstein, 'left the Grünhorn Lücke on our right, struck into the Obergerjoch route, passed the wilderness of

boulders and mossy slopes, where a few wretched sheep pick up a mysterious existence above the Viescher Glacier, descended the well-known waterfall, and after a rapid march found ourselves at 7.30 at the point where the stream from the Märgelen-See descends beneath the ice close to a few isolated huts.'

It is quite obvious that at that time it was a regular route, offering no difficulty. The 'well-known waterfall' is no doubt that referred to in Mr. Alfred Parker's letter.

From a somewhat cursory examination I find in the older Alpine literature three references to this Fiescher Glacier route.

There is an interesting description of 'the Glacier of Viesch' in chap. iii. of Forbes's 'Excursions in the Alps,' printed at the end of his 'Norway and its Glaciers,' and in Mr. Coolidge's edition of Forbes's 'Travels through the Alps,' pp. 427-440. .

Forbes, with five companions, including Agassiz, Desor, and Duchâtelier, and six guides,<sup>3</sup> the leaders being the famous Jakob Leuthold and Johann Währen, who made in 1829 the first ascent of the Finsteraarhorn, left the Grimsel on August 27, 1841, crossed the Oberaarjoch when Leuthold 'decided that . . . the glacier of Viesch should be descended to the Möriller See. . . .'

Forbes proceeds to give an eloquent description of the splendours of the ice-scenery of the glacier. 'The ice now became too crevassed to be passed in the centre, and an extensive tributary glacier . . . falling in from the right [the Walliser-Fiescher Firn] we were unable to follow the side, and were obliged to pass over the latter, which was fearfully crevassed and appeared all but impracticable. Nevertheless the skill of our guides accomplished this with very few bad steps, and we resumed the right moraine of the united glacier. After a pause we proceeded, not without difficulty, being forced in one place to leave the glacier entirely, and to climb the rocks and re-descend a considerable precipice again to its level.'

Forbes's further description of the romantic gorge, through which the neighbouring Great Aletsch Glacier reaches the valley ('Norway,' 327-9), makes one resolve to repeat, at the earliest moment, this magnificent walk.

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<sup>3</sup> Two of these were Johann Janon [Jaun] and Melchior Bannholzer. The travellers and guides named ascended the Jungfrau next day. Desor in 'Excursions et séjours' also describes this journey and mentions that sheep were got up the 'considerable precipice' by means of ropes, and left to graze all summer.

The next mention I have been able to find of this glacier is in Tyndall's 'The Glaciers of the Alps.' In 1858 Tyndall made with Bennen alone the ascent of the Finsteraarhorn. It was the first of their many great expeditions. They had started from the Faulberg, but 'finding, however, that we could traverse the Viescher Glacier almost to the Aeggischhorn, I made this our highway homewards. . . . The glacier was deeply fissured, but there was no swerving, no retreating, no turning back to seek more practicable routes. . . . We left the glacier for a time, and proceeded along the mountain side, till we came near the end of the Trift Glacier, where we let ourselves down an awkward face of rock along the track of a little cascade and came upon the glacier once more. . . . The glacier, as is well known, is greatly dislocated, and has once or twice proved a prison to guides and travellers, but Bennen led me through the confusion without a pause.'

In 1863 Tyndall, Jaun and Bennen crossed the Oberaarjoch in a thick fog. 'I knew the Viesch Glacier well, and how Bennen meant to unravel its difficulties without landmarks I knew not. I asked him whether, if the fog continued, he could make his way down the glacier. There was a pleasant *timbre* in Bennen's voice, a light and depth in his smile, due to the blending together of conscious strength and warm affection. With this smile he turned round and said 'Herr, ich bin hier zu Hause. Der Viescher Gletscher ist meine Heimath.' . . . By degrees the fissures opened, and at length drove us to the rocks. These in their turn became impracticable. Dropping down a waterfall well known to the climbers of this region, we came again upon the ice, which was here cut by complex chasms. These we unravelled as long as necessary, and finally escaped from them to the mountain side.'<sup>4</sup>

I notice that Mr. Valentine Richards, in his edition of Ball's 'The Central Alps,' Part I., p. 145, describes the route formerly followed on the Fiescher Glacier and mentions the shrinkage of the glacier, and on page 103 he goes on to say: 'This glacier presents the same contrasts to the Aletsch Glacier that a rapid mountain torrent does to a calm river,' with which I thoroughly agree. In the earlier edition of Ball (reprint, 1876), p. 126, the route down the Fiescher Glacier is described with great fulness, showing that it was formerly often followed.

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<sup>4</sup> See *Hours of Exercise in the Alps*. New impression, 1906, p. 175.

Of late years it has been very seldom visited. No doubt the Concordia inn has drawn off travellers to the Aletsch Glacier route, but apart from that the Fiescher Glacier has, from my own experience during the last thirty years, shrunk very considerably and become much more broken.

In 1883 we went from the Eggishorn to the site of the old Oberaar hut by the Fiescher Glacier, which we gained at the point 'Beim weissen Fläsch' of the Siegfried map, to which point there existed a path along the W. side of the glacier, and after traversing the Finsteraarhorn<sup>5</sup> next day we returned the same way. We had some difficulty with crevasses in the broken ice below the Rothhorn, where the pressure of the Galmi Firn is felt.

In 1913 Fynn and I gained the crest of the S.E. arête of the Finsteraarhorn<sup>6</sup> from the Finsteraarhorn hut, and as it was only 8 A.M. when we regained the glacier I suggested descending direct to Fiesch by the Fiescher Glacier. We accordingly picked up our porter and traversed the S.W. flank of the S.E. arête towards the point 2972 of the Finsteraar-Rothhorn. We then descended to the Fiescher Glacier, which we proceeded to follow to its very tongue. I counted four icefalls, which made the ice work most interesting. The last and greatest threatened to beat us, and I was almost prepared for a partial re-ascent, so as to try to get out on the rock banks of the glacier and thus turn the fall, although the bases of these, by the shrinkage of the glacier, appeared almost hopelessly smooth. Meantime, while we were looking about, the indefatigable Fynn had disappeared, and after a bit a loud halloo from the avalanche beds below the fall told us of his success. It appeared that he had cut down the right side of the glacier and then squeezed himself along between it and the wet rock-wall. The porter, whose previous glacier experience was limited to the walk up to Concordia, was much edified when we followed the same way.

I did not see the path on the W. bank followed in 1883, possibly as the glacier level is now too low. Nor am I aware whether the ice can now be gained or quitted 'Beim weissen Fläsch' as previously. It is very questionable, as the bounding W. walls seemed very polished.

The scenery on this glacier is very wild, the gorges descending from the Kl. Wannehorn being of the most savage description.

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<sup>5</sup> *A.J.* xi. 368-9.

<sup>6</sup> *A.J.* xxvii. 287.

It is a long way to Fiesch, which we only reached about 6, without pressing ourselves, and after a very enjoyable day. We were told that the Fiescher Glacier had not been descended for many years and had turned back more than one party, as indeed I can well believe might be the case in a less snowy year than 1913.

At the same time I can strongly recommend the expedition, especially for a strong party making an early return from the Finsteraarhorn or when the weather appeared too doubtful for a high ascent. The ice work will not disappoint the most exacting iceman.

J. P. FARRAR.

## EARLY ATTEMPTS ON THE AIGUILLES DU GÉANT AND DU DRU.

By E. R. WHITWELL.

AT a Guest Night at a Temple Dinner about a year since I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Sir Edward Davidson, and we talked about our early Alpine days (mine a good deal earlier than his, of course), and the subject of the Dent du Géant came up and my unsuccessful attempt on it in 1872.

The sequel to this was that two or three weeks ago the energetic Assistant Editor of the ALPINE JOURNAL, Captain Farrar, wrote to me asking if I would give an account of my attempted ascent on the Dent du Géant, pressing me to make it as full as I could, and I promised to put down my recollections of a very exciting time.

On looking through my memoranda, unfortunately nearly the whole of that relating to this mountain is lost, but there are parts of the climb still very vivid in my memory. Under these circumstances I suggested that I could add an account of an attempt on the Aiguille du Dru in 1874, and he was good enough to say that this, he knew, would be of interest to the readers of the JOURNAL. I am fortunate to find what was evidently the beginning of a paper containing a short history of my attempt, never finished, no doubt because I hoped at the time to be able to combine with the attempt an account of the completed ascent! This, unfortunately, did not come off, as I never had another fine day on which to try the mountain.

Mr. Dent, in an account of two earlier attempts, apologises for what he describes as an 'unparalleled thing, and going against all precedent in the ALPINE JOURNAL, to describe two failures on one mountain.' How much more would he have condemned me for doing a much worse thing than that, seeing that I am not only giving particulars of attempts which failed, but also, what makes my case very much worse, describing them after the mountains had been already conquered !

I fear that this paper will be found very dull reading, because it is the numerous trivialities, when fresh in one's memory, that give the living touches to enliven what otherwise becomes a mere tedious record. Alas ! the information is lacking of even the hours of starting and returning, and exciting details of when and for how long we stopped for meals, when we put on and took off the rope, which sometimes form a not inconsiderable portion in the description of an ascent !

Then there are notes which are really of interest which I cannot now give—the coming frequently to an *impasse* requiring change of route, often slight and sometimes considerable, which must occur on peaks of the character I am describing. The details of such as these might have put life into the dead bones which are all I have to give you !

### *The Aiguille du Géant.*

As I have already said, nearly all my notes relating to my attempted ascent on the Aiguille du Géant in 1872 are lost, and what remain are of a very fragmentary character. They must, however, have been fairly full when written, as there are references to a plan, now, alas ! extinct like other prehistoric remains.

At the time I made the attempt this Aiguille was attracting a good deal of attention as being the only mountain of 13,000 feet high not then ascended, so I naturally was anxious to try what I could do.

In the summer of 1872 I started from Mont Fréty with Ulrich and Christian Lauener and reached without difficulty the snow overlooking the Courmayeur Valley, and we walked round the S. side of the final tooth, which here overhangs considerably, until we looked down on the glacier on the E. side of the peak. We then saw that access from the snow on this side was not possible, as it merely abutted on to an absolutely perpendicular wall of rock which continued to a point greatly below us. I learn since that had we descended



a bit on the E. side, sticking close to the wall of the peak, we should have reached without difficulty, as did M. Fontaine in 1900, the shoulder on the N. arête from which the climb up the N. face starts.<sup>1</sup>

Of course access over the overhanging part was equally impracticable, though we scrambled up perhaps 20 or 30 feet between a semi-detached spur and the peak itself.

The appearance from the S.W. angle seemed equally unpromising and we were descending disconsolately when I saw we could get on to the peak a good deal lower down, which might lead, at all events, a very long way toward the summit.

We were now on the N. or N.W. side of the mountain, and the first part presenting no special difficulties we soon reached a great height, when our progress was stopped by a bare slab of rock with a narrow, almost vertical crack in it, which proved to be, I think, one of the hardest pieces of climbing I have ever experienced. Ulrich went first and about 10 feet below I came next, and Christian followed me at about the same distance. We were so close together to prevent danger from loose stones, but no person could have given the least assistance to the other, as never for a moment could one be described as 'fest,' and when Ulrich had reached a kind of shoulder with his head and shoulders I was in such a difficult position that I did not see how I could move another yard upwards, as I knew I could not get the slightest assistance from him. The smooth rock ahead of us was plainly visible, but being 10 feet below Ulrich I could not see clearly what was immediately above him, his substantial form blocking the view! He said he could get a yard or two higher, but then it was 'finished,' as the cleft in which we were climbing lost its way in a smooth slab of rock of the final peak.

He said it was impossible to go further, and that we must go back now before we had an 'Unglück.' He judged that the point we had reached was within 100 to 150 feet from the top, but on these occasions I am aware that appearances are often deceptive. I imagine we were on the northern face in line between the two summits, as they were both plainly visible, the right one appearing slightly the higher of the two, although it is now found that the opposite is really the case.

The descent of this crack required extreme care, as may be imagined, but in my experience of rocks, if free from snow, you can always get down where you have gone up.

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<sup>1</sup> *Revue Alpine*, 1911, 3-19.

On talking the matter over with Ulrich afterwards, he said that he thought that with a few iron stanchions driven into the rock the final peak could be readily ascended, but without that he did not believe an ascent was possible.

This appears to have been proved when the ascent was completed. Personally I should object very much to climb a mountain by artificial means of this character, and fail to see the object of doing so. Surely it would have done no harm to have left one virgin peak alone in her glory and unviolated by man! It would have at least afforded endless entertainment to mountaineers in the future and not destroyed the chance of ultimate victory without artificial aid. I am indeed informed that the N. face route is a clean straight climb, requiring no fixed ropes or any artifices, and that when the face is fairly clear of snow and ice the difficulties are by no means extraordinary.

Captain Farrar, who, led by Daniel Maquignaz, made an ascent by this route in 1904, tells me he asked him why he had not attempted this way instead of the S.W. route, which required so much engineering and is probably impossible otherwise, at least in its final bit. Daniel replied that his uncle and he felt certain the N. face would go, but the weather all the time they were at work was atrocious, and the face covered in ice. Moreover, the S.W. face was much quicker to get to, so that they determined to stick to that face until proved impossible, when with the earliest bettering of the weather they would transfer their energies to the N. face. Daniel was well aware of M. J. E. Charlet's attempts on the Géant in 1876,<sup>2</sup> when, without any companion, he climbed a long way up the left-hand arête of the N. face and left a bâton on the higher of the two square shoulders. This bâton, Captain Farrar says, was in position, very weathered, as late as 1904. and he is of opinion that if M. Charlet (subsequently M. Charlet-

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<sup>2</sup> M. Charlet-Straton writes to Capt. Farrar under date Roche-sur-Foron, 6 Mars, 1916: 'Je suis monté depuis la Noire; arrivé à l'endroit où vous avez trouvé le bâton je ne pouvais pas aller plus loin tout seul à cause du verglas qu'il y avait dans les rochers. Je n'osais pas descendre par où j'étais monté. J'ai passé sur ma gauche entre l'Ai. du Géant et le Mont Mallet pour descendre au col du Géant. Le bâton que vous avez vu a été longtemps aperçu depuis le Montanvert. À côté du bâton il y avait une fente de rocher où j'ai mis plusieurs pointes en fer que j'avais emportées pour planter dans les fentes pour me servir pour la descente; le bâton était pour mettre un drapeau.'

Straton), who, as his ascent three years later of the Petit Dru proved, was a rock-climber of the very front rank, had had a capable companion, there was nothing in the further ascent that would have stopped a man of his capacity and enterprise.

I see in 'A.J.' vi. 172 the late Mr. T. S. Kennedy speaks of finding very early in July 1872 at the base of the Dent du Géant a small cairn, erected the previous year by Mr. Whitwell and his guides the Laueners. I have, however, no recollection of erecting any cairn, and in fact our expedition must have been subsequent to Mr. Kennedy's.

### *The Aiguille du Dru.*

The summer of 1874 was a very trying one to mountaineers, owing to the continual recurrence of fresh snow on the mountains, and it was after one of these fresh falls that on July 31 Christian Lauener and I left the Montanvert Hotel to inspect the Aiguille du Dru in order to ascertain the best direction to make an attempt when the weather should become more favourable.

We started at half past four, and after crossing the Mer de Glace, [ascended] the Glacier de Charpoua nearly to its source at the cliffs of the Aiguille Verte, and then turning to our left climbed on to the rocks of the Aiguille du Dru after about five hours' walking from the hotel.

There appeared to be only one place by which we could get from the glacier on to the rocks, and a very pretty scramble for a few feet did this afford us. Afterwards, for some distance, all was plain sailing, and we were congratulating ourselves on the ease with which we could walk over places which looked decidedly difficult from below, till we reached the ridge on the E. side of the Aiguille, from which we could look down on to what I suppose is the Glacier du Nant Blanc, and on our left was a high spur of the mountain, but whether it led up to the highest peak it was impossible to see. Until we had reached this point the rocks did not look so very difficult, as from below they had a broken appearance; but alas! when we were close to them we found they rose perpendicularly above us, and although the face was considerably broken the breaks were at such long intervals that climbing it was utterly out of the question. The height of this spur I should judge to be 80 to 100 feet above the ridge. With a long ladder much might be done, but some difficulty would be experienced in finding a secure resting-place for it.

Nothing more was to be done that day, so, having ascertained that we could pass across the face to the W. side of the mountain with comparative ease, we retraced our steps to the Montanvert and Chamonix.

Wretched weather intervened between this and our next attempt on August 24, with the exception of one day which enabled us to make the first ascent of the Aiguille de Blaitière.

On August 23 Christian Lauener and I had slept in a tent on the moraine of the Glacier de Charpoua, at a point about 2 hours from the Montanvert, and found that we had gained very little by so doing, for owing to the darkness we were not able to start before nearly 5 o'clock. We left the porters with the tent, as we did not want our movements to be hampered by them, and we got on to the mountain at the same point as on the previous occasion, finding the scramble off the glacier more difficult than before, owing to the reduced quantity of snow.

Instead of going to the E. as on the previous occasion we now struck westward across the face, and after a climb of 4 hours from our sleeping-place reached a col on the ridge of the W. of the main peak. Here we found a ladder, and with its assistance and some difficult climbing we were able to reach a great height, getting on to a spur of the mountain from which we could see the general outline of the final peak. Unfortunately we were separated from this by an ice couloir some feet below us, which it was impossible to reach without a rope ladder of 40 to 50 feet long, or had our party consisted of three, or better four, instead of only two, and if we had had a spare rope we might have managed to have got down by the rope only, by leaving two behind, and had we been able to reach this couloir I think it highly probable we should have succeeded, though it is difficult to say whether the remaining rocks would have proved accessible or not. These Chamonix rocks have a provoking habit of looking comparatively easy till you reach them and of then proving utterly impracticable!

However, as we had neither spare rope nor rope ladder we could not try this question, and there was no time that day to retrace our steps and try another route. Subsequently the weather became so bad that we left Chamonix without another attempt that year.

I must add that this ice couloir, mentioned above, appeared to end in space, so that there seemed no means of getting on to it except in the direction we had tried, which I had little

doubt would be the one by which the mountain could be ascended.

Four years later, in August of 1878, I found myself again in Chamonix, and I soon heard that Dent was at Chamonix on the same errand as myself, and had been there for some little time waiting for the weather.

I was staying with my wife and a friend at the Hôtel des Alpes while he was at the Hôtel Couttet, so we never met, and there was great rivalry, I believe, between the respective guides as to which of us should make the first ascent, as we were both confident of success, and I think partly false shyness on both our parts and also because of my not being alone prevented our becoming acquainted and joining forces.

When we arrived the weather was hopeless for high ascents, that is so frequently the case at Chamonix in my experience, but one evening gave promise of a good day on the morrow and I determined not to lose an opportunity, so started early, with Christian Lauener and porters carrying my tent and provisions, for a bivouac on the Glacier de Charpoua. After being there an hour or two or more we noticed that we were not going to be the sole inhabitants of the district, as Dent and his party arrived before dusk and encamped perhaps 1000 feet below us.

The following day was all but hopeless, but I made a start and got fairly on to the mountain when we were stopped by blinding snow and had to give up all thoughts of doing more that day. Dent never started at all, as he had had more experience than I had of what the mountain would be like in bad weather, but it was like his goodness of heart that he remained on the glacier until he saw that we had got safely off the mountain, for fear we might lose our way in the driving snow. He went back to England the next day, as the weather disheartened him, so I had no opportunity of thanking him, but he returned in September and then accomplished the climb successfully.

Here end the notes, which I put down much as they were written about forty years ago, and on comparing them with Mr. Dent's account of his successful ascent I think it is pretty clear that the general line we took was very much in the direction by which he succeeded later in the year.

I remained a few days longer without having the vestige of a chance of another try. I did not then realise that it would be my last days of climbing, as later I found I had neither time nor money to continue mountaineering in the summer as well as to hunt as much as I should like in the winter, so,

alas ! mountaineering had to give way. But I shall always look back on the days I spent climbing as amongst the happiest of my life, and I consider, as a sport, it comes only second to hunting ; indeed it runs hunting pretty hard for first place. Nothing can equal the Majesty of the Mountains.

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## AN HISTORICAL DOCUMENT.

## THE FÜHRERBUCH OF FERDINAND IMSENG.

THE last number of the JOURNAL was hardly delivered when, to my great interest, my friend Sir Alexander Kennedy placed in my hands a battered and discoloured old book, the Führerbuch of the great guide to whom, in writing the notice of Mr. Passingham, my thoughts so often turned.

There is a tragic interest in turning over the leaves of such a book. It is in a measure the life-history of the most meteoric and of one of the most brilliant of Alpine careers ; of a man of better parentage and education than the ordinary guide, feeling no doubt within him, possibly also as a consequence of his mingled Teuton and Italian blood, the ambition, the courage, the mental as well as the physical ability to become a great leader of his fellows. We see him, in 1872, blaze out on the Alpine firmament when, at the age of twenty-seven, he succeeds in persuading Richard Pendlebury, at a chance meeting, to give him the opportunity to show what he is made of and to carry out the long-cherished plan of making the ascent of the Monte Rosa by its stupendous eastern face. Few of his contemporaries led during the succeeding ten years, which measured his career, a more strenuous Alpine life ; not one can claim such monuments as the five great expeditions, three even to-day seldom repeated, of four of which he was the unquestioned initiator and leader, and of the fifth bore an equal share. His resting-place is the little churchyard in Macugnaga, but the lasting monument to his memory and fame is not the granite column under which he lies, but the unrivalled cirque of mountains overshadowing his valley, the pitiless walls of which he was the first to scale and where he was fated to meet his end.

But there is one great factor in Imseng that to my mind lifts him above all his fellows of that day. He was the first of the guides to grasp, possibly intuitively, the real lesson of the

conquest of the Matterhorn, a lesson which even to-day, although graded into an axiom, is only unconsciously understood. It is to this grasp that the inception and the success of at least three, and those the greatest, of his expeditions are due. It forms a very interesting study in what may be termed the *mentality* of mountaineering.

And so I have been led to print here in our records some of the testimonies which men of his day, still great names in ours, bore to the merits of a very valiant guide. I do not, for a moment, presume to attempt to rival, but rather to complement, the splendid word-picture of Imseng which Sir Martin Conway has given us in 'Pioneers.'

The earliest entry we find is of an ascent of Monte Rosa in 1863 with three Oxford men, H. A. Strong, John Macpherson, and C. J. Arnold. The few entries in the following years are mostly of the Weissthor and other small ascents in the neighbourhood, but in 1869 we find him in the service of Sir J. H. Ramsay of Bamff, with whom he crosses the Adler, where 'he showed himself a steady, active mountaineer, and I thought him judicious in his choice of ground.'

It is not till 1871 that he seems to have got further afield. In that year, with Mr. C. H. Hawkins and the Rev. J. T. Bramston, he crosses the Weissthor from Saas to Zermatt and, as porter, the Triftjoch and Col Durand, and ascends Monte Rosa; 'with a little more experience will make a good guide for difficult expeditions.'

Early in 1872 he ascends the Dom, still as porter, with Mr. Stevenson Lyle, A.C., and the same year is memorable for his acting as guide over the Alphubel Pass with Alexander Burgener, the one man of his generation who can really be termed his compeer. They were to meet again a year later as the leaders of Dent and Passingham on the first ascent of the Zinal Rothhorn from Zermatt. They were fated to meet their end, Burgener after a longer but scarcely more brilliant career, in tragically similar circumstances.

This is all we know of Imseng's experience when his great opportunity comes to him. The Rev. C. Taylor tells us ('A.J.' vi. 232): 'The party having disbanded, both Pendlebury and I, with Gaber,<sup>1</sup> set off for Macugnaga, while R. Pendlebury agreed

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<sup>1</sup> This is Gabriel Spechtenhauser, of Unsere liebe Frau, in the Schnalser Thal. He and his brother Josef were discovered by the Pendleburys and Taylor and travelled widely with them. Mr. W. M. Pendlebury writes, 'Josef was one of the best climbers I have



R. PENDLEBURY.

C. TAYLOR.

W. M. PENDLEBURY.



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to join us at Zermatt; . . . but it so happened that he came up the Val d'Anzasca, and that on his way he fell in with one Ferdinand Imseng, a guide unknown to fame, whose ambition it was to ascend Monte Rosa from Macugnaga, and thus to accomplish a feat which mountaineers of greater experience had been unwilling to attempt. . . . The ascent . . . had been declined a few days previously by Ulrich and Christian Lauener,<sup>2</sup> and in 1867 by Christian Almer. . . .<sup>3</sup>

It should be said for Imseng's knowledge and judgment that he 'had examined the proposed route repeatedly from different points, in company, I think, with Alexander Burgener.'

The certificate in facsimile of this great expedition, signed by Mr. W. M. Pendlebury, is annexed.

This ascent made Imseng's name, and from then till his death, in an attempt to repeat it, he was an acknowledged master for the greatest expeditions.

The same autumn we find the first of many testimonials from Mr. Passingham, with whose name in Alpine history Imseng's is mainly connected.

The next year—1873—Dr. Theodor Feller, of Zittau in Saxony, records a hitherto unknown ascent of the Matterhorn; July 31–August 1, on which he was accompanied by Imseng and Franz Andermatten; while a few days afterwards the late G. Grüber of Genoa, whose record of great ascents is almost unrivalled, does the Dom in Imseng's company, and, the following year, the Weisshorn and other expeditions.

met; better than his brother, but I fancy not so much adapted for a guide's work.' I am greatly indebted to Mr. W. M. Pendlebury and his brother, Mr. C. Pendlebury, for many of the portraits now reproduced. Mr. Pendlebury tells me that the sixth man in their party of 1872 was B. Oberto, a friend of Imseng's, son of the Macugnaga innkeeper. Imseng wished to have him because all the other four members of the party were strangers to himself.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Whitwell, in whose service they were, tells me the weather was not good, and that, in addition, the warnings of the innkeeper Lochmatter influenced the guides. There was otherwise no reason why such a party—one of the strongest then climbing—should not have succeeded in making the ascent. At that time Ulrich Lauener was fifty-one and Christian forty-six, and it would be difficult to name two finer mountaineers or climbers of greater experience.

<sup>3</sup> According to his Führerbuch, Almer was at the time travelling with Morshead and C. E. Mathews. They made, *inter alia*, on July 15, the first ascent of the Jägerhorn and the first crossing of the Jägerjoch.

That year—1874—we find the following testimonial, now much spotted with rain, from one of the greatest of traveller-climbers, Mr. Tuckett:—

‘Ferdinand Imseng has accompanied me and Christian Lauener for the last fortnight, during which we have accomplished the following expeditions :

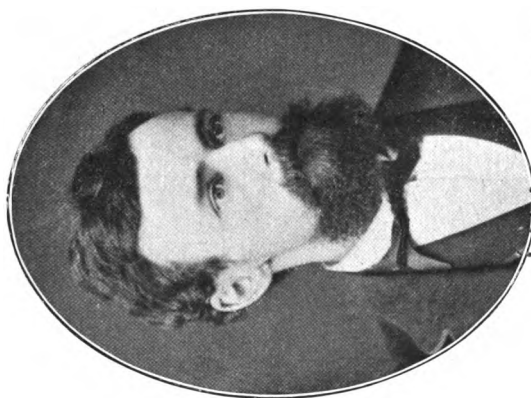
- July 3. Macugnaga to the Embours Alp by the Col delle Loccie.
- „ 4. To the Riffel by the Lys Joch.
- „ 6. Ascended Lyskamm from the Felik Joch and, returning to the latter, reached S. Giacomo d’Ayas by the E. arm of the Klein Verra Glacier.
- „ 7. To Aosta by the Col de Jou.
- „ 9. Ascended the Tour Ronde or Grand Flambeau from Courmayeur in 9½ hours.
- „ 10. To La Thuile and the Ruitor Alp.
- „ 11. Ascended the highest Peak of the Ruitor, and, returning to the Alp, crossed direct to the Petit St. Bernard, and drove thence to Bourg St. Maurice.
- „ 12. To Villaroger and the Alpe de l’Arc.
- „ 13. Ascended Mont Pourri, and, descending to La Gure, reached Tignes at night.
- „ 14. To Champagny and Pralognan by the Col du Palet and Croix de Frêtes.
- „ 15. To Thermignon by the Col de la Vanoise, and on to Lanslebourg and Bessans.
- „ 16. Ascended the Roche Melon and descended to this place.

‘I have the greatest pleasure in adding that I consider F. Imseng to be a first-rate guide. He has great strength, activity, and endurance, wonderful sight, especially for a “Gams,” and a really marvellous power of leading through deep snow for an indefinite number of hours. He combines dash and daring with prudence and skill, and is a most pleasant companion. I know no guide of his age with better prospects of distinction, and I think he may be fully trusted as a leader in the most difficult expeditions.

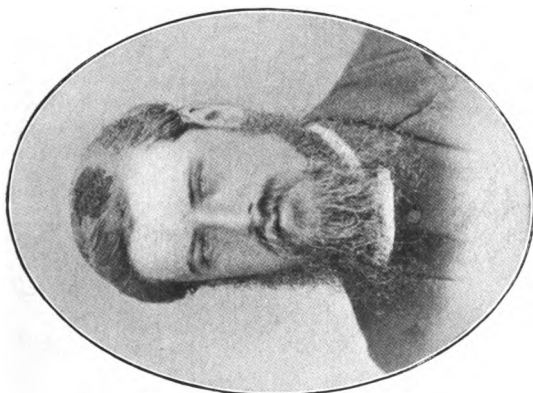
‘FRAS. FOX TUCKETT.

‘Susa, *July 16, 1874.*’

The same summer we find, in the writing of a well-known member of the Club, probably one of the very first of the testimonies which, during forty years of mountaineering, he



W. M. PENDLEBURY.



CHARLES TAYLOR.



RICHARD PENDLEBURY.



G. A. PASINGHAM,  
in 1886.



SIGNOR LUIGI BRIOSCHI,  
in 1914.



W. PENHALL,  
in 1879.

has borne to the merits of the series of great guides whose services he has been careful to retain. A facsimile is annexed.

It is in the spring of the year 1875 that Imseng appears to have met Signor Luigi Brioschi,<sup>4</sup> the well-known member of the C.A.I. Their climbing partnership seems to have lasted for two seasons, but the shortness was more than compensated by the splendid series of ascents.

They appear to have commenced with the Pizzo Bianco in May, and then to have carried through the following expeditions:—

‘Le guide Imseng a été mon premier guide dans ces excursions :

‘1. Macugnaga—Monte Moro—Joderhorn—Battelhorn, en marchant à cheval sur l’arête qui réunit ces deux montagnes. Heures 14.

‘2. Macugnaga—Colle delle Loccie (3600 mè.)—Alagna, avec le brouillard, neige qui tombait, et danger d’avalanches près du col du côté de Macugnaga. Heures 14.

‘3. Alagna—Col d’Ollen—Col de Betta Furca—Col des Cimes Blanches—Valtournanche. Heures 16½.

‘4. Valtournanche—Breuil. Heures 2.

‘A cause du mauvais temps je n’ai pu escalader le Cervin.

‘5. Breuil—Zermatt par le Théodule. Heures 6.

‘6. Zermatt—Rothhorn (4228 mè.) dans la même journée. Neige très mauvaise et fraîche. Heures 20½.

‘7. Zermatt—Riffel. Heures 1½.

‘8. Riffel—Jägerpass<sup>5</sup> (entre le Jägerhorn et la Fillarkuppe)—Macugnaga. Passage nouveau, dangereux pour les pierres qui tombent et les avalanches de neige. Descente avec 9 heures de neige et pluie au milieu d’un brouillard épais à ne voir pas même à 10 mètres en avant. En bas quelque escalade difficile sur les rochers. Heures 15½.

‘9. Macugnaga—Cima d’Jazzi—Riffel. Tout droit de Macugnaga. Passage fait pour la deuxième fois, et jamais fait de

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<sup>4</sup> In a very charming letter lately received from Signor Brioschi written in perfect English, he says: ‘You were perfectly right in stating that he [Imseng] was the boldest and one of the best mountaineers of his day. His school of daring has been of the greatest moral value to me through life. Nothing is truer than

Whatever you can do or dream you can, begin it,  
Boldness has genius, power, magic in it.’

At my request Signor Brioschi has kindly sent me his portrait to include among Imseng’s principal patrons.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. *A.J.* xi. 194, and *Boll. C.A.I.* x. 220–1.

mon guide. Nous avons couché sur la montagne à 4 heures de Macugnaga. Assez difficile pour la rapidité des rochers et des champs de neiges. Heures 15.

‘10. Riffel—Mont-Rose—Riffel. Après trois jours de neige. On n’a pu monter la Untern Sattel pour la neige fraîche ; on a tourné à droite et en silence, et sans enfoncer trop le piolet pour ne pas détacher d’avalanches de neige fraîche. Heures 14½.

‘11. Riffel—Lysjoch—Lyskamm—Alagna. Première ascension de l’année sur le Lyskamm. Pour la crainte des avalanches on a toujours marché sur l’arête qu’on a fait en 3 heures en coupant presque toujours des marches. Heures 22.

‘12. Alagna — Sesia-joch <sup>6</sup> — Signalkuppe—Riffel. Première journée d’Alagna aux pieds de la Parrotspitze où l’on a couché à 3000 mètres à peu près. Deuxième journée en grim pant sur des rochers très rapides et peu sûrs, et marchant sur des champs de neige très escarpés, au col du Sesia (4350 mèt.). Près du col tombaient toujours des pierres. Passage fait pour la première fois par mes deux guides, malgré la formidable renommée de ce passage, fait jusqu’ici par Ms. George et Moore et les deux Miss Pigeon. Heures, compris la Signalkuppe (4561 mèt.), en tout 22.

‘13. Riffel—Riffelhorn—Riffel. Grimpée du Riffelhorn du côté droit. Malgré plusieurs tentatives d’autres guides échouées, mon guide me conduit au sommet en grim pant un mur de presque 9 mètres d’hauteur et tout-à-fait vertical avec très peu d’échancrures où placer les doigts. Descente du même côté. Heures 3½. Première ascension de ce côté.

‘14. Riffel—Matterhorn—Zermatt. Première ascension de cette année. Tous les autres guides voulaient attendre encore une semaine pour monter à cause de la neige trop mauvaise et en quantité trop grande, mais mon brave guide voulut essayer et contre l’attente de tous me conduit jusqu’au sommet (4482 mèt., carte de Dufour). Descente dangereuse pour les avalanches et la chute des pierres. En tout, heures 20½.

‘15. St. Niklaus—Stalden—Saas—Mont Moro—Macugnaga. Heures 14.

‘Je recommande aux touristes Ferdinand Imseng, et je le recommande surtout pour de grandes courses ou des passages ou ascensions nouvelles. Il est d’un courage et force vraiment

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<sup>6</sup> This passage must be added to the list in *Boll. C.A.I.* xxvi. and *A.J.* xxix. 125. A passage by Mr. Kitson and Mr. Jackson with Almer, hitherto unrecorded, is mentioned in *Alpine Notes* in this number.

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~~Ferdinand and Insang~~

Ferdinand and Insang  
acted as chief guide  
to the Rev. C. Taylor,  
my brother & myself in  
the first ascent of  
Monte Rosa from  
Macugnaga, and in  
the descent from the  
summit to the Biffel  
Hotel. We had every  
reason to be satisfied,  
especially with the  
judgment he displayed

in the selection of what,  
in the state of the  
snow on the day, was  
probably the only  
moderately safe passage  
through the crevasses &  
over the slopes of soft  
snow.

Two days later F. Imasang  
acted as our <sup>assistant</sup> ~~second~~  
guide from Zermatt  
up the Matterhorn &  
down to Breuil.

He also accompanied  
(W. Taylor & myself)  
us from Breuil to  
Zermatt over the Col

This dule.

Zermatt 27<sup>th</sup> July 1872.

WM Pendlebury. Liverpool

Ferdinand Imseid of Macynaga (together with  
my own guide. Hansent Hanser of Commaeyeur) made  
the passage of the Old Wrisstler with me from  
Macynaga to the point on the Termatt side of  
the range where we joined the New Wrisstler  
route. He then went on to the Riffel with  
another party, and we descended to Macynaga  
via Curia di Jori & New Wrisstler. We  
found the Old Wrisstler decidedly hard. It was  
impossible on account of falling stones, to mount  
direct by the contour which leads to the Col  
[Mr Tyndal's route] and we had to climb the  
rocks on the left. During 5 hours of hard  
rock work Imseid showed great skill in  
selecting the route & strength & determination in  
accomplishing it. He is a very pleasant companion  
and a most willing & good-natured fellow. As a  
guide he seemed to me to be quite first rate.

W E Davidson

Balliol College.

Oxford.

Termatt. August. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1874  
We found no traces of former travellers on the Col.

Le 21 Août 1878  
Ferdinand Lhuys me conduisit de  
Wampranga au sommet du  
Mont Rose sainte Nordenskiöld  
(aut. 4612) en faisant avec cela  
la première ascension de  
cette pointe. On y employa  
28 heures seulement pour la  
montée. — Deux jours après pour  
le col de Menier, (aut. 3450)  
il me conduisit à Lematt. Il faisait  
à cet endroit d'angoisses pour la première  
fois et il n'en tira pas bien  
avec beaucoup d'adresse et de courage.  
On employa environ 16 heures de  
Lematt au haut. On dit que je  
recommande cette guide aux touristes,  
l'unique étant la seule  
course que je faisais avec  
lui, cela veut bien dire être très  
content de lui.

Ariondt Lhuys

We the undersigned wish to  
express in the strongest possible  
manner our admiration of  
Ferdinand Imboden's behaviour  
on the 29<sup>th</sup> August 1876, under  
the circumstances attending the  
rescue of the survivors from the  
fatal accident which happened to  
Mr. Hayman's party when attempting  
the passage of the Felik Joeh on the  
previous day -

We consider that it was entirely  
owing to the great courage, endurance  
& skill displayed by him & by the  
other guides on that occasion, that  
Mr. Hayman reached the Riffel Hotel  
alive -

He also formed me

The signatures to this document include that of MRS. JACKSON and of  
the following members of the Alpine Club:

D. J. ABERCROMBY.  
E. P. JACKSON.

W. E. DAVIDSON.  
J. H. A. PEEBLES.



of the expedition was organized  
by Mr. Johnson & Franz Serber.  
A search for the bodies on 2  
September and 21, after six and  
half hours of hard work on the  
spot - was obliged to return without  
success. 7 10 14 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

He displayed throughout this day the same untiring energy which has always characterized him - was at work in the crevasse during the whole of the time.

he also thinks it due  
to make to mention that he joined  
at his own desire the Voluntary  
Department of the Guards on the 30<sup>th</sup> Sept.  
altho' he had worked hard for 16 1/2 hours  
on the previous day.

to the severity of the weather, was unable to prosecute the search

for more than half an hour—

Pippel Hotel

4<sup>th</sup> Sept: 1876.

Ferd. Imseug has been our leading guide this year in the following expeditions: —

Brunigjoch

Bies Joch (descending by a new route quite avoiding the glacier)

Brunig horn

Old Weisssthor (descending to Muinaquaga)

North End & Hochste Spitze of Monte Rosa.  
(first ascent of the two peaks in one day)

Trift Joch

Rothhorn (first ascent from Zinal directly up the middle of the face, descent to Zermatt 10 1/2 hrs)

Monte Rosa (by a new route) & the North End

Down from Domjoch (first ascent)

Dent d'Hérens (from stockage)

Tiefenmattenjoch.

We think him a first rate guide especially on rocks. He is a most genial & pleasant companion. P. J. Truffer was our 2<sup>nd</sup> guide; & they worked together very well.

Aug. 25. 1878

Zermatt

W. M. Conway

Wm. Penhall

G. Scriven.

Zermatt  
Aug: 18<sup>th</sup>  
1879

Ferdinand Imoeng acted as  
my guide for the following  
Ried Pass (in very bad weather  
& the first time he had ever been over)  
Weissmies. Adler Pass. Bils Joch.  
On Tuesday the 12<sup>th</sup> we went over  
the morning on to the Weisshorn  
where we slept. on the following  
day we ascended the Weisshorn  
for the first time on the final  
side, we descended to Randa after  
a difficult climb. My opinion  
of F. Imoeng is, that, he is unequalled  
as a guide all round. I have employed  
him seven years Geo. A. Passingham



Zermatt 7<sup>th</sup> Sept- 1899

Ferdinand Hoesen acted as my leading guide in the first ascent of the Matterhorn from the Tiefschmatten glacier. He showed great judgment & intelligence in the choice of the route.

On the 6<sup>th</sup> Sep. He was my guide in the first ascent of the Nadelhorn. He is the best rock climber and the most agreeable guide to travel with, that I know.

Wm Penhall Esq.

extraordinaire. Il est toujours de bonne humeur. On ne saurait trouver un meilleur compagnon. Je lui souhaite de courses difficiles. L'année prochaine nous ferons un autre mois d'excursions si j'aurai le temps.

‘BRIOSCHI LUIGI,  
du Club Alpin Italien, Section de Milan.’

The next entry is by a very famous member of the Club, of whose Alpine expeditions we unfortunately possess an all too scanty record :

‘F. Imseng has accompanied me for twenty-five days in the Pennine Alps and the Upper Simmenthal, and I am glad to be able to say that he is a good guide, using his head, and that he is straightforward and honest.

‘T. S. KENNEDY.’

‘Zermatt, 22nd Mar. 1876.

Signor Brioschi's next entries must be given in full :—

‘Le guide Ferdinand Imseng m'a conduit hier par le col du Alt Weissthor (mèt. 3578) de Macugnaga à Zermatt avec *un froid de 28 degrés centigrades*. Le vin était gelé dans les bouteilles, les œufs on pouvait pas les rompre avec le piolet, et la viande on ne pouvait la couper. Pour surplus un vent très fort menaçait de nous emporter. Dans cette excursion je dois avouer que sans Ferdinand Imseng je serais mort là-haut du froid, étant très difficile de pouvoir continuer notre marche sur le couloir du Weissthor.

‘BRIOSCHI LUIGI,  
‘C.A.I.’

‘Zermatt, 21 Août, 1876.

‘Ferdinand Imseng me conduit de Macugnaga au sommet du Mont Rose, pointe Nordenspitze (mèt. 4612), en faisant avec cela la première ascension de cette pointe. On y employa 21 heures seulement pour la montée. Deux jours après, par le col de Moming (mèt. 3710), il me conduit à Zermatt. Il faisait ce col très dangereux pour la première fois, et il s'en tira très bien avec beaucoup d'adresse et de courage. On employa environ 16 heures de Zermatt à Zinal. Inutile que je recommande ce guide aux touristes, puisque, étant la trentième course que je faisais avec lui, cela veut bien dire être très content de lui.

‘BRIOSCHI LUIGI,  
‘C.A.I.’

(Reproduced in facsimile.)

This conquest of the Macugnaga face of the Nordend,<sup>7</sup> in which Imseng was assisted by his younger brother Abram, is the third of the great ascents on which his fame justly rests, and even alone stamps him as a great mountaineer.

While the ascent of the Dufourspitze, or rather Grenzgipfel, from this side makes but moderate demands on the route-finding powers of the leader, and is, for the great part, as Mr. Taylor has well set out, a heavy snow-grind somewhat relieved in the lower portion by a possibility of avalanches, the Nordend is quite another matter. Its face, on this side, presents a maze of subsidiary arêtes divided from each other by steep couloirs. There is no main continuous arête—and it is in making safe connexions between these various arêtes and thus tracing out a harmonious whole that the great mountaineer proves himself.

The time taken for the ascent—twenty-one hours—is some indication of the difficulty in plotting out the route. In all my experience, I know of no face of equal intricacy, save perhaps the E. face of the Watzmann or the S. face of the Bietschhorn, which is, however, on a much smaller scale, or on which a party, unless led by a brilliant mountaineer, can go more hopelessly wrong or get into greater danger. My leader, Daniel Maquignaz, was the first to repeat the expedition twenty-two years later, and on no expedition did I see such a superb exhibition of the solution, in an absolutely faultless manner, of one of the greatest problems in the Alps. The time taken—little over half—was no doubt an indication of the much wider experience of the great Piedmontese guide, but of course a second ascent has always the advantage that a route is known to exist if it can be re-traced. The deliberate preference of the Valtournanche master for Imseng's original line instead of for a route lying more to the S. is a tacit testimony to the latter's sound judgment.

We next find Imseng taking a very prominent part in the rescue of the survivors of the fatal accident on the Felikjoch in 1876, and reproduced in facsimile is the testimony of men who rank high among us.

In 1877 we find him in the Mont Blanc range and ascending the monarch itself.

Later in the year he led Mr. W. H. Grenfell (now Lord

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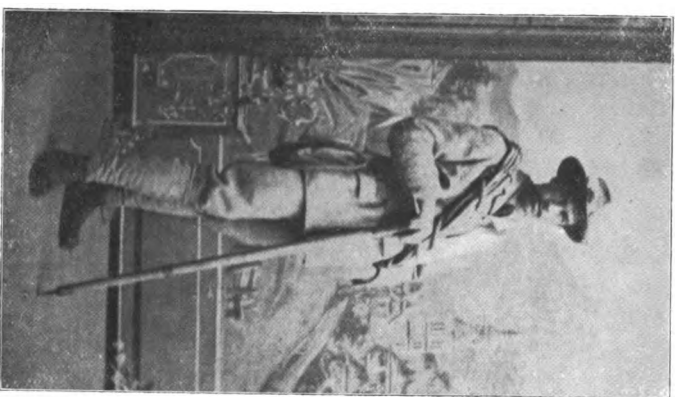
<sup>7</sup> Cf. *A.J.* xxvi. 422 seq., 'The East or Macugnaga Face of the Nordend.'



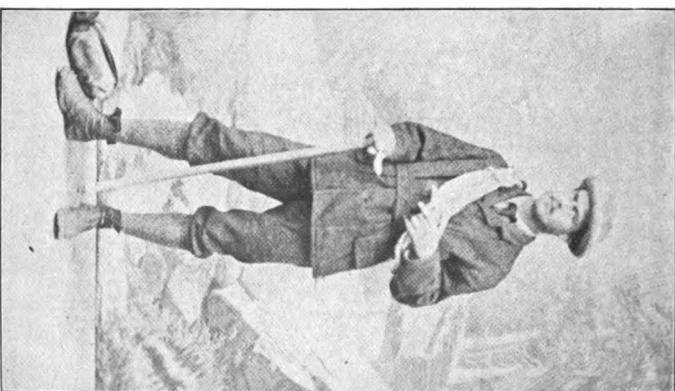
GABRIEL SPECHTENHAUSER.



FERDINAND IMSENG,  
1845—1881.



W. M. CONWAY,  
in 1878.



G. SCRIVEN,  
about 1878.

Desborough) and Mr. J. H. A. Peebles on a traverse of the Matterhorn from Breuil to Zermatt, and, a few days later, the latter and Mr. W. E. (now Sir Edward) Davidson 'from Zermatt over the Rothhorn and Moming Pass back to Zermatt in eighteen hours—he worked hard and showed his usual skill and courage in more than one trying circumstance occasioned by the lateness of the hour and badness of the snow on the Moming Pass.'

In 1878<sup>8</sup> he again joins Mr. Passingham, their principal expedition being the first ascent of the Rimpfischhorn from the Allalin Pass, still accounted a great expedition. 'We left Mattmark at 1.30 A.M., arrived at the summit of the Allalin at 6 A.M.; the top of the Rimpfischhorn at 12.15, and returned to Zermatt at 6 P.M.'

I have reproduced in facsimile the next interesting entry in his book, and the two survivors have been good enough to hunt up for this article two contemporary portraits of themselves.

Dr. Scriven writes to me: 'I am sure Conway remembers our first meeting with Franz Andermatten in the Macugnaga valley. Conway, Penhall, and I, with Ferd. Imseng, went for a stroll with Slingsby, another man, and Franz Andermatten. We all scrambled on to the top of a great boulder above "Belvedere." Here Franz went to sleep. Imseng collected some dry twigs and grass with which he made a fire behind Franz, who awoke sputtering in clouds of smoke.'

On August 1, 1879, he acts as chief guide in an ascent of the Matterhorn from Zermatt (not recorded in Mr. Whymper's list) to Mr. Robert Lord and Mr. W. Dixon Lord. Thereafter he is again in the service of Mr. Passingham, whose testimony is reproduced in facsimile. This is the famous journey which included their greatest climb, the Zinal face of the Weisshorn, a magnificent picture of which, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. De Quincey, I am able to add. Sir Martin Conway has well described this ascent as 'perhaps the longest scramble up difficult slabs of rock anywhere in the Alps.'

While the pure rock-climbing on this ascent requires extreme care, it is rather the great length of the expedition that is its main feature, and it is not devoid of objective danger in the shape of stones or snow-slides. While it requires the greatest determination, I should not say that the demands on the route-

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<sup>8</sup> In *A.J.* xxx. 68 I gave the date as 1877, based on an entry by Passingham in a notebook, but it is no doubt an error.

finding powers of the leader are anything like those required by the Nordend. Still it is a climb of the very first rank which has tested and not found wanting the great powers of an Imseng, a Köderbacher and an Ulrich Almer.

We now come to the ascent of the Matterhorn by the now well-known Z'Mutt arête. Reading through the remarkable series of letters from the Parkers—a selection of which appear in this and the last JOURNAL—I was greatly interested to come across a remark by Alfred Parker; when describing a passage of the Col d'Hérens in 1860 he says: 'We had an interesting view of the side [N.] of Mt. Cervin yesterday; it loses its obelisk appearance and is supported by a long buttress of rock which does not seem absolutely impracticable.'

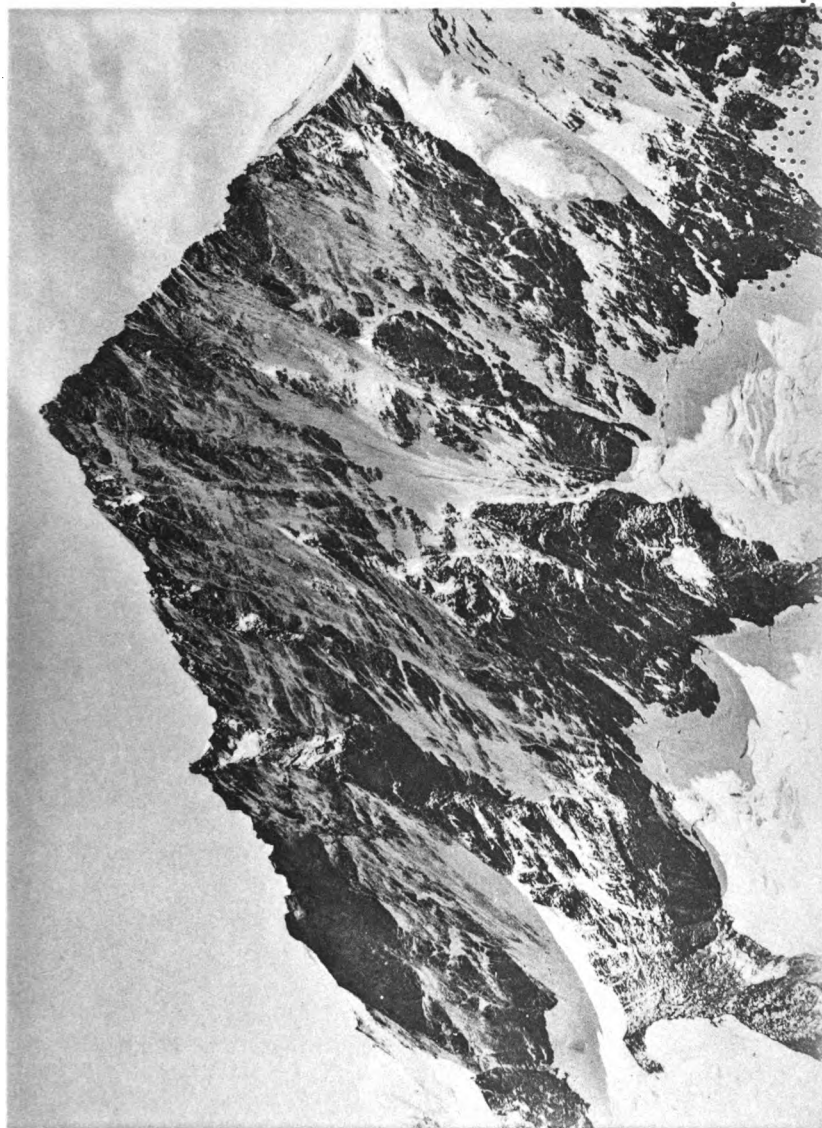
This is another example of the extraordinary prescience of this young mountaineer, and is, so far as I know, the first indication of a possible route by the Z'Mutt arête.

Whymper writes 'the ghastly precipices which face the Z'Mutt glacier forbade any attempt in *that* direction,' and again 'my old enemy—the Matterhorn—seen across the basin of the Z'Muttgletscher looked totally unassailable'; and again, 'The first [section] facing the Z'Muttgletscher, which looks, and is, completely unassailable.'

When the Z'Mutt arête first came to be considered a possible problem I do not know, but at this time—1879—Mr. (now Sir Martin) Conway was busy with the collection of material which led to the publication of 'the Zermatt Pocket-Book' in the following year, and, ten years later, of the well-known Pennine Guides. This involved the examination not only of routes already made, but also of possible routes or about which 'No information' existed. Penhall ('A.J.' ix. 449) states that as early as 1877 he 'conceived the idea' of attempting an ascent by the Z'Mutt face, and that he and Mr. Conway who 'was bent on the same expedition' engaged Imseng for August 1878 with that purpose in view. Weather intervened.

I understand, moreover, from Sir Edward Davidson that when in 1876 he was on the summit of the Dent Blanche with Melchior Anderegg, Mr. C. E. Mathews and Mr. Morshead, the possibility of the Z'Mutt route was discussed at some length. Melchior did not mention that he had once tried the Z'Mutt route alone as stated by Dr. Andreas Fischer in his 'Hochgebirgswanderungen' (1913), page 286, as he almost certainly would have done had the statement been founded on fact.

In any case, almost simultaneously we find the Z'Mutt route attacked by two strong parties led by the most enterprising



E. de Q. Quincy, photo.

WEST FACE OF WEISSHORN.

Swiss Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.





guides of the day, Alexander Burgener, Johann Petrus,<sup>9</sup> and Ferdinand Imseng, all destined eventually to fall victims to the mountains of which so often they successfully braved the dangers:

It is a remarkable coincidence—often quoted—that of the first three parties which made the ascent by the Z'Mutt, viz. : A. F. Mummery, Burgener, Petrus and Gentinetta : W. Penhall, Imseng and Louis Zurbrücken : J. Baumann, Petrus and Emile Rey, the only survivor is Augustin Gentinetta, while Mummery, Burgener, Petrus, Penhall, Imseng and Rey perished on the mountains ; Baumann disappeared in Rhodesia, probably devoured by a lion ; and Zurbrücken is reported to have died in America, the result of an accident.

Of a truth the Matterhorn is not lightly to be defied !

Imseng's party was the first to commence the attack, but was driven back by bad weather, so that Mummery's party, by what, in its lower part is unquestionably a safer route, gained the coveted summit a few hours ahead of them.<sup>10</sup>

This Z'Mutt route is again not one which should make extraordinary demands on the route-finding abilities of the leader, and Mr. Geoffrey Young's ascent of it, recorded in this number, as well as an earlier ascent by the late J. M. Archer Thomson,<sup>11</sup> have shown that it will go in quite unexpected circumstances. At the same time in the *inception* of the route a considerable share may safely be ascribed to Imseng, even if the exact line followed by him is rather too typical of simple determination to succeed.

In 1880 Mr. Passingham writes :

' Visp, September 10, 1880.

' F. Imseng has acted as my leading guide for the last six weeks and I have found him, as ever, the best guide I ever employed. I have employed him for the last seven years.

' GEO. A. PASSINGHAM.'

<sup>9</sup> ' No bolder climber or more resolute man has ever delighted the heart of an eager Herr.' Mummery, *My Climbs*, page 14.

<sup>10</sup> Mummery in *My Climbs*, page 11, says ' We met Penhall's party returning, and heard that they had definitely abandoned the ridge route.'

I do not understand this, as Penhall reports no great difficulties. However, Penhall's successful ascent next day was made by the Z'Mutt *face*, and he appears to have struck the arête above the head of the great couloir contained between the Z'Mutt arête and the W. edge of the N. face. See the diagram, *A.J.* ix. opposite page 449.

<sup>11</sup> *A.J.* xxvi. 216.

In 1881 Herr Otto Schück, of Vienna, formerly a member of this Club, employs him for twelve days, 'zu meiner vollsten Zufriedenheit,' and on August 6 we find the last entry, one by Mr. T. P. H. Jose, who made with him the ascents of :

1. Dent d'Hérens by N.W. arête from Stockje—'infinitely preferable to the ordinary route.' First ascent.

2. Biesjoch.

3. Bietschhorn.

'He has displayed all those good qualities both as a climber and companion which have gained him so many employers and friends' is a testimony which one may well envy and is a fitting close to a great career.

A few days later Imseng set out for his last expedition—to repeat his route of 1872 up the Grenzgißel of Monte Rosa. It was not to be. Before they reached the bivouac place they were overwhelmed by an avalanche. One only escaped.

And so died in the flower of his manhood a very valiant guide. He has been called rash—his end has been ascribed to carelessness. Yet it is a bold—or a very presumptuous—man who will dare to take upon himself to criticise and condemn an Imseng, a Burgener, when at last the mountains, whose moods and fits they knew so well, call them home.

J. P. FARRAR.

## PRAETERITA CAUCASICA.

By DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD.

WHEN the Editor's agent-general in London wrote to me the other day, informing me he had acquired and proposed to publish a photograph of the members of the first English party to explore the Caucasus—taken at Pätigorsk while they were 'peeling' after the ascent of Elbruz—and asked me to furnish him with letterpress suitable to accompany the libel, my first impulse was to threaten him with an injunction. My second was to refer him to the two stout works—now to be procured at a nominal price—by which I have made my Caucasian travels a twice-told tale. But on third thoughts (does not Tennyson write 'not second thoughts are best, But surely third, which are a riper first'?) I resolved to retaliate by



THE FIRST EXPEDITION TO THE CAUCASUS,  
1868.

C. C. TUCKER.    A. W. MOORE.    D. W. FRESHFIELD.

*(From a contemporary photograph taken at Piläigorsk.)*

THE NEW  
AMERICAN  
REPUBLICAN

sending him an autobiographical screed—fit to match the photograph in its lack of interest for the general public.

Captain Farrar wrote that he wanted me to explain—‘How I came to go to the Caucasus?’ It seems to me I have explained this quite sufficiently already in print. Not, I must confess, quite accurately, for family reasons at the time hindered a complete confession.

To explain ‘*ab ovo*’ why I went to the Caucasus would involve telling more or less the story of my childhood and school-days. My taste for scenery and for mountain views is, I believe, more or less inborn; at any rate, I cannot recollect a time when I was without it; yet it was fostered by circumstance. The first hills I remember are those of Ilfracombe. But as soon as I was old enough for any but seaside joys my parents began to take me on their five weeks’ summer holidays. The first scenery impressed on my brain is that of the English Lakes, seen when I was six years old, in 1851. My clearest memory of it is my bitter disappointment at the failure of the waterfall of Lodore to come up to a description of it in a boisterous poem by Southey quoted in the *Lakes’ Handbook*.<sup>1</sup> Waterfalls—moving objects—are, I have often noticed, the first incidents in scenery to attract the notice of children. A year later I was taken the regular round of Scotland. On a steamer on the Caledonian Canal I acquired credit and commendation for knowing the names of the mountains we passed from John Bright, who was a fellow-traveller on the boat. But I climbed none of them: I have climbed many since.

After a gap of a year I crossed the Channel for the first time. The railway ended at Basel, where a crowd of diligences, going in different directions across the Jura, was drawn up in the courtyard before the *Trois Rois*, still one of the few unchanged hotels in Switzerland. We went first to Geneva and ChamoniX, sleeping at St. Martin, and driving the rest of the way in cars up a rough mountain road. I gazed at Mt. Blanc with the awe inspired by a previous visit to Albert Smith’s entertainment. I can still visualise the weird view of the descent of the *Mur de la Côte* with its disjointed avalanche of human beings tumbling

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<sup>1</sup> Ruskin makes a reference to this poem (Library Edition, vol. xxxiv. p. 396) which I am tempted to quote here. ‘Every girl and boy of our young English travellers (such the will of popular education) must have this piece of disgrace to their language and landscape nailed into their tender memories.’

recklessly into space as shown at the Egyptian Hall. We went to the Montenvers and Flégère, and crossed the Tête Noire, and I made the obvious criticism that I had expected a pass to have a top to it. Two days afterwards I found in the Gemmi more of a top than I had bargained for. We met a snowstorm by the Dauben See, and my well-meaning but misguided parents insisted on my riding a mule till I was half frozen and had to be revived at the Schwarenbach Inn by a brew of red wine mulled by old Michel Alphonse Couttet. My memories of the Oberland are hazier, but we went over the Scheidecks and viewed the Grindelwald glaciers, which were then at their probable maximum of advance during the historical period. The Rosenlauri Glacier in particular thrust its tongue deep down into the forest and filled its upper ravine from side to side.

For the following nine years (with the exception of 1857) I went to the Alps with my parents, and as time passed on took a large part in planning their itineraries. We avoided the regular round and ventured into many out-of-the-way and then almost unknown by-corners. We penetrated to Cogne, Sixt, Evolena, Arolla, Zinal, the Turtmann Thal, Val Mastalone, Val Formazza, Stachelberg, Davos, the Engadine, Livigno, the Albigna Glacier. We crossed, besides the better known passes, the Zmeiden Pass, the Monte Moro, the Gries and the Albrun, the Prigel, the Segnes, the Fluela. We made the tours by the middle passes of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and the Bernina. We climbed the Titlis, the Cima di Jazzi, the Mettelhorn, the Pousset, and suchlike moderate heights. I made the first ascent (by a tourist) of the Monte Nero, south of the Bernina.

The distinction that strikes me between the Alpine travellers of the middle of the nineteenth century—I am speaking of the ordinary professional type, couples such as the Kings ('Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps'), the Coles ('A Lady's Tour of Monte Rosa'), and my parents—is that our forerunners were far more enterprising than the middle-aged members of the same class are at the present day. They were content to change their habits as well as their sky. They fought shy of big hotels—such as there were—they did their best to escape from Society instead of carrying it along with them. They were ready to be up at dawn; they faced gallantly long days on muleback, or even on foot. They were prepared to put up with the roughest of food and accommodation for the sake of a new Italian valley or an unvisited glacier. Instead of settling down at one spot, the Riffel or St. Moritz, they wandered right and left until they had left few parts of Switzer-

land without a red line showing their tracks on the map that was their constant companion. I have a series of maps drawn by my own hand, recording our yearly tours. Filling up the plain spaces in them was my constant ambition and endeavour.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three marked a turning-point in my Alpine career. I was still 'in statu pupillari,' in the sixth form at Eton, but I got leave to climb. An attempt on the Grand Paradis with old Michel Alphonse Couttet and Jean Tairraz of Aosta was stopped by bad weather, but I crossed the Col du Géant and went up Mont Blanc. The séracs of the Col du Géant were at that time formidable, and it was expedient to take to the rocks on their true right to get past them. On Mont Blanc my second guide was François Dévouassoud, whose acquaintance I then made for the first time.

In the following year I went up to Oxford and set off in the Long Vacation with two friends, Douglas Walker (now K.C.) and Melvill Beachcroft (now Sir Melvill Beachcroft, lately Chairman of the London County Council), and François, for the long cross-country walk, more than sufficiently recorded in my privately printed journal 'From Thonon to Trent,' which is now a scarce book and commands a fancy and foolish price.

This journey was characteristic of my mixed tastes ; I have always been at heart as much of a traveller as of a mountaineer. Its aim was to see as much country as possible and to pick up as many peaks and passes as came readily in our way. In this I was greatly assisted by the recent appearance of Ball's 'Central Alps,' with its fascinating descriptions of Val Maggia, Val di Genova, and the Brenta Dolomites. We made at least six new passes and climbed Monte Rosa, the Rheinwaldhorn, Piz Sella, Piz Palu, the Königs Spitze and the Presanella, the highest of the Lombard Alps (first ascent).

During the next three years, while still at Oxford, I was active in the Alps. In 1865, under the leadership of F. F. Tuckett, I was one of a party which covered immense spaces and spent many laborious days of between twelve and twenty hours mostly in Tyrol and the Graubünden. At that date huts did not exist, and inns were few and far between ; but there was a compensation in the absence of North-German holiday-makers ! Two 'double-days' rise in my memory, when we captured two maiden peaks on each, the Langtaufferer Spitze and the Weisskugel, the Punta di San Matteo and the Pizzo Tresero.

In the summers of sixty-six and sixty-seven I climbed with



my college friend Comyns Tucker in most of the districts between the Graians and the Engadine, picking up a fair number of the 'new' peaks and passes still uncaptured.

In the following year, sixty-eight, having taken my degree, I was offered a journey in the Near East. My youthful training and experience—thirteen summers in the Alps—could not but count; they called for something more than the grand tour with a dragoman, which was liberally planned for me. My own ambition was all for India and the Himalaya. That failing, I plotted how I might include in my proposed journey some serious mountain exploration. Constantinople was on the road to the Caucasus. Why should I not emulate Jason? A return through Russia was added to my official programme; and the Caucasus was in Russia. It then occurred to me as a convenient plan to take to the East with me as a travelling servant François Dévouassoud—and his rope and ice-axe. Comyns Tucker was ready and able to come with me, and through Tuckett I was introduced to A. W. Moore, who agreed to join us at Tiflis at the end of June. Thus our party was complete.

Very little was yet known of the Caucasus—I mean the snowy chain, not the province, or Armenia, to which the name is now habitually attached in the newspapers. There were, however, said to be two great peaks—both unascended—Elbruz and Kazbek, and, despite the Encyclopædias, there were probably more. Indeed the existence of a central group, of Dykh Tau and Koshtantau, had been ascertained by the Russian survey, and the news had filtered through German channels to Western Europe. It was on a German map that Moore and I worked out in the India Office the high-level route from Kazbek to Elbruz which we subsequently carried out in all its details. The sources of the rivers were fairly indicated, except in the case of the Skenis Skali, but of individual peaks and passes there was little shown. There was no English literature on the subject of any practical use to a mountaineer.

We started in January and reached Constantinople in May. There I got some valuable information and help. Gifford Palgrave, the famous Arabian traveller, was on his way home from his Consulate at Trebizond. He had been previously at Sukhum Kalé and ridden up into the mountains, probably to the Klukhor Pass. He put at my disposal a Mingrelian servant, Bakoua Pipia by name, who proved a most serviceable companion and was afterwards employed by Mr. Grove's party. He unfortunately disappeared after the war of 1877. I also

had the honour of dining with the Russian Ambassador, General Ignatieff, who gave me valuable introductions and some information of a somewhat rose-coloured character as to the facilities for mountain travel. Political jealousies ran high at that date in the East, and Palgrave and the Ambassador each warned me to trust nothing the other might say !

It was from Batum that we had our first sight of the frosty Caucasus. It is curious that no one that I know of has written of the splendid distant panorama of the chain seen from the shore on a fine morning. To the left the sharp crests of the mountains west of the Klukhor Pass rise above the waves, in the centre is the unique dome of Elbruz, and to the east the peaks of the central group. Snows without a name, travellers have passed them by as the Romans passed by the Alpine peaks when they saw them from Gallia Cisalpina, or from the lowlands of Helvetia. I recollect well the slender pyramid of Tetnuld gleaming down one of the reaches of the Rion. Before the railway was made travellers landed at Poti, and entered the Caucasus by a river steamer on the ancient Phasis.

At Kutais our introductions brought us into contact with the Governor of Mingrelia, a typical Russian official of the educated type. He produced a postal map, on which we saw for the first time numerous passes marked across the main chain between Kazbek and Elbruz, and gave generally satisfactory but vague assurances as to travel in the mountains. His interests appeared to lie mainly in other directions, sport and finance.

At Tiflis we obtained official maps and documents, amongst others the old five-verst survey, and saw General Chodzko, of the Caucasian Staff, and the two German savants Dr. Abich and Herr Radde, who had been the chief explorers of the central chain. Each of them gave us useful information : Dr. Abich as to the direction from which to attack Kazbek and Elbruz ; Herr Radde as to the wilds of the Skenes Skali and Suanetia. Neither of them could tell us much as to the region above the snow level ; their studies lay more in the direction of geology and botany. At the end of June, on our return from a trip to Persia, Moore joined Tucker and myself, and we plunged into the mountains, climbing Kazbek on the 1st and Elbruz on the 31st of July.

It was at Pätigorsk a week later that the unhappy photograph was taken which has been the occasion of my being called on for these garrulous recollections. At the neighbouring Baths of Kislovodsk we were interviewed and entertained by

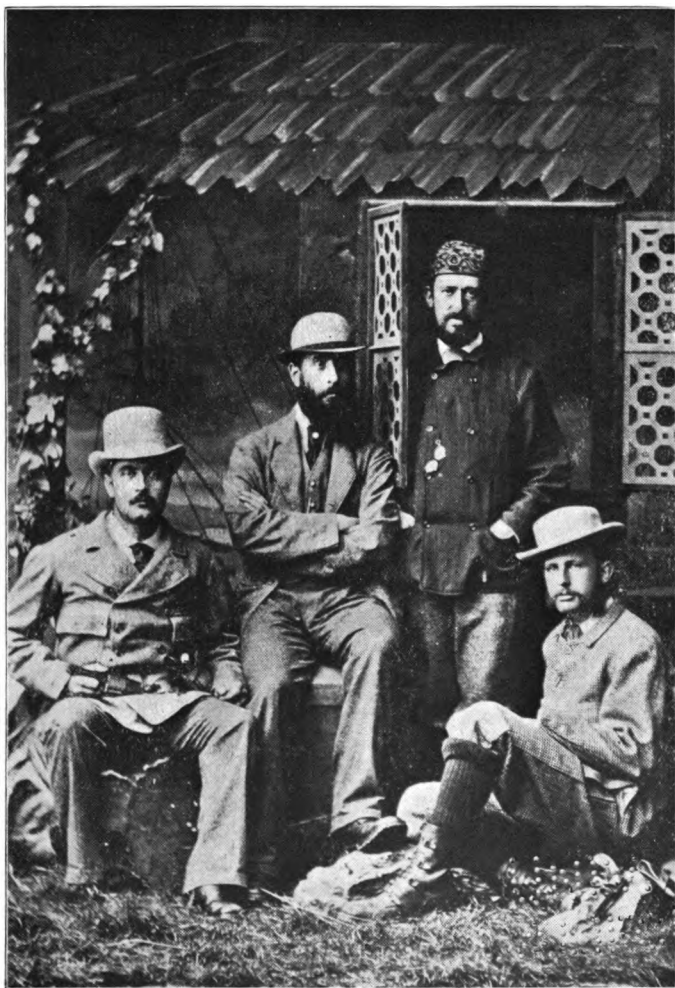
General Loris Melikoff, then Governor of Ciscaucasia, who afterwards played a conspicuous part in Russian history as a Liberal Prime Minister at Petrograd. He was the only official who rendered us practical assistance in our mountain wanderings. But I would not suggest that the failure elsewhere was due to any want of good will; it arose rather from the novelty of the demand made and the difficulty felt in appreciating the aims of a party of mountaineers.

To conclude: I went to the Caucasus because I lack the patience and perseverance that make the perfect mountaineer. In a phrase attributed to the sage of Grindelwald, I have habitually 'dissipated my energies and led a mis-spent life.' There is hardly a single Alpine group, unless perhaps the Bernina, of which I have a complete and exhaustive knowledge. There is no peak which I have climbed by every possible route. A desire for change, for fresh experiences and sensations, for new things, has carried me into many outlandish places. The first field for such adventure to offer itself to me was the Caucasus. I cannot too strongly recommend the rising generation to follow in my footsteps. After the war Englishmen will be welcome. The Suanetian princes and the chieftains of Urusbieh both expressed not long ago their hope to see more of my countrymen, with, in one case, the significant addition 'but we do not want any Germans!' They invited me to come back myself—if I was not too old.' But for the outbreak of the European War I should have accepted the invitation and been in the Western Caucasus in the second week of August in the summer of 1914. I hope still to return there.

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#### THE SECOND EXPEDITION TO THE CAUCASUS.

AN itinerary of the expedition to the Caucasus in 1874 appears on pp. 100–103 of volume vii. of the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, and a detailed account of the whole tour is given in 'The Frosty Caucasus,' by Mr. F. C. Grove, so it will not be necessary for me to recapitulate them here. The party consisted of Mr. A. W. Moore, the originator and general manager of the expedition, who brought to its use his earlier experiences in 1868, Mr. Horace Walker, Mr. F. C. Grove, and myself. We took with us Peter Knubel of St. Niklaus, who still survives at a very advanced age, and we were joined at Poti by the invaluable



THE SECOND EXPEDITION TO THE CAUCASUS,  
1874.

F. C. GROVE. H. WALKER. A. W. MOORE. F. GARDINER.

*(From a contemporary photograph taken at Odessa.)*

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Bakwa Pipia, who had accompanied Mr. Freshfield's expedition in 1868, and acted as our interpreter and cook. Bakwa Pipia disappeared after the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 and my dear travelling companions have, alas! all joined the 'great majority.' I was much younger than the rest of the party, and I was immensely flattered when Moore (who was one of my A.C. godfathers) suggested that I should join them. Moore was one of the finest mountaineers, explorers, and organisers that ever lived; his observations and records are remarkable for their clearness and accuracy; he took most of the hard work and organisation of the expedition upon himself. Horace Walker, whom I have known all my life, was a worthy second to Moore in all matters connected with the expedition, and Grove, with his breezy good nature and great wit, kept us cheerful and hopeful, often under rather depressing circumstances. The literary qualities of his book, 'The Frosty Caucasus,' led to its being translated into French. I cannot speak too highly of the great courtesy we received from the Russian authorities, who everywhere did all in their power to help us on our way. The entire journey from Kutais to Sukhum Kaleh was made on foot.

Unfortunately the weather was abominable, except for a few days at Urusbieh, where we made the ascent of Tau Sultra, 12,800 feet, and the western peak of Elbruz, 18,526 feet. We crossed the main chain twice and crossed several lateral passes, mostly in bad weather, and finally reached Sukhum Kaleh by the valley of the Kodor, where unfortunately all the party contracted fever and ague, from the effects of which I believe Moore never completely recovered. When we were at Tiflis Moore had arranged with two Russian officers, Messrs. Kwitka and Bernoff, to join us in an attempt on Elbruz, and they were to be at Urusbieh at a given date. They were behind the date appointed, and we were actually at our bivouac when a messenger arrived from them, and although they had not kept their appointment, Moore, with his usual self-denial, decided to wait for them. He, however, insisted that Walker, Grove, and myself should continue the expedition as arranged, which we accordingly did. We reached the western and presumably higher summit at 10.40, having left our bivouac, 11,300 feet, at 1 A.M.

Just before arriving at the summit Knubel asked who should go first, and both my companions said 'Oh, let the young one go first,' so I was allowed to be the first to stand on the highest summit of Elbruz.

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On our return to our bivouac we found Messrs. Kwitka and Bernoff had arrived, and they started with Moore next day for the ascent, but the weather became so bad that at a height of 15,000 feet they had to abandon the expedition.

While in the mountains we had constant trouble with the porters, and difficulty in obtaining food, which consisted mainly of boiled mutton and unleavened bread, and what we should have done without Bakwa Pipia I do not know, for he was a fairly good cook and spoke many languages, including French of sorts, which was our medium of communication.

Bakwa Pipia left us at Sukhum Kaleh, and the rest of the party proceeded to Odessa; from there Moore and Grove returned to London *via* Berlin; H. Walker and I took steamer for Constantinople, and we returned home *via* Athens, the Ionian Islands, and Italy.

FREDERICK GARDINER.

### A FURTHER LIST OF PEAKS ASCENDED IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS IN 1912, 1913, 1914, AND 1915.<sup>1</sup>

Compiled by HAROLD RÆBURN.

Date.	Name.	Height in feet.	Ascended by	District.
1912.	Nameless Peak, ca.	14,400	Max Winkler, W. Gruber, A. Lechner, A. Thal	Adyr-su
1912.	Kentshat	13,681	R. Wandel	"
1912.	Lagau	13,531	Oskar Schuster, W. Fischer	Adai
1912.	Nameless point	12,389	and H. Renner	Tepli
1912.	Kalper <sup>2</sup>	12,467		Adai
1913.	Tur Khokh, ca.	13,500	W. G. Johns, W. N. Ling	"
1913.	Ullargh	14,085	Rembert Martinson	"
1913.	Saramag <sup>3</sup>	13,790	Harold Raeburn & J. R. Young	"
1913.	Mamison Shoulder, ca.	13,800	"	"
1913.	Tshantshakhi, ca.	14,500	"	"
1913.	Nuamkuam, ca.	14,200	"	Shkara
1914.	Balik-su-bash	12,859	M. S. Golubev and party	Elbrus
1914.	Mokal-Tau	12,753	"	"
1914.	Ksgem Bash	13,163	"	"
1914.	Klunkol Bash	13,625	"	Adyr-su
1914.	Gidao Tau	13,668	"	Ukiu
1914.	Kurmitshi <sup>4</sup>	13,314	C. Egger and Miescher	Adyl-su
1914.	Andirtshi	12,838	"	"
1914.	Jantugan	13,139	"	"
1914.	Bashkara	13,543	"	"

<sup>1</sup> See *A.J.* xxvi. 96.

<sup>2</sup> Probably previously ascended by hunters.

<sup>3</sup> Ascended by Russian surveyors.

<sup>4</sup> Ascended by a Russian in 1908.

*Further List of Peaks ascended in the Central Caucasus.* 195

Date.	Name.	Height in feet.	Ascended by	District.
1914.	Gadil	13,514	C. Egger and Miescher	Adyl-su
1914.	Tiutiubash	14,475	"	Adyr-su
1914.	Jailik	14,875	"	"
1914.	Dombai Ulgen <sup>5</sup>	13,256	Drs. Schuster and Fischer	Klukhor
1914.	Sufrudsho		"	"
1914.	Bubis Khokh	14,874	R. Martinson	Adai
1914.	Vologata, ca.	13,700	Harold Raeburn	"
1914.	Karagom East	14,805	R. C. Richards and	"
1914.	Laboda	14,169	H. Scott Tucker	Laboda
1915.	'Shourovski' Tau, ca.	14,100	M. S. Golubev	Ushba

With reference to the previous list ('A.J.' xxvi. 96) compiled by Mr. H. Woolley, the first ascent of Adai Khokh was actually six years later than the given date, and was effected by Messrs. Holder and Cockin with Ulrich Almer. In 1884 M. de Déchy with Alex. Burgener and P. J. Ruppen ascended Mamison Khokh or 'The Curtain,' ca. 14,250.<sup>6</sup>

In 1903 one of Mr. W. R. Rickmer's parties ascended the striking peak which they called Tschatuin Tau 4363 m. It is the northern neighbour of Ushba and is better described as Mestia Tau 14,811 ft. The peak climbed by Signori Sella and Gallo in 1896, and called by them Skatikom Khokh, ca. 14,000 ft., is not the peak now called Skatikom (14 602 ft.), but a much lower summit (about 13,300 ft. by eye measurement). Sella's peak is shown in the photograph, p. 148, 'A.J.' vol. xxix. to the right and due N. of Vologata (ca. 13,700 ft.). If personal names are inadmissible (M. Afanasieff<sup>7</sup> proposed 'Sella Khokh' for the peak), it should be called Saudor Khokh, as it stands at the head of the great Saudor Ridge, bounding the Karagom Valley on the east.

Note on my map of the Adai Khokh Group (*A.J.* xxix. 155). I should like to correct two errors:

(1) Bubis S.W. Peak should be much closer to N.E. Peak.

<sup>5</sup> Dr. von Meck's map in *A.J.* xxii. 507 gives the height as 15,256 ft., but I am convinced this is an error for the following reasons:

(a) Dombai as usual in the Caucasus is a double peak and its W. peak is marked 13,246 ft. in von Meck's map.

(b) I saw all these western mountains right away to the Black Sea from the top of Elbrus in 1913 and had Ushba (15,409 ft.) close at hand to look down on and compare. I feel certain none came within 2000 ft. of Ushba. All looked little, ice-streaked, rocky foothills from Elburz.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. Mr. Woolley's footnote, *A.J.* xxvi. 96, and particularly *A.J.* xxix. 158 seq., 'The Highest Peak of the Adai Khokh Group,' by Harold Raeburn, with two maps.

<sup>7</sup> Afanasieff, 100 *Kaukasus Gipfel*, 1913.



(2) Lagau ought to be E. of Kaltber at head of Khabag Glacier. It is, I think, the peak which is called Skatzi Khokh in the Tsaya Valley. It was climbed by Dr. Schuster's party in 1912. The peak marked Lagau is a good deal higher, probably 14,300 ft., and, so far as I know, unascended. It is usually called Adai Khokh in the Tsaya Valley, and both Dr. Ronchetti and myself could only get this name for it. This name is now inadmissible as the Russian survey has transferred it to the highest peak, Uilpata.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, Bt., G.C.M.G.

THE country loses in the death of Sir Fowell Buxton a distinguished public servant; the Club one of its Doyens, almost the last of that enthusiastic band of young Englishmen whose Alpine journeys are recorded in those three faded brown volumes 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers,'—which are a never-failing source of delight to the mountaineer of to-day. Born in 1837, Sir Fowell was elected a member of the Club in 1860, his qualification being the Col du Géant and the Weissthor, and his sponsors Mr. (subsequently the Rt. Hon.) W. E. Forster and Mr. Hinchliff. There is no record of his having made any ascents in 1860, but his journey in 1861 is well described in a paper, 'The Col de Chermontane,' in 'P.P. and G.' ii. 273 *seq.*, the passage of which formed a new link in the 'High Level Route.'

There is one striking feature in many of these papers—written though they were mainly by men of an Alpine experience which nowadays would be considered small—and that is the breadth of observation and generally correct estimate of difficulties and danger. There is no absolute and unquestioned dependence on a guide, but a tendency to a vigorous and independent judgment. Doubtless in those far-off days the scarcity of efficient guides, of maps, of huts, brought out the climber's intelligence and grasp of the position in a way we hardly realise. Moreover, the Alpine climbers, of that period in particular, appear to have been drawn from a highly educated, vigorous, and intelligent class, compelled by circumstances, as stated, to depend in a measure on themselves, thus fostering their mountain education to an exceptional degree.

One is much inclined to think that, at one period, these Hudsons, these Smyths, these Ramsays, these Parkers, these Youngs, these Buxtons and others were within measurable distance of diverting the stream of English mountaineering from the course it eventually took and of forming a great school of guideless English climbers.



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THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON,  
about 1862.

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No sport or pursuit much followed by Englishmen has ever remained in leading-strings so long, doubtless in some measure due to the penalty for a serious error of judgment or want of care being severe, possibly even fatal, injury. Friendship in some cases, a feeling of security in others, kept us tied to these sturdy guide-companions of ours, so that in English mountaineering the ordinary course of attainment to independent work, after a thorough training under a master, as the beginnings rather foreshadowed, has, generally speaking, not resulted.

The late Mr. G. E. Foster puts it well when he writes in 'Pioneers,' p. 130, 'It is difficult to make those outside the magic circle understand the peculiar relationship that rapidly springs up between the *Herren* and their guides. Even when the latter have only accompanied you in one *grande course*, there will be warm greetings on both sides at every meeting for years, but when the guide is engaged not for a day only, nor even for a season, but for a succession of seasons, the mutual attachment becomes great indeed.'

As happens to so many other young promising mountaineers, other interests invaded the life of the young Buxton, so that his Alpine career came to a speedy end with his marriage in 1862.

His brother, Mr. E. N. Buxton, likewise for the last fifty-six years a faithful son of the Club, writes :

'I am afraid his career as a climber was not long. I think a few little things he and I did are recorded in the P.P. and G. volumes. They were mostly ascents and passes at Zermatt and on the High Level line between Zermatt and Chamonix. I began climbing in 1859. I was staying at St. Gervais with a reading party and he joined us there, and I think he then first acquired a taste for climbing, but even then he was more eager to explore the battlefields of Lombardy, Magenta and Solferino, and he carried me off to the scenes of these recent battles fought a few weeks before. . . . Thus, though you might call Sir Fowell one of the Doyens of the A.C., he was never fired by the fever and soon took to other pursuits—notably the volunteer movement, which from its inception in 1859 had his enthusiastic support, and competed with his recreations. He raised and for many years commanded a London regiment. Not long after his marriage he accompanied W. E. Forster, subsequently the author of the Education Act and an early member of the Club, to the American States, especially the Southern States, to investigate the condition of the negroes after the Civil War. . . . He was always fond of hearing about exploration in new lands and was for many years a member of the Geographical Club—a sort of inner circle of the Geographical Society.

'His most distant journeys were made late in life—namely his voyages to and from Australia, where for four years he was Governor of South Australia.

'He was ever—then and till he died—the most charming of *camarades de chasse*. Of course there are few of his contemporaries left, and not many of mine.'

It is a privilege to place on our records these all too scanty notes of a man whom we are proud to reckon as one of our pioneers, and in whom his countrymen lose one whose constant interest in the welfare of his fellow-men never ceased to play the great part in his life.

J. P. F.

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### JAMES ECCLES.

THE chain of Mont Blanc never fails to exercise a peculiar fascination, that is all its own, on the Alpine traveller, be his experience what it may. It is the veritable headquarters of mountaineering—it remains the one district in all the Alps where a man can commence and continue his Alpine education—where he may pit his skill and endurance against the greatest problems of ice and rock to be found anywhere in the Alpine world.

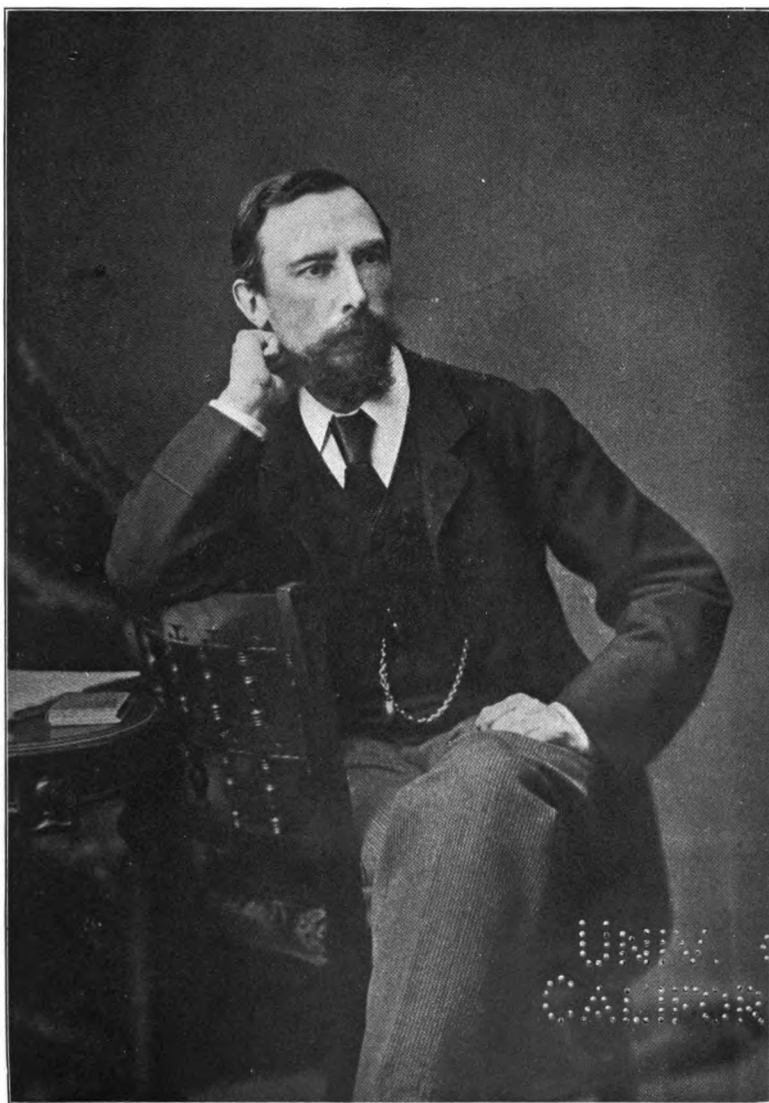
The great chain had no more ardent devotee than the subject of this notice.

Born on April 11, 1838, Mr. Eccles's Alpine career commenced in the 'sixties under the tuition of Victor Tairraz, whose name often recurs at that period. He made the ascent of Mont Blanc as long ago as 1865.

It was, however, in 1869 that probably the most continuous of those close friendships between traveller and guide, which are so constant a feature in English mountaineering, had its inception in the engagement of Michel Payot, then in his thirtieth year, one of the best guides, more especially in ice, whom the Valley of Chamonix can claim. The two travelled together for forty consecutive seasons, either climbing or chamois shooting, or occasionally grouse shooting in England.

The list of Mr. Eccles's ascents in the Mont Blanc range is a long one, Michel's younger brother, Alphonse, nearly always acting as second guide. In 1869 they made another ascent of Mont Blanc and the High Level route; in 1870 the first passage of the fantastically named Col Infranchissable between the Dôme de Miage and the Tête Carrée; in 1871 the first ascent of the Aiguille du Plan; in 1873 the first ascent of the Aiguille de Rochefort, ascending from Courmayeur and descending to Chamonix; in 1877 a new ascent of Mont Blanc by the Brouillard and Fresnay glaciers, referred to more fully below; in 1881 the Dôme de Rochefort; at various times two new cols between the Tour Ronde and the Aiguille du Géant, the Grandes Jorasses, the Mont Dolent, the Aiguille and Col de Trélatête, the Aiguilles du Midi, de Blaitière, d'Argentière, du Géant, du Chardonnet, du Tour, and others. With the exception of the Brenva route, Mr. Eccles could claim acquaintance with all the main routes up Mont Blanc.

In the Zermatt district Mr. Eccles had made all the principal ascents. Thus (in 1869) the Matterhorn from Breuil, and, at



*Elliott & Fry, photo.*

*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

JAMES ECCLES,  
in 1883.

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various times, the Monte Rosa, Lyskamm, Dom, Weisshorn, Zinal Rothhorn, Gabelhorn, Breithorn by the N. face, Zwillingsjoch, and a second ascent of the Matterhorn.

In 1878 Mr. Eccles, always with Michel, made an expedition to the Rocky Mountain region of Wyoming and Idaho, and read before the Club a graphic account of his experiences.

The list of Mr. Eccles's many expeditions is incomplete, as he kept no Alpine diary, and Payot's book up to 1893 unfortunately was lost in that year, but it will be readily seen that there are few Englishmen who had as good a knowledge of the range of Mont Blanc.

The great expedition, however, with which the names of James Eccles, Michel and Alphonse Payot, will be handed down is the ascent from the Brouillard and Fresnay glaciers of the Mont Blanc de Courmayeur by the couloir contained between its southern rocky contreforts and the great arête connecting it to the Aiguille Blanche de Peuteret, and, finally, by the upper part of the arête itself.<sup>1</sup> The party left Courmayeur on July 30, 1877, and bivouacked at the base of the final rocks of a small peak nearly at the head of the ridge separating the Brouillard and Fresnay glaciers and joined to the great rocky S. face of the Mont Blanc de Courmayeur by a narrow col; the estimated altitude was 12,400 feet. Leaving at 3 A.M. next morning, they descended to the upper basin of the Fresnay glacier<sup>2</sup> and reached at 6 the base of the great couloir, whence, partly by easy rocks on the W. side, partly by the couloir itself, which was frequently hard ice, they gained at 8.5 the crest of the great S.E. arête descending from the summit of the Mont Blanc de Courmayeur to the Col de Peuteret. This arête was followed to the summit, gained at 11.35, whence Mont Blanc itself was reached at 12.35 and, after twenty minutes' stay, Chamonix at 4.40 P.M. This expedition has never been repeated in its entirety, and is rightly considered one of the great classic ascents. The times show that the conditions were quite exceptional, as the very few other parties who have followed the great S.E. arête have encountered much step-cutting and delay.<sup>3</sup>

The expedition shows that Mr. Eccles was a thoroughly safe climber, endowed with great endurance, for it is one where mistakes are not permissible. To the powers and judgment of Michel Payot, the leading guide, and his brother Alphonse, it will always stand as a great testimony.

Mr. Eccles was elected to the Alpine Club in 1874, and to the Committee in 1881. His interest in Alpine matters never abated, and although indifferent health compelled him in later years to

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. illustration, *A.J.* xxvi. 256.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *A.J.* viii. 337 (short description); *A.J.* viii. 409 *seq.* (paper read before the Club); *A.J.* xxiv. 679 (appreciation).

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *A.J.* xxiv. 691-2.



give up active mountaineering he was still to be seen occasionally at Chamonix and the Montanvert, always in the company of his old leader Michel Payot, whose great qualities and courtly manners earned the esteem of every mountaineer.

Mr. Eccles married in 1863, and it is to Mrs. Eccles as well as to Michel Payot that we are indebted for many particulars of the Alpine career of our distinguished colleague. Mme. Loppé is Mr. Eccles's sister. His death took place in London on June 6, 1915.

It is interesting to quote in conclusion Michel Payot's words, written a few weeks ago in his seventy-sixth year :

*'Il y a deux ans, parti de Lognan, j'ai fait l'ascension du Col du Chardonnet, la Fenêtre de Saleinaz, l'Aig. du Tour, le Col du Tour, et retour à Chamonix le même jour, et je serais encore capable de le faire à présent.'* May his powers long continue !

It is hoped that it will not be found unfitting to place side by side with the portrait of Mr. Eccles, taken in 1883, the photograph of Michel, taken by Mr. Eccles himself, his *'très regretté bienfaiteur,'* so that the two great comrades may not be separated in our records.

Mr. Eccles took great interest in geology, and our sometime President, Prof. Bonney, is good enough to make an addition to this notice.

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In July 1881 I fell in with James Eccles at the Hotel Fletschhorn, on the southern side of Simplon village, where he was staying with Mrs. Eccles and his guides Michel and Alphonse Payot. A common interest in the Alps and in geology drew us together, and I accompanied him up Monte Leone. We did not meet again in the mountains till 1889, when considerations of health made very laborious excursions undesirable for both. In that summer we began at Andermatt, and studied the geology of the Lukmanier and Val Piora districts, going on by the Nufenen Pass to the head of the Rhone valley. We then went to Binn, and after ascending the Ofenhorn joined Mrs. Eccles and two friends at the Riffelalp Hotel, from which we had some interesting glacier excursions. In 1891 he met me in the Haslithal, and after some more work about the head of the Rhone valley, including an ascent of the Nufenenstock, we spent some time at Saas Fee with the same party. Here again we made some interesting combinations of glaciers and geology, after which I returned to England. In 1895 he came to Zinal, where I was staying with another friend, but we had two or three excursions together, including an ascent of the Diablons, and the next year we spent about three weeks in studying the district around Vals, the Splügen and the Bernardino Passes.

Though for most of this time the ailment which proved indirectly fatal occasionally troubled him, it did not disturb the serenity of his temper. I never had a more pleasant travelling companion. He was interested in natural history generally, and was a good 'all round' geologist, though in his earlier days he had studied fossils rather than rocks. His admirable photographs many members



*J. Eccles, photo.*

*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

MICHEL PAYOT,  
in 1897.

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of the Club will remember. He had read much and had an excellent memory. So keen was his interest in literature that, quite late in his life, he obtained the assistance of a young Classical Fellow of my College, then resident in London, to improve his knowledge of Greek. Never was there a man more unselfish or thoughtful of everything that might interest a friend. I have specimens which he brought me from out-of-the-way spots in the Alps and photographs of rocks, with no other attraction than a geological one, which are to me most valuable records, but cost him much time and trouble. The time spent in his company will always be a bright memory in my Alpine experiences.

T. G. BONNEY.

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### CATHERINE MARTHA GARDNER.

FIVE-and-twenty years ago there was no more enthusiastic climber in the whole Alps than the little lady whose death took place at Vevey in March last in her eightieth year. Although much handicapped by her short stature, she was enabled by her determination to carry out some quite considerable expeditions. She ascended Mont Blanc in 1886, and subsequently many of the Zermatt giants as well as the mountains round Arolla. Probably her best expedition was the descent of the N. face of the Pigne d'Arolla about 1890, led by the very bold guide, Xaver Imseng, killed in 1893 on the Charmoz with Mr. Aston Binns.

I think I first met her at Grindelwald in the winter of 1892, and I remember one perfect winter's day when she, Papa Almer, I and a fox-terrier pup had a delightful walk to the top of the Zäsenberg-horn, sometimes in snow that reached to her waist, the dog meantime in the sack.

She had stayed a good deal at Saas, and her great ambition was to ascend the Dom from that side. Accordingly, when one afternoon in 1894 Daniel Maquignaz and I strode into Randa after doing that journey, she drew me on one side and told me I could offer him a thousand francs if he would undertake to repeat the traverse with her. But, to her great disappointment, it came to nothing. Even the enterprising Daniel was obliged to answer with considerable reluctance, 'Ah—vous savez, Monsieur, avec elle, non—ça ne va pas!'

Once more I met her, again at Randa, five or six years ago. Reade and I were starting for some mountain or other, and she was, as ever, enormously interested in all our doings.

She was a valiant little lady, and in one's memory there will always be a place for the quaint little figure with a face that age only seemed to soften, illumined by a pair of charmingly inquiring, twinkling brown eyes.

J. P. F.

## JEAN JOSEPH BLANC, DIT LE GREFFIER.

THE well-known guide of Bonneval, one of the greatest of the old school, died in the autumn of 1914 at the age of seventy-three, after a very short illness. He was admirable as a man and pre-eminent as a guide. His loss is irreparable.

Owing to the war it has not been possible to collect details of his remarkable career, as his sons are at the front in the Chasseurs Alpins, but it is hoped that these may be published later. Monsieur Henri Ferrand writes :

‘ Je crois que je suis le premier voyageur que Blanc le Greffier ait conduit à la montagne. Je fis avec lui la première ascension *française* de la Levanna Occidentale le 27 Juillet 1877 (voir ann. C.A.F. 1877, p. 179). A ce moment il ne savait pas du tout son métier de guide et avait horreur de la corde ; quant à tailler des pas, son misérable petit piolet en était incapable, et s’il tailla à la montée du col du Bouquetin ce fut avec le piolet de mon guide Ginet et après l’avoir vu faire.

‘ Quand je le repris en 1888 c’était un guide accompli.’

(Extract from a letter, March 14, 1915, from M. Henri Ferrand, ancien Président de la Société des Touristes du Dauphiné.)

Blanc was also employed in his early days by Mr. Yeld, who adds the following testimony :

‘ In August, 1878, the late James Heelis (A.C.) and I found ourselves at Bonneval-sur-Arc with Alphonse Payot of Chamonix, who was my guide at that time. Heelis’ guide had not arrived, so we engaged J. J. Blanc, better known as the Greffier, on the recommendation of M. J. Culet, the landlord of the inn. Culet is well known in Alpine history as the companion of J. J. Cowell in his ascent of the western Levanna in 1860. He described the Greffier as an enthusiastic chamois hunter and mountaineer. The Greffier accompanied us on ascents of the Albaron and the Roc du Mulinet or Cima Martellot, and also went with me and Payot up the Ciamaarella. We found him a good man, especially on rocks, and a cheerful and pleasant companion. Bonneval in those days was not much visited ; later on, as it became more frequented, the Greffier’s reputation greatly increased.’

Blanc was in his way one of the great classical figures, and had always fought his own battles independently of all Alpine schools and influences.

Blanc Greffier’s own words may be his fitting epitaph : ‘ Tout ce que je regrette en quittant cette terre ce sont les montagnes et les chamois ’

C. F. MEADE.



J. J. BLANC LE GREFFIER,  
1841—1914.

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THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following additions have been made to the Library since October :—

*Club Publications.*

**Appalachian Mountain Club.** Snow-shoe Section. Snow-shoe manual. 1915  
6 × 3 : pp. 26.

**C.A.F. Lyon.** Revue alpine. 20<sup>e</sup> année. janvier-août 1914  
9½ × 6 : pp. 128 : plates.

Publication was stopped after August 1914. Among the articles are :—

A. Brofferio, Deux courses en Valais ; traversée du Täschhorn au Dom : Ascension à la Dent Blanche.

E. M. Couprie, Vers la Meije.

H. Ferrand, Le col franchi par Hannibal.

W. A. B. Coolidge, Le bouquetin en Suisse.

— La première ascension du Titlis.

A. Hess, Zermatt.

— Un fiasco au Weissshorn.

— Une traversée du Rothorn de Zinal.

G. Mayer, Première ascension du Dôme de Neige des Ecrins.

**C.A.I.** Statuto e regolamenti del C.A.I. con alcuni cenni sul Club e sulle sue opere. Torino, Cassone, 1908

9½ × 6½ : pp. 31.

**C.A.I. Rivista.** Pubblicazione mensile. Redattore Gualtiero Laeng. Vol. 34.  
9½ × 6½ : pp. xxiv, 384 : maps, ill. 1915

Among the articles are the following :—

F. Mondini, Il Portezuelo de Rio Blanco nella Cordillera del Cile.

A. B. Macario, Ascensioni nel gruppo della Blümlisalp.

A. Hess, Rocca Bissort.

— Il Gran Paradiso di Cogne. Ascensione per il Colle dell' Ape ed il Passo Vaccarone.

F. Ravelli, Grande Guglia rocciosa di Pétéret, prima ascensione, e Aig. Blanche, prima traversata d. Capanna Gamba al ghiacciaio d. Brenva.

F. Mauro, Il Trident de Faudery, prima ascensione d. Pta Centrale.

W. A. B. Coolidge, Il Col de Collon nella storia.

— Il Col de Seilon nella storia.

F. Grottanelli, L'Ailefroide senza guide.

— La traversata d. Meije senza guide.

B. Asquasciati, La parete Est del Mte Clapier, prima ascensione italiana.

E. Fasana, Dalla Punta di Balma Rossa ai Corni di Neufelgiu. Nuovi ascensioni.

— Grigna meridionale.

G. Carugati, Dalla Pta Gnifetti al Colle Signal, senza guide.

P. Robbiati, Lungo le parete E. e S. d. P. Sasso Rosso nel gruppo d. Bernina.

E. Gallina, Al Roccamelone, parete N.E. senza guide.

B. Figari, Cresta Garnerone, Alpi Apuane.

C. Restelli, Una traversata d. Barre d. Ecrins.

A. Bonacossa, Il Pizzo di Coca, Prealpi Bergamasche.

U. Balestreri, Mte Orsiera per la parete N.

— Ascensioni invernali nel Gruppo d'Ambin, Pta Ferrand, Mte Niblè.

E. Celli, Croda di Ligonto per la parete O.

L. Tarra, Le Dolomite della Val Montana.



P. Ferrario, Nei Monti di Champex.

A. Caligari, Fletschhorn, prime ascensioni invernali.

The following new ascents are described :—

*F. Grottanelli*, Torrioni Meccio : *D. Cressini*, Pizzi di Bùsin : *A. Negretti*, Mezzogiorno, N. : Poncione di Cramosino cresta N.E. : *L. Binaghi*, Pta Bonazzola parete S.E., Pta G.E.C., Pta Sant'Anna : *F. Pergameni*, Rocca Bernauda parete S.O. : *G. A. De Petro*, Becca d'Ücia : *L. De Riseis*, Mt. Blanc de Tacul cresta S.E. : *E. Fasana*, P. Stella parete O., Cima di Lago parete O., Pta Torelli parete N.O. : *G. Scotti*, Cima di Sovrana, Cima del Duca parete O. Mte Disgrazia parete N., P. Rucheles parete N.O. : *B. Roberto*, P. Ventina cresta N. : *P. Ferrario*, P. Cambrena parete E. : *E. Marsicano*, Torrione Brasile (Bernina) : *E. Bussi*, Campanile Adele, Campanile S.U.S.A.T. (Pale di S. Martino) : *C. Locatelli*, Presolana occidentale parete S. : *E. Ferreri*, P. Virginia (Gran Paradiso), Moncimaure cresta S. : *V. Fabbro*, Cima di Ball da O. : *G. Porro*, Mont Gelé faccia S.

**Crimean and Caucasian Alpine Club.** Zapiski. Vols. 23, 24. 1913, 1914  
9 × 6½ : pp. 232 : 207 : ill.

Among the articles are the following :—

1913. N. V. Poggenpohl, Ascents in the Tirol.

M. A. Poznanski, From Suchum to Kiolovodsk across the Kluchor Pass.

V. I. Afanaciyeu, Accident in the Adai-choch.

C. Davidovitch, Journey to Ararat.

1914. V. V. Straten, Lermontov in the Caucasus.

V. G. Povarnin, My journey in the Caucasus.

**Crimean and Caucasian Club.** Yubileni Sbornik. Pod redakcie M. A. Poznanskago, 1890-1914. 1915

9½ × 6 : pp. 177 : ill.

This contains (in Russian) :

V. I. Smirnov, Account of the activity of the Club for twenty-five years.

F. D. Weber, History of the development and activity of the Yalpa section.

Ant. M., The shore of the Black Sea.

V. I. Smirnov, Tschra-Tscharo.

V. F. Pasternatska, Kracyana Polyana.

G. H. Corochtin, The dolmens of the Black Sea and Kuban Province.

M. A. Poznanski, On Shach-dag.

R. G. Afanaciyeu, Jubilee of Adai-choch.

And other short articles.

**The Ladies' Alpine Club.** List of members and Report. 1916  
4½ × 3½ : pp. 31.

This contains particulars of the War Work that members are doing.

**Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club.** The eighth annual record. January 1916  
5½ × 4 : pp. 36.

**Mazamas.** Mazama, a Record of Mountaineering in the Pacific Northwest, vol. iv. no. 4. December 1915

10 × 7 : pp. 99 : plates.

This contains :

Dora Keen, First exploration of an Alaskan glacier.

Mountain elevations of Pacific coast.

Various articles on Mount Shasta, and notes on the Canadian Rockies and Selkirks, etc.

**Rocky Mountain Climbers' Club.** Colorado Chautauqua Bulletin, vol. iv. no. 7. Rocky Mountain Climbers' Club number. Colorado, Boulder, May 1, 1915  
8½ × 5½ : pp. 16 : ill.

**S.A.C. Echo des Alpes.** 1915  
9 × 5½ : pp. 520 : plates.

Among the articles are the following :—

H. Facs, Traversée des Alpes bernoises en ski.

F. Montandon, Souvenirs lépontiens.

- R. Beck, Gross-Fiescherhorn par le Fieschergrat.  
 Roch, Les pieds 'gelés' des tranchées.  
 H. Ferrand, La conquête de la Meidje.  
 M. Kurz, Trois pics valaisans : Bieshorn, Zinal Rothhorn, Grand Cornier.  
 E. des Gouttes, Les 50 premières années de l'Echo des Alpes.  
 L. Spiro, L'alpinisme moderne de 1878 à nos jours.
- S.A.C. Basel.** Jahresbericht pro 1915. 1916  
 9 × 6½ : pp. 41.  
 — **Katalog**, IV. Ausg. Erster Anhang. 1916  
 9 × 6½ : pp. 30.  
 — **Pilatus**. Gedenkschrift der Sektion 1864–1914. Luzern, Bucher, 1915  
 9 × 6 : pp. 35 : plates.  
 A short history of early climbing in Switzerland and history of the Section. Plates showing the Section huts *in situ* and portraits of leading members of the Section.  
 — **Randen**. Programm der Sektions-Ausflüge pro 1916.  
 5½ × 4 : pp. 3.  
**Trails Club of Oregon.** By-laws. [? 1915]  
 10½ × 7½ : pp. 4, typed.  
 — Larch Mountain trail. [? 1915]  
 11 and 5½ : col. view and text on card.  
**Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.** Annual Report, List of Members and Library Catalog. 1916  
 8½ × 5½ : pp. 17.

*New Books and Articles.*

- Abraham, G. D.** Winter-sport mountaineering : and how to avoid its dangers.  
 In Wide World Mag. London, vol. 36, no. 32. March 1916  
 9½ × 7 : pp. 489–497 : ill.
- America.** Problems of American geology. A Series of Lectures dealing with some of the Problems of the Canadian Shield and of the Cordilleras, Delivered at Yale University on the Silliman Foundation in December 1913. New Haven, Yale Univ. Press : London, Milford, 1915. . 10/-  
 9 × 6 : pp. xvii, 505 : maps, plates.  
 This contains the following papers on the geology of the North American Cordillera :—  
 C. D. Walcott, The Cambrian and its problems.  
 W. Lindgren, The igneous geology of the Cordilleras.  
 F. L. Ransome, The tertiary orogeny of the North American Cordillera.
- Battisti, Cesare.** Il Trentino. Cenni geografici, storici, economici con un' appendice su l'Alto Adige. Novara, Istit. geogr. de Agostini, 1915. L.3  
 9½ × 6½ : pp. 55 : plates, 19 maps.  
 The many excellent maps show the ethnography, population, language, dialects, cultivation, alpine club huts, etc.
- Brunies, Dr. S.** Der Schweizerische Nationalpark. Basel, Frobenius, 1914  
 8 × 5½ : pp. 211 : map, plates.  
 The Park lies on the south-east of Brail and Zernetz, extending to the Ofen Pass.
- de la Harpe, Eugène.** Les Alpes bernoises. Illustrations par Fréd. Boissonais. Texte par Eugène de la Harpe avec la collaboration du Dr. H. Dübi.  
 12½ × 9½ : pp. viii, 152 : num. plates. Lausanne, Bridel, 1915. 20/-
- Henshaw, Julia W.** Wild flowers of the North American mountains.  
 New York, McBride (1915) \$2.50  
 8½ × 5½ : pp. (xv) 383 : 19 col. 64 uncol. plates from photographs.  
 An excellent, useful, practical work with very good plates. As the work is for popular use, the flowers are arranged by colours. There are also chapters on ferns, trees, grasses, sedges.

**India.** Records of the Survey of India, volume vi. Completion of the link connecting the triangulations of India and Russia 1913.

13 × 8½ : pp. (xi) 121 : plates. Dehra Dun, Trigon. Survey, 1914

This contains the following papers :

pp. 8-19 : K. Mason, The journey to the Pamirs.

pp. 20-24 : V. D. B. Collins, Triangulation on the Taghdumbash Pamir to the Russian stations.

pp. 36-40 : S. McInnes, Link between the Chapursan and the Kilik Pass.

pp. 41-5 : K. Mason, Some geographical impressions of the Pamirs and the northern Karakoram Mountains.

pp. 46-51 : K. Mason, Geology of the Pamirs : Certain glacier snouts of Hunza and Nagar.

pp. 88-91 : R. W. G. Hingston, Blood observations at high altitudes and some conclusions in relation to mountain sickness.

The author's conclusion is that the symptoms are 'due to a failure on the part of the body to create red corpuscles in sufficient numbers to produce adaptation to the more rarified air and the diminished oxygen. This failure is usually of a temporary nature. . . Normal blood at sea level contains 5,000,000 red corpuscles per cm. . . . At 18,203 feet, the blood contains 8,320,000 corpuscles. . . . This estimation was made after camping for two days at that height, and it was sufficient to adapt the body to the diminished oxygen supply to such an extent as to avoid any symptoms of mountain distress.' There are also papers on meteorology, photography, zoology, and botany : and a number of fine plates of scenery.

**Keen, Dora.** Exploring the Harvard Glacier. In Harper's Mag. London, vol. 132, no. 787. December 1915

9½ × 6½ : pp. 113-125 : ill.

**Parker, Elizabeth.** A new field for mountaineers, the Selkirks. In Scribner's Mag. London, vol. 55, no. 5. May 1914

9½ × 6½ : pp. 591-610 : ill.

**Putnam, George Palmer.** In the Oregon Country. Out-doors in Oregon, Washington, and California. Together with some Legendary Lore, and Glimpses of the Modern West in the Making.

New York and London, Putnam, 1915. 7/6

7½ × 5½ : pp. xxi, 169 : 53 plates.

An account of this mountain and river region. Descriptions of climbing, canoeing, etc. Many good plates of the country and mountains and glaciers.

**Rabot, Charles.** Récents travaux glaciaires dans les Alpes françaises. In La Géographie, t. 30, no. 4. Juillet 1915

11 × 7½ : pp. 257-268.

**Rutgers, Fritz.** Die Lawinengefahr für Touristen. Hsg. v. Central-Comité des S.A.C. 1916

8½ × 5 : pp. 39.

**Salisbury, F. S.** Rambles in the vaudese Alps. With eight illustrations from photographs by Somerville Hastings. London and Toronto, Dent, 1916

7½ × 5 : pp. (iv) 154 : plates.

**Saussure, H. E. de.** Reproduction of suppressed plate of 'descent' (uncol.) with text, in Connoisseur, London, vol. xlv. no. 174. February 1916  
plate 6 × 4.

**Schweizerische Naturschutzkommission.** Jahresbericht 6, 1911-12.

9½ × 6 : pp. 168 : ill.

Basel, 1913

— **und Schweiz. Bund f. Naturschutz.** Jahresbericht 7, 1913-14.

9½ × 6½ : pp. 262 : ill.

Basel, 1915

**Sundt, Eilert.** The first winter-ascent of the Aconcagua, September 1915.

10½ × 8½ : pp. 8 : 32 photographs 3 × 5.

(Buenos Aires, 1915)

Mr. Eilert Sundt, a well-known Norwegian climber, has presented to the Alpine Club a volume of photographs taken by him upon Aconcagua, accompanied by a short printed account of his ascent. This

was made in September 1915, that is to say in winter, in company with Messrs. T. Bache and O. L. Holm. It was hoped that an accumulation of snow would make the terrible N.W. scree-slope less laborious than in the summer. The party was equipped with ski. Unfortunately there was much less snow than usual and ski had to be abandoned as of little use even in the Horcones Valley. Of course mules could not be used, so the three climbers had to pack their equipment on their backs. They spent a night at a hut that has been built at the foot of the mountain, and next day they advanced to a gite at the foot of the red palisades. The following day the ascent was completed, the party approaching the summit ridge by the gully most to the left (Fitzgerald's), not that further to the right taken by the present writer, by which the ridge leading to the highest summit is most easily accessible. The last hundred feet or so were rendered inaccessible by a dangerous condition of the snow. The photographs taken from the summit ridge are striking. Some of the views on the mountain itself are taken with a much tilted camera and make the slope of débris look like a flat plain out of which the highest rocks seem to rise like separate hills, but if these photographs are held above the level of the eye, the true effect can be obtained. The little book is an interesting record which will be preserved with respect in the library of the Club.

M. C.

**Switzerland.** Mein Schweizerland—mein Heimatland. Eine Sammlung von Schweizerbildern nach Amateur-Aufnahmen. Basel, Frobenius, 1916  
12½ × 9 : 144 plates : 10 pp. letterpress.

**Wales, Hubert.** The Thirty Days. London, etc. Cassells (1915)

7½ × 4½ : pp. 312.

A novel, the mystery of which begins during an ascent of Mont Blanc.

**Young, S. Hall.** Alaska Days with John Muir.

7½ × 5½ : pp. 226 : plates. New York, etc., Revell (1915). 4/6 nett

A book about a charming personality by an enthusiastic friend. Climbing and travelling in Alaska : plates of mountain and glacier scenery.

#### Older Works.

**Adams, Joseph.** Ten thousand miles through Canada. Third edition.

7½ × 5 : pp. xx, 310 : plates. London, Methuen (1913)

**Bingley, Rev. W.** North Wales ; including its scenery, antiquities, customs, and some sketches of its natural history, delineated from two excursions through all the interesting parts of that country, during the summers of 1798 and 1801. London, Longmans, 1804

2 vols. 9 × 5½ : pp. xx, 464 : xii, 431 : plates.

**Burnand, F. C.** Very Much Abroad. With illustrations from "Punch."

8 × 5½ : pp. (iii) 436 : ill. London, Bradbury, Agnew, 1890

**Farrer, Reginald.** The Dolomites, King Laurin's Garden. Painted by E. Harrison Compton. Described by Reginald Farrer.

8½ × 6½ : pp. vii, 208 : map, 20 col. plates. London, Black, 1913

**Fox, Joseph H.** Holiday memories.

Privately printed, Wellington, Som., Tozer, 1908

10½ × 8½ : pp. (vi) 147.

Presented to the Alpine Club by Miss Margaret Fox.

**Laird, E. K.** The rambles of a globe-trotter in Austrelia, Japan, China, Java, India, and Cashmere. London, Chapman and Hall, 1875

8½ × 5½ : 2 vols. pp. viii, 325 ; viii, 360 : photographs.

**Lake District.** English lake scenery. Illustrated with a series of coloured plates from drawings by A. F. Lydon. London, Walker, 1880

9½ × 6½ : pp. 48 : 25 col. plates.

**The Literary Souvenir for 1827.**

London, Longmans, 1827

5½ × 3½ : pp. 231-232, Lines written at Chamouni.

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**Parke, Thos. Heazle.** My personal experiences in equatorial Africa as medical officer of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. London, Sampson Low, 1891  
8 $\frac{3}{4}$  × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. xxvii, 526: map, ill.

This work records the first views of Ruwenzori: thus, 'April 20, 1888 (p. 217), Jephson and myself distinctly saw snow on the top of a huge mountain situated to the S.W. of our position. As this was a curious and unexpected sight, we halted the caravan to have a good view. April 22 (p. 220), I reported to Mr. Stanley that I had seen a snow-clad mountain. He was a good deal interested. May 25 (p. 233), We again saw the snow-capped mountains. March 30, 1889 (p. 395), To-day the snow mountain which was seen by Jephson and myself in April last year, and also by Mr. Stanley and myself on the 24th of May following, stands out very clearly; but not quite so distinctly as when I saw it for the first time. We all took sketches of it. The Pasha, Casati, Jephson, Stairs and myself, all watched it for a good while; and all the men turned out to see it. May 27 (p. 433), There is a beautiful view of the snow-clad peaks of the Ruwenzori range from here. It runs from north-east to south-west; its southern extremity is now twenty miles from us. The mountain side is covered with vegetation, to a height of about 10,000 feet; the summit is nearly always covered with clouds, except up to 6.30 A.M. June 16 (p. 439), Mr. Stanley photographed the snow-peak on the 13th; we also had a superb view of it last evening.'

**Rabot, C.** Vers les cimes vierges de l'Himalaya. In Lecture pour tous, Paris, 8<sup>e</sup> année, no. 12. Septembre 1906

10 × 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 1030-1043: ill.

**Spender, Edmund.** Two winters in Norway. London, Longmans, 1902  
8 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. xiv, 270: plates.

**Temple, Sir Richard.** A bird's-eye view of picturesque India.

7 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 5: pp. xxviii, 210: plates. London, Chatto and Windus, 1898

**Wales.** The Cambrian tourist, or post-chaise companion through Wales. . . 7th edition. The whole corrected, and considerably enlarged.

5 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ : pp. xi, 340: maps, plates. London, Whittaker Treacher, 1830

**Walker, Gen. J. T.** Four years' journeyings through Great Tibet, by one of the trans-Himalayan explorers of the Survey of India, A—k. From Proc.R.G.S., London. February 1885

9 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ : pp. 28: map.

**Winthrop, Theodore.** The canoe and the saddle. Adventures among the north-western rivers and forests.

London, Sampson Low: Boston, Ticknor and Fields, 1863

7 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 375.

## ALPINE NOTES.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE.' VOL. I. THE WESTERN ALPS.—Copies of the new edition (1898) of this work can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Messrs. Stanford, 12 Long Acre, W.C. Price 12s. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART I.—A new edition (1907) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of A. V. Valentine-Richards, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, is now ready, and can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Messrs.

Stanford, 12 Long Acre, W.C. It includes those portions of Switzerland to the N. of the Rhône and Rhine valleys. Price 6s. 6d.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART II.—A new edition (1911) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of the Rev. George Broke, is now ready, and can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Messrs. Stanford, 12 Long Acre, W.C. It includes 'those Alpine portions of Switzerland, Italy, and Austria which lie S. and E. of the Rhône and Rhine, S. of the Arlberg, and W. of the Adige.' Price 7s. 6d.

MAP OF THE VALSESIA.—Some copies of the Map issued with the ALPINE JOURNAL No. 209, and of the plates opposite pages 108 and 128 in No. 208, are available and can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, W. Price for the set (the Map mounted on cloth), 3s.

THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY.—Arthur Morris Slingsby (1912). C. Stonham (1890).

CORRIGENDA, 'A.J.' xxx.—P. 6, in title of the illustration read from the *Path*; p. 17, line 15, read *Misurina*; p. 21, line 5, read *Foča*; p. 69, line 14 from bottom, read *Alphubel*.

MILITARY HONOURS.—Captain Arthur Morris Slingsby, 56th Punjabi Rifles, killed in action in Mesopotamia on March 8, 1916, was awarded the Military Cross 'for conspicuous gallantry. He led a party of his battalion which maintained itself with great determination for hours within a few yards of the enemy's trenches. When his commanding officer fell he commanded the battalion, and, on being ordered to break off the engagement, went back under heavy fire to make sure there was no mistake, and then, returning, skilfully withdrew his men.'

FRENCH WAR HONOURS.—The President of the French Republic has bestowed the decoration of the Legion of Honour (Croix de Chevalier), with the approval of His Majesty, on Major Edward Lisle Strutt, 3rd Royal Scots, General Staff, War Office, in recognition of his distinguished service in connexion with the war.

ITALIAN WAR HONOURS.—Signor Ettore Santi, the well-known Turin mountaineer, now sergeant in the Alpini, has been awarded the silver medal 'for attacking the enemy at the head of his platoon and giving a splendid exhibition of courage and disdain of danger on Monte Nero, July 3, 1915.' We much regret to learn that he was severely wounded in this action.

**TWO BROTHERS HONOURED.**—The King of the Belgians has made Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold in recognition of services rendered to the population of Ypres and Flanders between November, 1914, and June, 1915, 'under conditions calling for exceptional courage and resource.' Mr. Young was in command, at the front, of the Friends' Unit of the British Red Cross, and received the distinction, rare for a civilian, of a mention in Sir John French's despatches of June, 1915.

In the same week the King of Serbia has bestowed the special Medal for Valour on Lieutenant Hilton Young, R.N.V.R., M.P. for Norwich, in recognition of his conduct with the British Naval Mission at the siege of Semendria. These two officers are the younger sons of Sir George and Lady Young, of Formosa.—*Times*, January 26, 1916.

**CASUALTIES AMONG THE FRENCH GUIDES.**—The St. Gervais guide, Frédéric Henri Mollard, is reported killed in action.

**MR. DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD**, President of the Royal Geographical Society, has been made an honorary member of the Italian Royal Geographical Society.

**CAPITAINE H. DUHAMEL**, 28me. Bataillon de Chasseurs Alpins (Commandant le D. des Skieurs), the well-known mountaineer and author, has accepted the Honorary Membership of the Alpine Club.

**INN ON THE MONTE MORO PASS.**—A small inn to accommodate about twenty people has been opened on the Italian slope of the Pass, about 200 feet below the summit. It is intended to open it from June until October.

**THE LAST SUMMER AT CHAMONIX.**—A few of the hotels were fairly supported and the usual excursions were made. Mont Blanc was not ascended until July 22, and only two ascents in all are reported. Profiting from a series of marvellous days, Mr. F. Burlingham was able to cinematograph Mont Blanc and its summit.—*La Montagne*, 1915, p. 144.

**LA CIME DES GELAS (3143 m.).**—On August 22 last Mass was celebrated on the summit of this mountain, and was attended by forty-five travellers, including M. de Cessole, president of the Section des Alpes Maritimes C.A.F., and Mr. Henry Montagnier—both members of the A.C.

**DR. ALEXANDER SEILER**, the well-known head of the Seiler interests in the Zermatt Valley, and between whose family and English travellers there exists a very deep-rooted and old-time friendship, has written to express his desire to receive as his personal

guests at Zermatt any wounded officers who are members or connexions of members of the Alpine Club. The invitation is also extended to Red Cross nurses who are friends of members, nominated by the A.C.

Application should be made to the Secretary.

LES REFUGES NAPOLEON.—It is not generally known that Napoleon I. left a legacy for the erection of six refuges on Cols difficult in bad weather. The work was only carried out in 1854, when the following were built:

1. On the Col de Manse—route Haut Champsaur-Gap. P. 169.<sup>1</sup>
2. On the Col du Noyer between le Bas Champsaur and le Dévoluy. P. 77.
3. On the Col Agnel, between Fongillarde and Casteldelfino. P. 51.
4. On the Col de la Croix, between Abriès and Bobbio. P. 69.
5. On the Col d'Izouard. P. 84.
6. On the Col de Vars. P. 39.

Those on the Col Agnel and the Col de la Croix have now become military posts, while that on the Col du Noyer is reported to be in a lamentable state.—*La Montagne*, 1915, pp. 145-6.

THE VISITORS' BOOK FROM 1836 TO 1848 OF THE GRIMSEL HOSPICE.—Canon Horsley, of Detling Vicarage, Maidstone, writes:—

'There lies before me a most interesting record of the early days of travelling in the Oberland. It is the property of Herr Liesegang, of Meiringen, and is the first Visitors' Book<sup>2</sup> at the Grimsel Hospice, of which Herr Liesegang was landlord. Its purport is expressed in the words of the donor, written in German, French, and English, and the last version I transcribe:

#### 'RECORDS

of those sentiments and feelings we experience and prove at the sight of the sublime scenery of nature, a remembrance of the enjoyments and sufferings attending on travelling, dedicated to all the travellers in the Alps by their faithful companion,

#### 'THE WANDERER IN SWITZERLAND'

(i.e. the publisher or editor of a little periodical of that name published in Basel).

An entry on August 23, 1840, is of great interest, signed as it is 'L. J. Agassiz, Prof.' It runs:

'Arrivés au Grimsel le 7 Août, avec plusieurs amis, pour y étudier les glaciers, nous nous sommes établis en permanence sur le glacier

<sup>1</sup> These pages refer to Ball's 'The Western Alps,' Mr. Coolidge's edition.

<sup>2</sup> [There was an earlier book, cf. *A.J.* xiii. 269.]



inférieur de l'Aar, au pied de l'Abschwung, dans une cabane improvisée par Jacob Leuthold and Joh. Währen.<sup>3</sup> Là j'ai passé neuf jours et sept nuits consécutivement, occupé à faire des observations . . . Le 17 Août nous sommes partis à 4½ h. du matin pour traverser la mer de glace qui sépare le Grimsel de Grindelwald, où nous sommes arrivés à 3 heures de l'après-midi. En se confiant aux conseils de l'Intendant de cet hospice, et accompagné de Leuthold, on peut sans crainte tenter cette course ; le séjour sur le glacier de l'Aar est admirable et la course à l'Abschwung n'est pas pénible. Je la recommande à tous ceux qui désirent voir les Alpes dans toute leur majesté et dans toute la sévérité de leur solitude. Notre cabane pourra, je l'espère, servir encore longtemps d'abri aux voyageurs qui visiteront le glacier inférieur de l'Aar. Celle que M. Hugi avait fait construire en 1827 est maintenant détruite par les injures du temps. Elle est descendue de 200 pieds depuis l'année dernière. Pour que notre cabane puisse servir à des observations sur le marche du glacier, nous avons mesuré sa distance de l'Abschwung, qui est de 797 mètres. Le bloc qui l'abrite porte l'inscription suivante :

L. J. Agassiz.

C. Nicolet.

E. Desor.

C. Vogt.

F. de Pourtales.

H. Coulon.

Hôtel des Neuchâtelois,

797 mètres,

Août, 1840.

*Architectes :*

Jacob Leuthold.

Joh. Währen.

Grimsel, le 23 Août, 1840.

'L. J. AGASSIZ, Prof.'

In 1843 we read :

'Started the 8th July from the Grimsel, accompanied by three guides, Jaun, Bannholzer, and Michel, in order to plant a flag on the virgin peak of the Wetterhorn.

'STANHOPE TEMPLEMAN SPEER.'<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> [Illustrated and more fully described in Desor's 'Excursions et Séjour de M. Agassiz sur la mer de Glace du Lauteraar &c.' (1841). See also *A.J.* xii. 177-8.]

<sup>4</sup> [This entry is of considerable interest. Mr. Speer did not reach the summit on this occasion, but eventually succeeded in doing so on July 8, 1845. His account of the climb is reprinted in *A.J.* xvii. 104 seq. and is accompanied by a valuable 'historical note' by Mr. Coolidge, who, on page 118, examines Speer's qualifications critically, remarking 'he seems to imply that he had done some climbing previously.' The entry of the 1843 expedition shows this surmise to be correct. This entry also gives the name of the third

Space compels us to confine ourselves to the extracts of historical interest, except the following Greek poem composed in 1843 by C. W. H. L. :

‘χωρεῖν, καθεύδειν, ἐσθίειν, πίνειν, πάλιν  
χωρεῖν, ‘βαβαιᾶξ, ὡς καλόν!’ κεκραγέναι,  
κοντὸν τρίπηχον χερσὶν οἰακοσφορεῖν,  
Γαλλιστὶ βάζειν, τοῦνομ’ ἐν βίβλῳ γράφειν,  
ὀμβροφόρον ὡς τὰ πλεῖστα δυσφημεῖν Δία,  
τοιόσδ’ ὁ βίότός ἐστι τῶν ὁδοιπόρων.’

to which a translation was appended in 1846, as follows :

‘To tramp, to smoke, to drink, to sleep, to eat,  
Tramp back and then exclaim “How grand! How sweet!”  
A six-foot alpenstock to carry back,  
Speak French, and leave your name in white and black,  
To sulk and curse the horrid misty weather,  
Such is the tourist’s life ta’en altogether.’

The final page of the canon’s interesting labours must be quoted in full :

‘The sketches are mainly feeble, especially when of comic intent; but some would bear reproduction. The most clever is perhaps *Un beau Matin sur la Grimsel*, in which a whole page has been lightly smudged over, while the faintest indications of a few rocky summits appear. As while I write the clouds are low in the Haslital, and the rain is far more than the fluid fog sometimes taken by tourists for rain, this portraiture of an utterly obscured view appeals to one’s sense of accuracy.

‘The book is, however, of historical interest, and I suggested to my friend that it should be deposited in some Alpine museum. He, however, has hopes or visions of a museum at Meiringen to contain all that belongs to my beloved Haslital—which would be of great interest and go far to atone for the funicular which seams and scars and shames one side of the valley, and the new electric tram which conveys the adipose and the orthopædic and the plutocrats to the gorge and enables them to “do” Meiringen in an hour, whereas I have not yet exhausted its walks and climbs in twenty-two annual visits.’

guide, Michel, who may be presumed to be the unnamed guide of the 1845 party, of whom Mr. Coolidge remarks : ‘It is odd that he never mentions the name of the Interlaken or Grindelwald guide who accompanied him from Interlaken throughout his journey and back.’ In the same note Mr. Coolidge gives, with his unrivalled knowledge, some very interesting particulars about the guides who accompanied Mr. Speer in 1843 and 1845, viz. Johannes Jaun, Kaspar Abplanalp, and Melchior Bannholzer.

There is a very able note by Dr. Dübi in *Jahrbuch* xxxix. of the S.A.C. on the history of the earliest ascents of the Wetterhorn.]

THE MONTE BEGO AND THE ROCK-INSRIPTIONS NEAR THE LAGHI DELLE MERAVIGLIE IN THE MARITIME ALPS.—These inscriptions were referred to by Mr. Brigg in his paper 'Through the Maritime Alps,' 'A.J.' xxix. 304. They are also mentioned by Mr. Coolidge in his edition of Ball's 'The Western Alps,' p. 8.

The Monte Bego, the 'Rigi of the Maritime Alps,' on the flanks of which these inscriptions are found, is the subject of an elaborate monograph from the able pen of M. Henri Ferrand in 'La Montagne,' 1915, pp 127-143.

These inscriptions can be easily visited by a party, as did Mr. Brigg's, approaching the Maritimes Group from the Tenda road by way of San Dalmazzo and the Valle della Miniera, at the head of which, called the Val dell' Inferno, stands the Monte Bego, in preference to the usual way from the north. The amphitheatre at the head of this valley appears from M. Ferrand's description to be very wild.

His paper should be carefully studied by anyone intending to visit the Maritimes.

M. Ferrand deals very fully with the rock-inscriptions, to which public notice was apparently first drawn by Gioffredo in his 'Storia delle Alpi Maritime,' published in 1650 and reprinted at Turin in 1824 and 1839. It would appear that an English savant, Mr. Clarence Bicknell, resident at Bordighera, has in recent years been mainly instrumental in extending the researches into these inscriptions. In the last thirteen years Mr. Bicknell has passed 183 days camped in the neighbourhood. He has succeeded in counting about 7000 figures, and estimates the full number at 12,000. The conclusion is that these prehistoric figures are connected with some religious rite. M. Ferrand warmly commends Mr. Bicknell's proposal to make a sort of National Park of the immediate neighbourhood, and thus preserve these interesting relics of the past from the hands of the Vandal. He also mentions that the big guns of the forts on the Col de Tenda, at practice, often fire shells into the Val Fontanalba which burst among the rocks bearing the inscriptions.

By M. Ferrand's courteous permission we reprint the bibliography of the subject appended to his article in 'La Montagne.'

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THE SESIAJOCH.—In addition to the passage by Signor Brioschi with Ferdinand Imseng in 1875, quoted in the notice of the latter's Führerbuch, there is a passage in 1876 by Mr. James Jackson and the late J. Hawthorn Kitson with Almer (Almer's Führerbuch, facsimile edition, p. 200).

THE ALPINE JOURNAL.—Owing to the restrictions in the importation of wood pulp, it becomes necessary to reduce all publications. In consultation with the Editor the Committee has decided to publish, this year, only one more number of the Journal to appear early in October, and provisionally, next year, three numbers, at intervals of four months, the first to appear on February 1st.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*The Alpine Club.* By L. Spiro. 'Écho des Alpes.' 1915, No. 10.

'IL est impossible de jeter un coup d'œil sur le développement de l'Alpinisme sans voir se dresser devant soi la grande silhouette de l'Alpine Club, la doyenne des associations alpines.'

With these words M. Spiro opens an article of some twenty-four pages dealing with the formation and activities of the Club since its inception. While some of M. Spiro's assertions are not entirely in accord with the facts as received by us, we acknowledge with much appreciation the general tone of his article.

The statement that the British minister at Berne offered £50 to the Alpine Club towards building a hut on the summit of the Jungfrau is certainly quite erroneous, nor is anything known among us of one of the Presidents having proposed to vote funds towards the building of small mountain inns!

It is true that the commune of Zermatt did once offer to the Alpine Club a concession of the ground on which the Zermatterhof now stands for the purpose of building an hotel, which offer, of course, could not be entertained.

Some comment is made on the policy of the Club in avoiding, in its corporate capacity, financial responsibilities in the direction of the building of huts and developing generally the accessibility of the Alps, but the recognition by individual members of their responsibilities by joining the various national Alpine Clubs and by subscribing to various accident funds is duly emphasised.

Generally speaking, the financial resources of a small club, like the Alpine Club, are as a rule much overrated by our Continental confrères.

It will be remembered that English climbers may be taken to spend on their guides and mountain expeditions generally a sum that is scarcely a negligible quantity in many an Alpine village, while in case of sickness or need the English mountaineer has seldom been behindhand in voluntary assistance.

We value highly the words with which the author ends his article: 'L'Alpine Club n'en a pas moins rempli la charge qui lui était dévolue; son action sur l'alpinisme a été forte, droite et juste; il était équitable de la reconnaître et d'en marquer de la gratitude.'

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE 'HIGH LEVEL ROUTE.'

*To the Editor of the ALPINE JOURNAL.*

DEAR SIR,—On page 337 of the last volume of the *ALPINE JOURNAL* appears a footnote about the High Level Route, in reference particularly to some early climbs of Mr. Fox, which appears to me to be not quite accurate, at any rate from the historical point of view. The 'High Level Route' is such a glorious walk, and takes such a considerable place among the early scrambles of the Club, that I think it is a pity that its earliest features should be in any way misunderstood.

It will be remembered that the Route is described, by the men who originally worked it out, in the first volume of the second series of P. P. & G. (1862). The general introduction is by F. W. Jacomb (p. 227),—the Col d'Argentières by Stephen Winkworth (p. 231), the Col du Sonadon by Jacomb (p. 241) and J. F. Hardy (p. 252), the Col de Chermontane by Sir T. F. Buxton (p. 273), the 'Col de la Reuse de l'Arolla' (*sic*) by F. F. Tuckett (p. 287), and the Col de la Valpelline by Jacomb (p. 306). All these passes were made in 1861 except the last-named, which was made in 1860.

Mr. Jacomb's description of the route is as follows:—

'This route consists of four new passes, each occupying a day, and of an intermediate link, for which part of a day is sufficient.' . .

'The first is from Chamounix, by Mr. Winkworth's new Col d'Argentières, ascending by the glacier of that name from the Col de Balme, and thence descending upon Orsières or St. Pierre. The second day is from St. Pierre to Chermontane, up the Glacier du Sonadon . . . crossing the new Col du Sonadon, and down the Glacier du Mont Durand. The third day is from Chermontane to Prérayen by the Glacier of Chermontane and Mr. Tuckett's new Col de la Reuse de l'Arolla, with the alternative of reaching the Chalet d'Otemma from the same starting point, by the Glacier de Pièce and Messrs. Buxton and Cowell's new Col de Chermontane. The fourth and last day is either from the Chalet d'Otemma past the Dent des Bouquetins to the Col de la Valpelline, considered by Messrs. Buxton and Cowell as practicable; or else from Prérayen, at the head of the Valpelline, by the new Col of that name to Zermatt, passing along the Zardezan Glacier, by the south of the Tête Blanche, and thence down the Zmutt.'

As to this description, which seems to me quite clear (with the exception of the reference to the Col de Balme, which I do not understand, and which does not really come in at all), it may be noted:—

I. The 'intermediate link' is the unavoidable, but dull, stretch

between Orsières and Bourg St. Pierre. (No one seems yet to have had the strength of mind, or wind, to cross *directly* the steep and heavily-wooded double ridge which separates La Neuvez or Praz de Fort from Bourg !)

II. The Glacier of Chermontane is now called the Glacier d'Otemma.

III. The 'Col de la Reuse de l'Arolla' is the Col d'Oren of 'The Climber's Guide.'

IV. The Chalet d'Otemma is 'about half a mile from the lower end of the Arolla Glacier' (p. 284); it is therefore practically the Arolla of to-day. No doubt the older name was due to the fact that Studer called the Zigirenove Glacier the Glacier d'Otemma.

V. The route from Arolla to Zermatt by the Col du Mont Brulé and the Col de la Valpelline, 'considered as practicable,' had not actually been made when Jacomb wrote. It was first traversed in 1863.

The original and historical High Level Route therefore was,—(omitting the 'link'),—the Col d'Argentière, the Col du Sonadon, the Col d'Oren, and the Col de la Valpelline.

The Col d'Argentière was naturally superseded by the Col du Chardonnet, when this was discovered in 1863 by Mr. Adams-Reilly. The Col d'Oren, and the unnecessary descent to Prérarven, were superseded when, in the same year, the route from Arolla to Zermatt by the Cols du Mont Brulé and de la Valpelline was traversed for the first time by Sir George Young's party (in the reverse direction). From Chermontane (or Chanrion) to Arolla, and from Arolla to Zermatt, there are now, of course, several variants, most of which I have crossed, but there are none, I think, that on the whole are quite as fine as the original. Any such preference is clearly matter of opinion, but there can be no difference of opinion about the extraordinary interest and beauty of the route as a whole. I feel almost disposed to say that to have traversed it at least once might well be a *sine quâ non* of admission to the Club, if only as a tribute of respect to our forerunners! Of course, a really thorough-going pedestrian might extend the route at both ends. Starting from Chamonix itself instead of from Lognan, the Col des Grands Montets would naturally give a fairly direct pass for a first day. Then from Zermatt eastwards there is the Mischabel Joch, with its splendid east wall, as well as the other passes which go direct to Saas, and thence the Rossboden Joch to Simpeln and to a rest in Italy which, at that stage, would no doubt be appreciated! A climber still more conscientious in avoiding valleys might even cut out Zermatt itself, go straight from Arolla to the Schwarz-See and the Riffelhaus, and reach Saas by the Schwarzberg Weisssthor. But such glorious recollections (I only wish they were also anticipations) are almost too overpowering for a dark winter's day in war-time!

To combine the last two days into one, *i.e.* to go direct from Chanrion to Zermatt or *vice versa* (the 'Express route'), is, of course,



possible, and indeed was done virtually in 1863 and, actually in 1876 (Mr. Coolidge's edition of 'The Western Alps,' p. 427). In recent years it has been done not infrequently by active climbers, possibly by the friend whom I suspect to have been the author of the footnote about which I am writing. But I am not inclined to admit that a *tour de force* of this kind comes into the legitimate traverse of the High Level, any more than I can admit that to do a four hole in three is legitimate golf!

As to the route from Arolla to Zermatt via the Cols du Mont Brulé and de la Valpelline, it may be useful to note that while no one coming from the Zermatt direction could miss the proper crossing of the ridge between the Mont Brulé and the Bouquetins, yet anyone crossing the ridge from the Arolla side 'between 3377 and 3351 (Italian map),' would find himself right down on the 'Bas Glacier de Za-de-Zan,' some 1200 to 1500 feet lower down than he would wish to be, unless he first traversed a considerable distance northwards along the ridge (which it is perfectly easy to do). The *direct* crossing, from the Arolla side, should be as far north as possible, north of the little ridge marked 3301 on both the Italian and Siegfried maps up to 1911, and not very far from the point marked 3365. On the new (1911) edition of the Siegfried, the point 3301 is no longer marked, and a corresponding eastern ridge has disappeared. The crossing seems to be indicated as a little snow col just south of 3365. The points 3377 and 3351 were never marked on the Siegfried map.

I remain, yours faithfully,  
ALEX. B. W. KENNEDY.

The Albany, Jan. 31, 1916.

[I am delighted that my footnote has brought forth such an interesting review of the evolution of the 'High Level Route,' nowadays most undeservedly neglected. No praise can be too great for its magnificent scenery. It is verily 'a *grande course* of inexhaustible interest, traversing, as it does, almost throughout its entire length, a series of the most magnificent glaciers and snowfields.'<sup>1</sup> The 'Express route' mentioned in my innocent footnote was made already in 1863, the obvious sequence to the idea underlying the original route, viz. of 'connecting the two centres [Chamonix and Zermatt] in almost a direct line.'<sup>2</sup> The last paragraph on page 230 of P.P.G. implies at least no objection to shortening the route, and on page 306, line 4 from the bottom, is a passage even stronger in favour of shortening the route, viz.: 'If a passage could be made . . . in one day instead of two, not only would the facility of access to the Chamounix district be sensibly improved. . .'

Good walkers naturally shied at the lateral deviations to Arolla or Prarayé, involving long descents of over 3500 feet, and resolutely

<sup>1</sup> P.P.G. ii. 229.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. ii. 229.

set their course straight for Zermatt. Moreover, was not the delight, quite apart from the splendours of the journey, of seeing on the map the extent traversed, sufficient reward for the labour?

With respect to the Col du Mont Brulé, my party, in 1913, after descending from the Col de l'Evêque, crossed the plateau of the Col de Collon and then descended very steep avalanche snow, in very bad order, S.E. of La Vierge. We then turned sharp east and, keeping parallel to the steep snow-slopes forming the N. flank of the arête 3516-3621, made for a steep broad snow-slope, right ahead of us, leading to the arête running N. from the Mont Brulé.

So far as I could judge, this arête, running N. from the Mont Brulé, can be reached from the Arolla side almost anywhere up to the point where it starts to form the great mass of the Bouquetins.

The point gained may have been the Col de Tza de Tzan,<sup>3</sup> as we were quite close to the foot of the N. arête of the Mont Brulé itself, while steep, broken, reddish rocks appeared to lead straight down to the lower part of the Haut Glacier de Tza de Tzan. The Aosta hut was plainly visible.

At the first glance we thought that we were in for a long and tiresome descent, but soon observed that by skirting along the main arête in a northerly direction we could, with little loss of height, gain the snow-slopes which lie at the foot of the Bouquetins and by which the Col de Valpelline is reached.

It is seldom that I have entered Zermatt with such immense satisfaction. There still rang in our ears the parting words of an enthusiastic French lady at Chanrion,<sup>4</sup> 'Ah, voilà des intrépides qui partent pour une course de 14 heures sur la glace!' But you need not be very intrepid after all.

*'The friend whom I suspect.'*]

<sup>3</sup> Sheet 'Theodulpass' of the Siegfried map—Ueberdruck, 1911.

<sup>4</sup> To the east of the Chanrion hut, about 20 minutes up the clavier above it, on a kind of terrace or shelf, there run round the W. and S. flanks of the Pointe d'Otemma, past the point 2918, the traces of an old path apparently not known to guides. When it reaches 2918 and turns N.E. above the glacier it becomes very indistinct and is most difficult to keep to in the dark. It is then broken away by a great gully from the 'Grande Lyre.'

It took us, by this path, 2 hours of rough walking from Chanrion to the Otemma Glacier which was struck at about point 2721. If this path were put in order it would be a convenient start for, and even more convenient way back from, the many peaks and passes of the Otemma Glacier. Until this is done it is probably quicker and certainly easier to descend from Chanrion to the foot of the glacier.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W., on Tuesday, February 1, 1916, at 8.30 P.M., the Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Pickford, *President*, in the Chair.

The PRESIDENT said: I regret to have to call attention to the death of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Stonham, C.M.G., F.R.C.S. He has not climbed for a good many years, nor has he been seen at the Meetings of the Club in recent times. He went out on service to the Dardanelles, and the announcement of his death from disease which he contracted there was only mentioned in this morning's papers. I think one may say that he died in the service of his country just as much as if he had died in action.

The Club will be pleased to hear that our Member Mr. Geoffrey Young has been personally decorated by His Majesty the King of the Belgians for meritorious services in Flanders, and I think I may also mention, although he is not a Member of the Club, that his brother, Mr. Hilton Young, has also been decorated by His Majesty the King of Serbia for meritorious services there.

I dare say that you have all read the contents of the February number of the ALPINE JOURNAL, as much for the interest you take in the Club as appreciation of the great efforts of the Editors in getting it out so punctually. If you have read it, you will have read the account of some very remarkable guideless climbing by the Messrs. Parker, which happened in 1860, when guideless climbing was not an everyday occurrence as it is at the present time. There are four climbers mentioned in the JOURNAL, two of whom were Members of this Club for a number of years and were very well known to me personally. They were, as you will have seen from the accounts of what they did, written in a charming manner by one of them, considerably before their day in the climbs they accomplished without guides, but the account of some of their most important work does not appear in this number of the JOURNAL. I hope there may be before long an account of the two most remarkable attempts they made upon the Swiss side of the Matterhorn. On each occasion they were without guides, and on each occasion they seem not to have encountered very great difficulties although they attained a very considerable height. Their first attempt was more in the nature of exploration, but they got up to between 11,500 and 12,000 feet. They were prevented from renewing their attempt by bad weather and insufficient time.

I mention this partly because I think it a matter of considerable interest to the Members of the Club, but chiefly because I am glad to say that we have with us this evening the son of one of them and the nephew of the others. I am glad to welcome him here personally because I have known him for a number of years, and

I think the Club will welcome him as a Club. I am sorry to say that he is not a climber himself, but perhaps I may be permitted to say that he has a strong claim on the regard of sportsmen for his interest in many other forms of sport. However, although he has been diverted from what we regard as the true sport, I think I am right in saying that the Club gives him a hearty welcome, and I ought to add that he has taken and is taking great pains to collect the data connected with the climbing of his relations so many years ago.

I dare say many of you remember that last year Dr. Alexander Seiler very kindly made an offer of hospitality in his hotels at Zermatt to any wounded British officers and Red Cross nurses who might care to go there to recuperate. He is very disappointed that no English people were able to take advantage of his invitation, and he wishes it to be conveyed to the Club that his offer is still open and that he will be delighted to welcome any such English officers and also Red Cross nurses who care to go to Zermatt in the coming summer.

Mr. E. A. BROOME then read a Paper entitled 'Zermatt in War-time,' which was illustrated by lantern slides.

After some discussion, the PRESIDENT said: One Member, Mr. Henry Symons, asked Mr. Broome a question as to whether there were any other English climbers in Zermatt when he was there, to which I have no doubt that Mr. Broome will reply. I have only to ask you to pass a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Broome for his interesting Paper and beautiful slides.

The vote of thanks was carried with acclamation, and Mr. Broome said in reply to Mr. Symons' question that he was the only English climber who visited Zermatt last season.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W., on Tuesday, March 7, at 8.30 P.M., Major E. L. Strutt, *Vice-President*, in the chair.

Major E. L. STRUTT said: I am occupying the Chair this evening as the President is not well enough to attend. He has been ill, but you will all be glad to know that he is recovering rapidly.

I regret to have to announce the death of one of our Members, the Rt. Hon. John F. Cheetham. He was a very old Member of the Club, having been elected in 1866, and he would this year (on May 1) have completed his fiftieth year of Membership. He has been seldom seen at the Club in recent years, and it is possible that he was quite unknown to a large number of Members. However, he was a first-rate mountaineer in his day, having climbed passes of over 17,000 feet in the Himalayas, and he had also climbed in Switzerland.

I will now call upon the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer to present the accounts for 1915.

The Honorary Secretary and Treasurer presented the accounts and balance sheet for 1915, and moved their adoption. Major

E. L. Strutt seconded the motion, and the accounts were adopted *nem. con.*

The Rev. WALTER WESTON then read a paper entitled 'Annals of Fuji San,' which was illustrated by lantern slides.

The Vice-President invited discussion on the Paper, and Viscount BRYCE said: Mr. Vice-President and gentlemen, I do not know that I can add anything material to what Mr. Weston has so well told us about Fuji San. His Paper was an extremely interesting one, and as the orography and geological character of the mountain are well known he did well to dwell so fully on its historic and artistic associations, which are much less easily ascertainable. It is a peak of singular beauty. I remember that our ever to be remembered and venerated Leslie Stephen once said to me that he did not believe in volcanoes. They were not mountains of the right sort, but huge humps of ashes. They are not, unless either very lofty or placed in high latitudes, well suited to the production of snow-fields and glaciers, but they can be magnificent objects.

I would like, however, to make one remark about its shape. Mr. Weston has described it in his Paper as a perfect cone, and although there are other volcanoes there are extremely few that have such perfect cones as Fuji. Nearly all the great volcanoes have protuberances or bulky masses on their sides, which have been formed in the course of their long activity by eruptions, not from the central cone, but out of rifts in their sides. Many have thus lost their normal conical shape. Etna is an instance. Fuji, looked at from all sides, presents most graceful lines, the nearest parallel to whose beauty may perhaps be found in Little Ararat.

As regards mountain worship, there are, of course, a great many other mountains besides Fuji that have some connexion with religion. In fact, primitive man generally worshipped mountains in all countries, and in some he does so still. Illimani is worshipped; so is Kailas—an extremely holy peak. I have actually seen a Tibetan woman worshipping Kinchinjunga from the heights above Darjiling, and there is an extremely sacred mountain in China, a little south of the middle course of the Yangtse-kiang, with temples and shrines all the way up.

Fuji San is unique among mountains for the position it holds in art. Unless one travels in Japan it is hard to realise what Fuji means to the Japanese, who are a pre-eminently art and beauty-loving people. One never sees any picture there without some representation of Fuji in foreground or middle distance or background. Is there any other nation in which any natural object takes the same place as Fuji does in the eyes and reverence of the Japanese? It has this advantage over the more grand and terrible Matterhorn and Aconcagua, that it is accessible on all sides and can be known close by as well as seen far off. In this respect one may compare it with Parnassus, but besides having a great advantage in height it has a finer form.

Mr. DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD said: I have little to add to what

Mr. Weston and Lord Bryce have told us. I was prevented by the season from climbing Fuji San, but I have been round it and admired it from all sides.

The scenery about the mountain is very romantic. It is encompassed by a number of lakes; those to the west are closely connected, and it is easy to pass from one to another, while on one of them, Lake Shōgi, there is a small but comfortable hotel, kept in European style, which may serve as centre for excursions. The view of Fuji San through the fir trees on its terrace has been made familiar to many by Mr. Ponting's admirable photographs. It is, to my taste, the finest aspect of the great volcano. The walks round Myanoshita and Lake Hakoni, on the eastern side of the mountain, are more varied and not less beautiful; while to its north, easily accessible by a quaint horse tramway, lies the broad mirror of Lake Yamanaka, often depicted in Japanese prints.

Fuji San dominates the Japanese landscape, and consequently permeates the national art of Japan to a wonderful extent. One cannot get away from it. But I would venture to point out that the native artists are apt to exaggerate the steepness of the mountain's slopes, and thereby to diminish the beauty of the curves which give Fuji its peculiar distinction. It is an exceptional case in Japanese art, and is, I fancy, due to feelings of veneration having for once overcome the artistic sense.

I desire to join on my own behalf and on that of the Club in thanking Mr. Weston for a delightful evening, and for the beautiful slides, coloured, no doubt, by native artists, that he has shown us.

MR. H. W. BELCHER said: I have been up Fuji once in summer-time, but have not had the opportunity of going round it. With regard to Professor Milne's estimation of the deflection of Fuji in a wind, I fancy that may be due, not to the mountain bending, but to one side of the base sinking and the other side rising. The correct height, I suppose, may be taken to be 12,400 feet, but Fuji has been measured by many observers who have arrived at very different results. The extreme pair differ by no less than 3463 feet, the next pair by 1500 feet, and the others are within about 200 feet of each other.

Major E. L. STRUTT said: I have now to ask you to pass a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Weston for his very interesting Paper and the beautiful slides he has shown us this evening, and which we have all enjoyed.

The vote of thanks was carried with acclamation.

The Rev. WALTER WESTON mentioned that Mr. H. W. Belcher created a record in his ascent of Fuji when he climbed at the rate of 2000 feet an hour on the ascent, and in descending came down 11,000 feet in two hours and a quarter. Mr. Weston added that he believes Mr. Belcher did this as he had left behind him a sick friend and was anxious to get back to him. The journey up and down was something like 50 miles from beginning to end, and it had always struck Mr. Weston as being a most remarkable feat.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, London, W., on Tuesday, April 4, 1916, at 8.30 P.M., the Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Pickford, *President*, in the Chair.

Mr. Albert H. MacCarthy was balloted for and elected a Member of the Club.

The PRESIDENT said: There are one or two matters to which I wish to call the attention of the Club before the Paper is read.

I regret to have to inform the Club that another of our Members has been killed in action. Captain A. M. Slingsby was, as you are all aware, a cousin of our well-known Member and ex Vice-President, Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby, from whom I think he learned his climbing. I did not know Captain Slingsby personally, and therefore I think I had better read to the Club a few notes about him which I have received from someone who knew him intimately. My informant says that he was a first-rate climber on rocks and equally good on snow. It was when he was climbing in Yorkshire that he met Dr. Longstaff, and they then arranged their Karakoram-Ladak Expedition. Captain Slingsby's two attempts on Kamet were a *tour de force* of great severity. He was as strong as a horse, a very bold climber, and those who have been with him say that it was impossible to have a better travelling companion. In camp, on a mountain crest, or in a rickety boat at sea, he was always ready to do more than his share of work. He was a first-rate soldier, born to command, a strict and just disciplinarian, and as such was beloved of his men. I think I am right in saying that a brother of Captain Slingsby, who was not a Member of the Club, has also fallen in the war, and I am sure the Club will wish to extend its great sympathy to his family.

I dare say the older Members of the Club may have noticed the death of another very well-known person in the Alps in the Obituary of *The Times*, where she was described as being of the Alpine Club, although this is not the fact. I refer to Miss Catherine Martha Gardner, who died last month at the age of eighty. The older Members of the Club have met her time after time in the different Alpine centres. She had climbed most of the peaks in the Pennine Alps, and her great feat was the descent of the Pigne d'Arolla by the north face, which was the second occasion on which that expedition was made. She had not climbed for a long time, as about fifteen years ago she unfortunately broke her thigh in an accident. The younger Members of the Club have probably never met her but she will be remembered by many of the older Members.

Members will have noticed that our Member Captain E. O. Wheeler, who, as you are probably aware, is the son of our Hon. Member Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, is referred to in the ALPINE JOURNAL of last November as having been mentioned in dispatches. We have since been informed that he has been thrice mentioned in dispatches from France, and that he has received the Croix de Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur from the French Government, and the Military Cross from the British Government. He is now on active service

in the East. We are all very pleased to hear this, and the Club congratulates him heartily.

I have also to mention that through unforeseen circumstances we have been obliged to postpone the opening of the Photographic Exhibition for a week, and instead of opening on Tuesday, May 9, as stated in the circulars which have been sent out, we shall not be able to open until a week later, that is to say, on Tuesday, May 16. This will shorten the period of the Exhibition by one week, and, consequently, it will be open for three weeks only, but it has been impossible to avoid this alteration in dates.

I will now call upon Mr. Stogdon to read the Paper, and I am sorry to say that I do not refer to the writer of the Paper, who is prevented from coming here to-night by reason of illness, but to his son. The Rev. E. Stogdon, who I may say is not a mountaineer, although he takes great interest in other sports, and we remember him as a member of the Cambridge Eleven, has been kind enough to come and read his father's Paper in the latter's unavoidable absence, and Captain J. P. Farrar has undertaken to show us the views, which otherwise would have been shown by Mr. J. Stogdon.

The Rev. E. STODDON then read a Paper by Mr. J. Stogdon entitled 'Random Memories of some early Guideless Climbs,' which was illustrated by lantern slides shown and explained by Captain J. P. Farrar.

After the Paper, the PRESIDENT said: We have heard from Mr. Stogdon of his father's early climbs, and it seems to me that some of the early climbers were afraid to publish all they did, and we have also heard from Captain Farrar of various climbs by other Members when he was showing us the pictures. I am sorry to find that Mr. Fairbanks, who we all regret has not been well enough to attend our Meetings for some little time, has had to leave early, because I am sure we should all have been very pleased to listen to him.

Some discussion on the Paper followed, and Mr. DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD said that he had listened with interest to the account of Mr. Stogdon's party's adventure on the Bricolla face of the Dent Blanche, as he had himself had some experience of it as early as 1866. In July of that year there were no falling stones to be dreaded. The danger arose from snow lying on steep ice, and it grew so serious late in the day that his party had to descend by the ridge that falls to the Col d'Hérens.

With regard to the once hotly debated question of 'Mountaineering without Guides,' he ventured to hold what might be called a cross-bench opinion. It was founded on his own personal experience. He had learnt most of his mountaineering craft neither by climbing without guides nor between two guides, but as one of a party of amateurs led by a single first-rate guide, François Dévouassoud. The part a good guide played to beginners might be compared to that of a 'coach' in a reading party. Without such help at first he believed serious risks must be incurred by men unfamiliar with snow and ice. He had no prejudice against competent climbers



dispensing with guides, and had himself climbed Piz Bernina without them.

Sir EDWARD DAVIDSON remarked that from the very interesting account which Mr. Freshfield had just given of his expedition on the Dent Blanche in 1866 it was clear that his party were the first to prove the practicability of the south ridge of the mountain, by which the ascent is now usually made; this ridge they followed on their descent, throughout its entire length, turning the Great Tower on its left (right ascending) side.

The PRESIDENT said : I will now ask the Club to pass a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. J. Stogdon for his Paper, an extremely good Paper if I may be allowed to say so, and a very interesting Paper; and at the same time, while we all regret his not having been able to come and read it himself, I think we should like to pass a very hearty vote of thanks to his son, who has read it so admirably.

The vote of thanks was supported by Mr. J. A. B. B. BRUCE, and was put to the Meeting and carried unanimously.

# THE ALPINE JOURNAL.

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OCTOBER 1916.

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(No. 213.)

## MEMBERS SERVING IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

### *Killed in action or on active service or died of wounds.*

DENNISTOUN, Lieutenant JAMES ROBERT, North Irish Horse, attached R.F.C., died on August 9 in Germany from the effects of wounds received when compelled to descend in the enemy's lines through his biplane catching fire.

MURRAY, Lieutenant EDWARD DOUGLAS, Black Watch, died on July 20 of wounds received in action the previous day in France.

TODD, Major OSWALD ERIK, 5th Gurkha Regiment, accidentally killed in India on July 10.

### *Wounded and Missing.*

EWEN, Capt. G. T., M.C., 3rd Battalion Manchester Regiment, was severely wounded in the leg and shoulder on March 8 in the action of Es Sinn, Kut Relief Force, and had to be left when the attack was broken off. It is hoped that he is a prisoner of war in the hands of the Turks, but no news has been received (September 10).

Capt. Ewen had previously served for 9 months in the fighting line in France, received the Military Cross at Neuve Chapelle, was advanced to temporary-Captain at Ypres, and made full Captain just before the action in which he was missing. In this action he is reported to have 'led one of the bravest and most daring attacks ever carried out.'

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### *Addenda and Corrigenda.*

DONE, NEVILLE S., Cadet Sergeant, University of London O.T.C.

GASK, Major G. E., F.R.C.S., R.A.M.C. (T.), is operating surgeon at and second in command of C.C.S. 38, B.E.F., France.

MONTAGUE, C. E. (Sergeant, Sportsman's Battalion) is gazetted Lieutenant on the H.Q.S. of the B.E.F.

STRUTT, Major E. L., 3rd Royal Scots, is gazetted Lt.-Colonel, and has been appointed Chief Liaison Officer to General Sarraill, commanding the Allied Forces in the Balkan Peninsula.

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## 'HORNBY AND PHILPOTT.'

Memories of an Alpine partnership of the 'sixties.

BY THE REV. T. H. PHILPOTT.

TO avoid taking up time and space with apologies for writing (though needed), 'I beg to say ditto to Mr.' Stogdon in the opening of his Paper, 'A.J.' May '16. I should have written much of what he has said there, if he had not said it before me. What I have to say will, I think, best be taken in order of time. I must, however, mention first that I never took a note in the Alps. When I got home I wrote down, each year, the ascents that we made and their dates, but I attempted no descriptions of the climbs. Hornby made a few short notes, but he lost them. I have, therefore, to depend on memory—a bad memory in some ways. I have forgotten a great deal, and yet what I remember I remember. I shall say nothing of which I am not certain—as nearly certain as one can be.

The theme of my discourse, at first, can be only one. It is dictated to me by my love and reverence for my friend Hornby. A better friend no man could have. I made his acquaintance in October 1858, when I went up to Durham University, after leaving Marlborough. He was then a Tutor at the University, and its mainstay. I went to the now extinct Cosin's Hall, of which he was Head, because he was the Head of it. My father's first cousin, then Canon in the Durham Cathedral Chapter (who *gave* me a scholarship!), advised me to go to Cosin's, instead of the more attractive Castle, simply because Hornby was there. I thank him much for that advice, after 58 years. Our friendship began at once. Those who knew Hornby will not be surprised that I attribute this, at the beginning, to a certain love for, and strenuousness in the practice of, physical exercises which we shared together and he quickly perceived in me. He began to instruct me in rowing at once; and I have also ridden with him, played cricket, football, fives, run with beagles (Durham University Pack), practised gymnastics at Macmillan's, in Oxford, 1860; besides various trials of strength which he used to propose occasionally. At that time he might be called even boyish in his liking for such things. Then, I think, he approved of a familiar comradeship on which I used to venture with him. I did not hesitate, almost from the first, to say just what I

thought on any subject that turned up. He never took offence, nor stood on his dignity. He rather encouraged me; and only laughed when I was over-vehement in maintaining some boyish opinion or prejudice. He could be stern enough on occasion; and once or twice at Durham I was made to feel it. But it left no soreness; we were just as good comrades as before. He helped me greatly also in my work, with many private lectures; he was always ready with such help to any who needed it. In all good things he taught us well and wisely. I owe to his friendship more than I can say. The last time that I saw him, on his eighty-first birthday, I felt that I must tell him how very highly I appreciated my debt to him—'not only on account of holidays, but of more important things.' I was glad that I did so. I saw that he was pleased; and he muttered under his breath, in a way that he had, 'Well done.'

Many there must be who can still tell of his pleasantness. On various occasions in our travels it attracted casual acquaintances who begged to join us for a day or two. Of one such acquaintance I shall have something to say later.

In 1859 I was with him and other Durham men at Portinscale, on Derwentwater. We were a reading party, but a very fine season led us to be often on the hills, on the Lake and in it. We went up most of the principal peaks, but did no rock-climbing—if it was then invented.

On the top of Scafell Pike we heard a most graphic description of a great fox-hunt in the immediate neighbourhood lasting many hours. A Ritson of Wastdale was the narrator. He told us how the hounds in the course of it 'Clim Gabble,' and some got 'cragfast.'

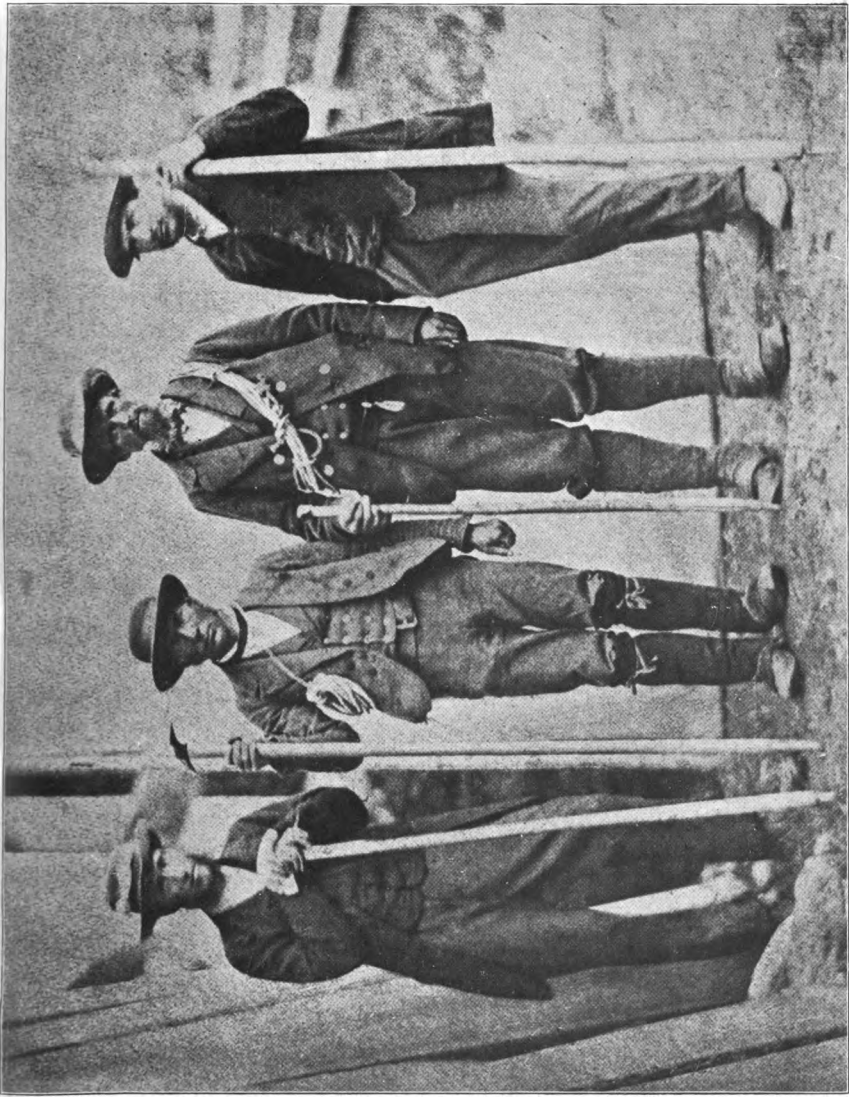
In 1860 we were at Oxford for some six weeks in the long vacation, with another Durham man who was a good deal away. Hornby and I very rashly rowed from Oxford to Henley in one day at the beginning of our visit, on our way to Eton by river, neither of us being in condition for such a row. We both felt the effects for some weeks; enough to prevent us attempting any more hard rowing, but not to hinder gymnastics at 'Old Mac's,' riding, driving about the country, practising rifle-shooting with muzzle-loaders at Iffley, and other pleasant amusements. Since I began this Paper I have received 'A.J.' for February last. Naturally I was much interested when my eye caught 'The Classes of Mr. Maclaren' in Capt. Farrar's account of Mr. Passingham, and noted the date of his joining those classes—1860 to wit.

In 1861 we first went abroad together. We wasted, as we felt afterwards, much of our time in a very fine year by giving only a week or two out of seven to the Alps. The Theodul, Strahlegg, Col du Géant, and Mont Blanc form the list of expeditions above the snow-line. This year we met Mr. X. at Interlaken. He was one of those who were led by Hornby's pleasantness to attach himself to us for a time, he being himself a charming companion. He was travelling alone, knowing only the English tongue. *E.g.* :—We were looking over the wine list at Leukerbad when 'Œil de Perdrix' caught his eye. 'Let's have some of this—Oil of Paradise' was his translation: We met him again near the end of our time. In the meanwhile he had been up Mont Blanc. He gave us a most amusing account of his interview with the chief guide at Chamonix. By threatening to go up from St. Gervais, he succeeded in getting permission to take fewer than the regulation number of five guides. (We had pusillanimously submitted to the extortion.)

Another saying of his has always remained in my mind as forming a striking contrast to what was written by another temporary companion. Our other companion, Professor Tyndall, after the ascent of the Jungfrau, wrote an account of it with a glowing description of the view at the top and asked 'How was this colossal work performed? Who chiselled these mighty and picturesque masses out of a mere protuberance of the earth? And the answer was at hand. Ever young, ever mighty—with the vigour of a thousand worlds still within him—the real sculptor was even then climbing up the eastern sky . . . ' ('Hours of Exercise,' 1906 edit., p. 190.) Mr. X., after telling us of the magnificence of the view from Mont Blanc as he saw it, added with tears in his eyes and a reverent gesture and surely with infinitely deeper insight—'I could only say "Lord ; What is man !" '

Never again had Hornby and I such a chance as we failed to seize in 1861. I don't think that we should have met with any hindrance from weather. In coming down to Grindelwald from the Strahlegg we met Leslie Stephen examining the Schreckhorn just before he made the first ascent of it. We were much impressed by the list of peaks graven on his alpenstock—a list that was marvellous in our eyes. 'Other times !'

1862.—Our slight experience of the mountains in '61 had been enough. We felt the charm and answered the call of the Alps. We went out to the Oberland in '62, and walked up to Lauterbrunnen, hoping to find Ulrich or Christian Lauener. As we walked up the valley we met a tall, very long-legged



J J Hornby      Christian Almer      Christian Laurens      J H Philpott  
Chamonix, August, 1863.



Rev. J. J. HORNBY  
(about 1863).



Rev. T. H. PHILPOTT  
(about 1861).

man, who asked if we wanted a guide. 'Yes,' said Hornby, 'we are looking for Ulrich or Christian Lauener.' 'Ich bin Christian Lauener' was the answer. Hornby repeated what he had first said; so did Lauener, but without effect. I had to intervene and tell Hornby—'He says he is Christian Lauener.' This seems to me an extreme case of absence of mind. We were there with the sole purpose of finding a Lauener; and yet, having found one at the first attempt, Hornby could not see it. Luckily I knew enough German to translate 'Ich bin,' or I don't know how long the two might have been at cross-questions. This happened not far from Lauener's house. I saw him there again in 1889, but how changed!

I am asked to say something about the Laueners. Ulrich I only saw. Christian was always with us, each season, after this till 1866. He was with Hornby in '67. When he was our leading guide we found nothing wanting. When in '63 Almer came with us, Lauener seemed to fall into the background. He took his turn in leading and one felt no inclination to criticise (*cf.*, however, 'A.J.' vol. iii. p. 89—sense of direction); yet it was impossible not to feel that there was a difference, and that Almer was the greater man. In discussing a route to be taken Lauener gave his opinion quite freely and confidently. Then Almer would say (I can hear him now) 'Ja-a-a . . . aber . . .'; and his word was final. I don't think that Lauener ever seriously contested it. I fancy that Lauener was really better as a responsible leader than he seemed to be when yoked with Almer. He did once, as leader, this year, propose to turn back, our purpose unfulfilled. We had left the Gleckstein for the Wetterhorn an hour or two when Lauener said he thought the wind would be too high for us to reach the top. Hornby and I did not like to turn back. Hornby used to laugh at me afterwards and quote chaffingly my contribution to the discussion. It was as follows according to him: 'Er ist besser zu gehen so hoh als wir kan.' I expect he 'improved' it; but I cannot assert that he was far out. The wind was high; for my hat, tied to my head as tightly as I could manage to tie it, was blown clean away as we neared the top.

1863 was a memorable year for 'Hornby and Philpott'; for near the beginning of our time, after coming by way of the Titlis from Engelberg, we were lucky enough to find Almer at Grindelwald, disengaged. Such an opportunity had, of course, to be seized; and we never had reason to think of it as anything but a great piece of luck. This year he took us up the Mönch, the third ascent, and he was guide in all the three. Our ascent



of the Jungfrau, two days after, is notable, as we made it with Professor Tyndall. Our next peak was the Weisshorn, on which we had bad weather, the fifth ascent, I believe. We were fourth on the Schreckhorn in '66. These were considered fairly stiff climbs at that time. After a passage of the High Level Route, viz. by the Col de Valpelline and the Col du Mont Brûlé to Arolla, thence *via* the Pas de Chèvres and the Col du Mont Rouge to Chermontane, and thence *via* the Col du Sonadon to Bourg St. Pierre, we had a very difficult crossing of the Col de Ferret in a blizzard, and so got to Courmayeur. I have little recollection of the passes; but I seem to remember some difficulty, somewhere, on the Col du Sonadon.

We went up the Mont de la Saxe to examine the Brenva glacier route to Mont Blanc. Almer and Lauener pronounced it to be possible but dangerous; 'overhanging glaciers' being the danger. We were greatly disappointed. It was a plan cherished by Hornby, but he did not like to press it against the guides' opinion. I am very loth to say a word in dispraise of Almer, but I think that he should have given bolder counsel on this occasion. Very likely we should have failed; it is possible that he did not think we then had sufficient experience; but it would have been better to make the attempt. We got to Chamonix by the Col de Miage—rather disappointed at finding it free from difficulty.

1864.—This year we had the satisfaction of crossing three new passes from Zinal, and one from Evolena—Bruneeggjoch, Col du Grand Cornier, Col de Moiry, and Schallijoch. The first three were easy; but 'There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.' The Schallijoch we thought stiff; the weather was unfavourable. We had, however, the great dissatisfaction of returning defeated from the Dent Blanche. We started from the Stockje with Mr. Macpherson, his guide, P. Perren, hoping to reach the top by the south arête. We had reached a fair height when, after cutting steps for more than two hours, our guides all declared that we should not have time to go up and down in the day, and we turned back. No blame should attach to them on this occasion. The peak was in icy condition, and there is no doubt that the ascent would have required a night out. We should have gone on if we had chosen to face that discomfort, but we none of us cared for it. In this matter, I fancy, we fell below the standard reached by later climbers, who seem to think little of a night out. I remember a very interesting account in 'A.J.' some years ago, by Mr. Slingsby, of a night out on this peak, with thrilling accompaniments of



Ch. Michel pour l'Annuaire de

Lett. Ch. Girard à Genève

# ASCENSION DE LA CALOTTE DU MONT-BLANC.

## ITINÉRAIRE

Quartier du Mont-Blanc de Chamonix au Col de la Seigne 31,75 m. Coudaniers 21,65 m. Nival Barrod 11,65 m. Col du Bonhomme 31,15 m. Au Chapeau 31  
 Le Montet 21,15 m. Col du Bonhomme par le Col du Four avec Mollet 21,50 m. Col de la Seigne 31,65 m. Col de la Seigne 31,15 m. Coudaniers 21,50 m.  
 Au Coudaniers à droite 61. St-Remy 21,50 m. St-Bernard 21. St-Pierre 31. Lédard 21,50 m. Orsieres 21,50 m. Orsieres 21,50 m. Orsieres 21,50 m.  
 Chamonix à Montigny par le Col de la Seigne. Orsieres 21. Valcour 21,50 m. Nival Barrod 11,65 m. Nival Barrod 11,65 m. Nival Barrod 11,65 m.  
 Orsieres à Chamonix par le Col de la Seigne. Trévis 21,50 m. Col de la Seigne 31,65 m. Orsieres 21,50 m. Chamonix 21.  
 Orsieres à la Pierre-Rubelle 21,65 m. Grande-Robbe 21,50 m. Grande-Robbe 21,50 m. Grande-Robbe 21,50 m. Grande-Robbe 21,50 m.  
 Chamonix au Nivardiers 21 au Nivardiers 21,50 m. Nivardiers 21,50 m. Nivardiers 21,50 m. Nivardiers 21,50 m.  
 Chamonix au Nivardiers 21,50 m. Nivardiers 21,50 m. Nivardiers 21,50 m. Nivardiers 21,50 m.  
 Chamonix à la Pierre-Rubelle 21,65 m. Grande-Robbe 21,50 m. Grande-Robbe 21,50 m. Grande-Robbe 21,50 m.  
 Chamonix à Montigny par le Col de la Seigne. Orsieres 21. Valcour 21,50 m. Nival Barrod 11,65 m. Nival Barrod 11,65 m.  
 Chamonix à la Pierre-Rubelle 21,65 m. Grande-Robbe 21,50 m. Grande-Robbe 21,50 m. Grande-Robbe 21,50 m.

## HAUTEURS

Mont-Blanc. . . . . 4808 m	Agoutille des Chamois. . . . . 3222	Montanvert. . . . . 2666	Col Porret. . . . . 2100
Grande-Robbe. . . . . 3292	Agoutille du Four. . . . . 3300	La Pierre. . . . . 2770	Col de la Pierre. . . . . 2660
Grande-Robbe. . . . . 3292	Les Grands-Arènes. . . . . 3370	Pavillon de Bellin. . . . . 2620	St-Bernard. . . . . 2620
Nival Barrod. . . . . 2165	Agoutille du Four. . . . . 3300	Agoutille de Chamonix. . . . . 2550	St-Bernard. . . . . 2620
Agoutille du Four. . . . . 3300	Agoutille Verte. . . . . 2600	Agoutille de la Pierre. . . . . 2600	St-Pierre. . . . . 2600
Mont-Blanc. . . . . 4808	Agoutille d'Orsieres. . . . . 2250	Mont-Joli. . . . . 2200	Orsieres. . . . . 2200
Mont-Blanc du Nival. . . . . 3392	Agoutille du Chamonix. . . . . 2100	Col du Bonhomme. . . . . 2500	Orsieres. . . . . 2200
Agoutille du Nival. . . . . 2100	Agoutille du Four. . . . . 3300	Agoutille du Bonhomme. . . . . 2500	St-Bernard. . . . . 2620
Agoutille de Montigny. . . . . 2100	Col de la Seigne. . . . . 3165	Col de la Seigne. . . . . 3165	St-Bernard. . . . . 2620
Agoutille de la Pierre. . . . . 2100	Col de la Seigne. . . . . 3165	Col de la Seigne. . . . . 3165	St-Bernard. . . . . 2620

Ascension N° 142

Année 1861

## Certificat d'Ascension au Mont-Blanc.

Les Guides des ouvrages attests et certifie a que l'agoutille du 2 Septembre  
 1861. Monsieur. Dumas Henry Philip. . . . . a fait avec nous  
 l'ascension du Mont-Blanc, accompagné de M. J. J. Hervey.  
 Simon Pierre, Evard, Lévay, Michel, Lévay, Joseph, Lévay, . . . . . et des Guides  
 Simon François, et Lévay, Joseph, Lévay, . . . . .  
 tous Guides officiels de la société des Guides de Chamonix qui ont signé avec moi le présent  
 certificat, lequel est délivré pour servir de document authentique au Mont-Blanc  
 Chamonix le 4 Septembre 1861

Le guide. Prof  
 Dubouche



Simon Pierre Evard  
 Simon François  
 Lévay Joseph  
 Lévay Michel  
 Simon François

FACSIMILE, ABOUT 1/2 SCALE.



Ch. Weissel pour F. Bonnamy del.

Lith. Ch. Gross à Genève.

# L'AIGUILLE & LE COL DU GÉANT.

Aiguille du Géant

Alp, marbre Col du Géant Tour Ronde  
De Chamonix à Courmayeur sur le Col du Géant. 16 à 18 l.

Flambeau

## ITINÉRAIRE

Distances Montanvert, 2130 m. — Glacier de Tignes-la-Porte, 1130 m. — Glacier du Tacul, 11 — Pied de l'Aiguille-noire,  
51 — Col du Géant, 4130 m. — Courmayeur, 4130 m. (16 l.)

Routiers Montanvert, 2744 m. — Aiguille du Moine, 1940 m. — Les Perches ou M<sup>e</sup> Tami, 5138 m. — Aiguille du  
Lachaud, 1840 m. — Mont R<sup>e</sup>-Jal, 1583 m. — Aiguille du Géant, 1804 m. — Col du Géant, 1907 m. — Courmayeur, 1920 m.

Ascension N<sup>o</sup> 20

Année 1861

## Certificat d'Ascension au Col du Géant.

Le Guide-chef soussigné atteste et certifie à que il appartenant  
que le 30 août 1861 M<sup>r</sup> Thomas Henry Philp<sup>t</sup>  
a fait avec succès l'ascension du Col  
du Géant, accompagné de M<sup>r</sup> J. J. Henry

et des Guides Simon Pierre, Emile  
Tauray, et de M<sup>r</sup> Tauray, Joseph, et de M<sup>r</sup> Tauray, Joseph  
Les Guides de Chamonix qui ont signé avec moi le présent  
certificat qui est délivré pour servir de document authentique aux  
titulaires

Chamonix, le 30 août 1861

Le Guide-chef  
Dionisio



Simon Pierre Emile  
Simon Pierre Emile  
Tauray, Joseph

FACSIMILE, ABOUT 1/2 SCALE.

thunder and lightning. Their being benighted was not, if I remember right, voluntary; but in other cases men have purposely set themselves to take more than a day on an expedition, in a way that we declined.

The Dom, I think, is worth a word of notice for this reason—it is, or was, about the highest ascent made in one day. Starting from the hotel at Randa, as we did, it is just about 10,000 feet to the top. If we take a man of only ten stone as an example, he has to raise 1,400,000 foot-pounds in six or seven hours, which sounds a formidable task—how much more from Chamonix to the top of Mont Blanc!<sup>1</sup>

Almer has been well named 'der Engländerführer.' I remember, when we were at the inn at Randa on coming down from the Dom, someone asked whether we had got to the top. 'Wir sind Engländer' was Almer's reply!

Later this year we came over the Jungfrauoch from the Aletsch Glacier side. In the books this is considered 'dangerous.' I fail to see why it is more dangerous than from the other side. The danger, I suppose, is that the ice may be affected by the sun later in the day. From the Faulberg the Joch can be reached very early in the morning. We were there by 5 o'clock. We were 'off the ice,' I see (Ball, 1869, p. 108), by 10.30. Had we not then passed any 'dangerous' place earlier than it would have been passed by a party going the other way? When we reached the bergschrund, broad and deep, we found tracks of a party, coming upwards, that had reached the bottom of the schrund and there ceased. At the Scheidegg Inn we learnt that they were the tracks of Herr E. von Fellenberg's party. He and we seemed fated to come across one another somewhat in antagonism. It may be that this incident caused some of those tears to flow with which v. Fellenberg bewailed our conduct next year.

1865.—A bad year as regards weather, but good for us, in that we were able to snatch two days for the second-first

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<sup>1</sup> The Dom is	.	.	.	.	.	14942 ft.
Randa	.	.	.	.	.	4623 ft.

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Difference 10319 ft.

Mont Blanc is	.	.	.	.	.	15781 ft.
Chamonix	.	.	.	.	.	3390 ft.

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Difference 12391 ft.

ascent of the Lauterbrunnen Breithorn, and for the first ascent of the Silberhorn by the N.W. face. Von Fellenberg felt justified in passing some strictures on our conduct in respect of the Breithorn, as if we had been poaching on his manor. But can this be maintained? We reached Lauterbrunnen on July 22. On the 24th we slept at the Steinberg for the Breithorn, but were driven back by weather. Von Fellenberg came to Lauterbrunnen on July 26. After the 24th we were waiting in and about Lauterbrunnen for another opportunity to do the peak. No blame surely can be charged against us if we stuck to our purpose after we knew that v. Fellenberg had the same intention. Anything that was said to his guides by ours we knew nothing of; nor does it matter much—except that candour is always to be preferred. Something I must also say about our route on the Breithorn, after our two parties were in sight of each other, v. Fellenberg's on, or close to, the arête, we lower down to the south. We were only in sight of each other for a short time. Some conversation, he says, passed between us, and this may well have been with shouting. I have no recollection of it. After a sentence or two which speak of step-cutting, that puzzle me, v. Fellenberg continued: 'Almer thought himself wiser and left our couloir to the right in order to reach the arête.' I can get no meaning out of this. We never were, nor could have been, to the left of v. Fellenberg's route. In that case we must always have had him in sight till we reached the top (with or before him)! Wishing to avoid any such contact on the route, we kept along the S. face of the peak, below his route, till we turned upwards and found his track at last, on the arête and very near the top. This kind of controversy is irksome to writer and reader; but I was advised to enter into it in the cause of accuracy. Hornby objected to an account of our three passes in the Oberland next year, which I wrote and sent to him, because I attempted a defence of ourselves in this matter. Only on this account (he kindly said) he preferred to send his own Paper (vol. iii.) to 'A.J.' If I thought that he would still disapprove, I should have declined the attempt now. But we had some communication on the subject about nine years ago, and he had then changed his mind about it.

I don't know that I can add anything to what I said about our Silberhorn climb in 'A.J.' (Feb. 1910, vol. xxv. p. 48). It was the only night out that we ever had. After a slow and rather difficult passage of the Giessen Glacier from the Silberhorn to the Schneehorn (weather unfavourable), we sat down on the

rocks near the top of the Schneehorn, after sunset, till the moon rose. Then we got down the rocks, and waited for the sun to light us on the Guggi Glacier. The night, luckily, was fine, and we had little discomfort.

I am asked to say something about Johann Bischoff, and I do so with pleasure—an admirable man, always cheery and ready for any amount of hard work. We took him (Hornby, 'A.J.' vol. ii. p. 210) 'to carry a ladder.' It was an awkward job, the ladder being made of one upright with the rungs in holes pierced through the upright and an iron spike at the foot. Made of a small fir-tree, green wood, it was heavy. When we reached our 'cave,' under the Schwarz Mönch and facing the Roth-Brett, Bischoff was dripping with sweat, and stripped himself to the waist for a wash. I well remember how I admired his muscular development and the beautiful clearness of his skin. In his clothes one would not have perceived how well he was knit together or his fine condition. He was with us also on the Wetterhorn and Mönch—possibly on other occasions. We were both fond of him—I more than Hornby, perhaps, because Bischoff was an inveterate smoker, and Hornby did not like smoking. How Bischoff would have succeeded as a leader I have no means of judging. Peace be with him; I was very sorry to hear of his death in '72.

1866.—This year Morshead was with us, Jakob Anderegg his guide. Hornby has described our crossing of the three new passes, Ebnefluh, Schmadri, and Agassiz Jochs ('A.J.' vol. iii.), so I need not say much about them. I may note, however, that the date which he gives for the Agassiz-Joch is a day out. It should be August 7, not the '6th.' There is also an obvious mistake in the figures which follow: '3.30' to 'half-past seven' is four hours, not 'just three.' Our passage of the Schmadri-Joch must have been made under the most favourable conditions. A few minutes over 9 hours from the Guggi-Staffel chalets brought us to *Lauterbrunnen*, including all halts. I have seen, somewhere, but cannot now find where, times taken by good men far exceeding this, taking the pass from the *Steinberg*, and much step-cutting being required. I don't remember that we cut more than a very few steps; nor did Hornby at the time, as his Paper shows.

This brings me to the end of my climbs with Hornby. I was unfortunately prevented from going out with him in '67, and he did no climbing in the Alps after that year.

For twenty-three years, '66 to '89, I did no climbing for many

reasons, one 'want of pence.' In '89 I went out again. Seldom, probably, has anyone else had a like experience. It may be useful to any hesitating, as I was, and in doubt whether one could stand the work, if I give my experience. First I should like to acknowledge the kind help given me by Mr. Coolidge, with whom I travelled to Grindelwald. To Sir T. Clifford Allbutt also, after twenty-seven years, I should like to express my thanks for the great encouragement that I found in his article on 'The Training of Mountaineers' in 'The Pioneers of the Alps'; though I was never reduced to his drastic prescription of a bowl of soup for dinner after a hard day. How, then, did I find myself affected by twenty-three years' abstention from climbing? In the matter of fatigue I felt even less, it seemed, than when I was younger. I thought this might be because of cooler weather, owing to the time of year—July–August in the '60's, June to July in '89 and '90. On the other hand there may be set the much greater amount of snow to be struggled with, making the work harder. Then, I had taken hard and regular exercise from my youth up. But how about skill and ease in climbing? Here there was a great falling off; I found myself decidedly clumsy. While Almer complimented me in '89, near the top of the Ochsenhorn (we had been wallowing in snow for a long time), by saying 'Sie sind niemals müde'; on the other hand I overheard Christian Roth say to Almer, on the top of the Gr. Viescherhorn, 'Der andere Herr (Mr. Bowyear, 'A.J.' xv. 309) geht besser in die Tritte.' This was in '90, and it shows that my two or three climbs in '89 had not been enough to restore firmness of tread, balance, ease of effort or skill in climbing. 'It shows this,' I have ventured to say; but, of course, there is an alternative—it may be that I was always clumsy and only rediscovered the fact in '89. I leave this interpretation to my enemies, if I have any. I don't think it is the true one.

To reassure myself a little after this disconcerting doubt which has just occurred to me, I may, perhaps, be pardoned for quoting Christian Lauener in '65. We were about to be roped again, in coming down from the Wetterlücke, to pass a steepish and rottenish bit of rock. Then I overheard Lauener say to Almer, 'Let Herr Philpott be behind. Er trält (wirft) nicht sehr viele Steine.' I wish he had left out *sehr*, but I cannot honestly do so. My recollection of the verb is 'trält,' but I cannot find any such word in the dictionary. Anyway, my age at the respective dates makes it probable that I was more clumsy in the later years.

In '66 I was nearing my twenty-seventh year; in '90 my fifty-first. I surprised myself greatly by finding how little my pace had diminished. In '89 I walked by myself from the Bear to the Little Scheidegg in 1 hour 49 minutes with no thought at starting of competing with time; but by oneself one naturally walks harder and harder as one warms to the work. I was thus led to resolve when I reached the Scheidegg on an attempt to do my utmost in coming down again; but this was frustrated. I went to the Scheidegg to see a man whose acquaintance I had made there that year, and he proposed to accompany me on the way back. He came as far as Alpighen, and he walked well. If I had been alone, I should have run most of the way. From Alpighen I tore down as hard as I could go to the river, but could only get to the Bear in 1 hour 10 minutes from the Scheidegg. In '90 I ran down from the Bäregg to the Bear in 25 minutes. Such times may be moderate for young men, but I think they are good at fifty years. Perhaps I ought not to speak of them; but I am asked to say something of myself. It is a congenial topic with many, perhaps most, of us; but difficult—difficult if not dangerous. Nothing too much either in excess or defect is a necessary caution. Too much on the one side it will be if it suggests the pride that apes humility; too much on the other it must be if it goes beyond what a modest man should permit himself. Whether or no I have escaped the dangers my readers will decide—unless the Censor intervenes.

The only glacier expedition of those two years that I need say anything about is the Eiger Joch. I have two reasons; first, the unusual route in the ascent. Almer took me by the ordinary route up the Eiger till we had passed the *glatt Eis*. As we went along the arête before we reached that place, where one looks down across the Wergisthal Alp towards Grindelwald, he told me the following story. As he was going up the Eiger for the first ascent with Mr. Barrington, Mr. B. espied a pinnacle with a flat top, some little distance from the arête and below the level of it. Mr. B. said that he must jump on to the pinnacle; and Almer had to hold him.<sup>2</sup> Having passed the *glatt Eis* we made a traverse to the top (as I think), certainly very near the top, of the Kl. Eiger, and there had our breakfast. Then Almer suggested that we should go up the Eiger, instead of over the Eiger Joch (this *may* account for our unusual route). I couldn't agree, but I can hardly blame him.

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<sup>2</sup> Cf. 'A.J.' xi. 172 *seq.*



Already he had had much step-cutting to do in ice thickly covered with snow. There was still a good deal to be done in this way before we reached the glacier-trough between the Kl. Eiger and the Eigerwand—and then the Wand itself. He had only his youngest son Peter to help him, who had had scarcely any practice in cutting steps. He was sixty-three, with only a foot and a half! He showed no sign of disappointment, however, when I declined the Eiger, and we started for the Joch. He certainly did nine-tenths of the work. My second reason for speaking especially of this expedition is that I may tell of Almer's wonderful success in hitting the Bergli Hut exactly. Before we reached the pass, snow began. At the top we found ourselves in a driving storm, dimly aware of the loom of the Mönch on our right. Seeing nothing but snow in the air and at our feet, we proceeded, hoping to find the Bergli Hut. Very slowly Almer went for 1 hour 40 minutes; and I began to think that we should not find the Hut. Then, suddenly, it was at our very feet. This is the real truth; under our feet was the roof of the Hut. To get within 100 yards on either side I should call good guiding in the circumstances, but to hit it exactly seems to me superlative.

Though in '89 and '90 the weather allowed only few attempts at greater heights, it left opportunities for many interesting walks in the neighbourhood of Grindelwald. The Mettenberg provided a delightful day. We went by what seems to be an unusual route. Starting from the Bear, we turned off before reaching the Bäregg, instead of passing it. I (Almer of course) was hopeful of seeing chamois; and we had a near sight of a very fine buck on our way up. After reaching the top we went on to the Gwächten and again had very good views of 'Gamsen.' This time they were in pairs, mothers and young. As chamois are properly antelopes, I don't know the right name for the young. It was most interesting to see the little things racing over the glacier and up the rocks, sometimes in advance of their mothers and going at a great pace. This was an exceptionally fine day, and tremendously hot in the afternoon as we came down to the glacier, near the Stieregg, I think. I was more nearly tired than on any other occasion that year. With some difficulty I persuaded Almer to join me at tea when we reached the Bäregg Inn. He had to acknowledge that tea may be very refreshing.

The Schwarzhorn was another interesting day, new to me. That year it was a snow peak. Again 'Gamsen' were to be seen, this time in herds, as it is, or was then, a sanctuary for them. Another day we had a very pleasant walk by the

Röthihorn and Simelihorn, across the Buss Alp to the Burg with its flocks of Alpine choughs. On this and other occasions I had another companion who was staying at the Bear. I recall, too, a botanical (unscientific) visit to the Trümletenthal. I found a flower that I took to be a *pyrola*; but I could not identify this with any species of *pyrola* described in books, because of the place in which it grew. It was on the surface of flat rocks—a pale rosette-like plant, with one (only, I think, but am not sure) flower-stem in the centre of the rosette, the flower and the leaves looking to me, as I said, like a *pyrola*. If any botanical reader can recognise the plant from this description, I should be much obliged if he will tell me the name of it.

It is grievous to see the terrible diminution of the Oberland glaciers.<sup>3</sup> It must be due, I suppose, to increase of evaporation, or decrease of precipitation? In '61 my recollection is that we stepped from the glacier on to grass, not far from the Bäregg. In '89 we reached the glacier by ladders. In 1914 there was a much longer descent by a path in old glacier mud, and the look of the valley is greatly spoilt. As a lover of the Oberland, and as a man with a rain-gauge, it is a subject that interests me and, no doubt, many others. I know that the shrinkage has happened before. There was a great drought in England from 1730 to 1762. ('British Rainfall,' 1882, diagram at the beginning of the vol.) There is no reason to expect our rainfall to agree with that of Switzerland, but it may have done so at that time. It is interesting to note that the Grindelwald glaciers have since 1910—with the exception of the very hot year 1911—started to make considerable annual advances, no doubt as a consequence of the heavy rain and snowfall of these years.

One other walk I will notice, because I was led to it by a very unusual occurrence that happened in '89. In '90 Almer and I, one afternoon, explored the slopes of the Mettenberg in search of badgers' earths. Mr. Gibson, in '89, going up to the Bäregg late in the evening, found a dead badger lying on the path, and brought it to the Bear on his return. It had been killed, apparently, by falling from the cliff above. Very hard and smooth must the rock have been on which a badger's powerful limbs and claws could find no hold, or very awkward the corner to be turned.

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<sup>3</sup> [For pictures of the Grindelwald Glaciers in 1858 and 1900 see S.A.C.J. xliv. 287-313, 'Les variations périodiques des glaciers des Alpes suisses.']

A most pleasant and interesting companion Almer always was. Our intercourse would have been fuller and more instructive if my knowledge of German had been greater. Still, we managed somehow to tell each other what we wanted to say. Once he asked me to describe English foxhounds and fox-hunting. I was, I think, fairly successful in making him understand what hunting is like, and something of the grace and power of a foxhound.

In common, I fancy, with most old members of A.C., I looked with little favour, at first, on the Club Huts now so numerous. They have, I suppose, tended indirectly to many fatal accidents. They may have done something to lessen them. In our passage of the Eiger-Joch the Bergli Hut saved us, at the least, from a night of great discomfort. The same year I wanted to go up the Mittelhorn. The first night and the next day at the Gleckstein Hut the weather was bad. Peter Almer was sent down for more provisions, and I turned to Almer for suggestions as to how we could amuse ourselves during the day. First he took me towards the north, in the hope of finding chamois, but in vain. Then we scattered food near the hut and hid ourselves to watch marmots eating it; and so they did. A visit to inspect the Gleckstein 'cave' followed. I had not seen it since '62. Most disagreeable was its appearance. A muddy floor, water dripping everywhere, from above and down the walls of rock—never of my own accord should I have passed two nights and a day with such shelter as it afforded. How many are there who have passed a night in the Eiger Höhle? '*Forsan et haec . . .*'

Climbing without guides was not unknown in the '60s, as we have lately learnt from the letters of the Messrs. Parker.

Hornby and I never attempted anything of the kind. The accounts that I read fill me with admiration, and envy. I *admire*, for example, the carrying of packs; the skill shown in finding the way in the small hours of the morning; in judging rightly the condition of the snow; in cutting steps, especially down hill; and in climbing such rocks as the photographs indicate—often it seems with no holds at all. I *envy* the triumph of the man who has reached his peak for the first time by his own skill and resource. Then he can say with real pride '*I, too, am a Mountaineer.*'

In 1914, again, I went to Grindelwald with my wife. It was even worse weather than I had known before. We were able, however, to take a good number of walks, seldom without rain.

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*Ormiston Smith Bros., photo.*

THE GRAVE OF CHRISTIAN ALMER, AT GRINDELWALD.

The most ambitious was to the lower glacier. We went some little way up it, not, I think, beyond the Bänisegg—enough for my wife to see what a glacier is like. We went to the Little Scheidegg by the railway—this went against the grain with me—but walked down. The railway and crowd of people about made a great and not agreeable contrast with my recollection of the Wengern Alp, but it is useless to complain. After one or two attempts, I found Peter Almer at home, in his father's old house. He did not remember me, of course, after so long a time. I then asked him how often he had crossed the Eiger-Joch. 'Eins' was his answer. 'Mit mich,' I said. This is bad German, I am told, but he understood. I was glad to find him looking well and, it seemed to me, a good deal like his father. We had the pleasure of chats with Mr. Coolidge and of drawing on his amazing stock of Alpine lore. He suggested to me, when old Melchior Anderegg died, that my wife and I may be the last Engländer who saw Melchior alive; and it seems very likely. We called on him on our way from Meiringen to the Brünig on July 26. He was bed-ridden, but very cheery, remembering everything. I was never on the same rope with him, but I found that there was no need for me to explain anything about myself. Directly he heard my name he connected me with Hornby and spoke of what we had done. He was evidently pleased at being remembered. We left the Brünig Hotel on July 28, and we had a carriage to ourselves from Bern to Boulogne! After that date few, if any, English can have gone to Meiringen. Melchior died in November that year—I think aged eighty-six. But this, with his greatness in mountaineering history, is duly recorded in the chronicles of A.C. at or near the date.

Now I must bring to an end my 'artless tale.' No one, alas! now lives on earth who can check any statement that I have made up to the end of 1866, with first-hand knowledge. Feeling this, I have tried hard to say nothing of which I am not quite certain, and I hope that I have succeeded—so far, at least, as one can hope for certainty.

Before I end, I should like to say one word more with reference to Christian Almer. I was very glad to find a memorial, not unworthy of him, in the churchyard at Grindelwald. 'Der besten Führer einer' I say of him also, but more than that. I felt and feel a great affection for him. Never did he consider himself when his Herr had to be cared for. When we reached the Bergli Hut in '89, wet through, his first care was for me, while all the time he was in pain himself. Next day he told

me how he had to get up twice in the night to put snow on his eyes, trying to ease the pain in them—those bloodshot eyes, strained to the utmost in searching out the way, often without glasses, during thirty-three years (at that time) ‘auf die Berge.’ Nothing I can say will add to his fame; so I conclude: ‘Dort, Freund; auf Wiedersehn.’

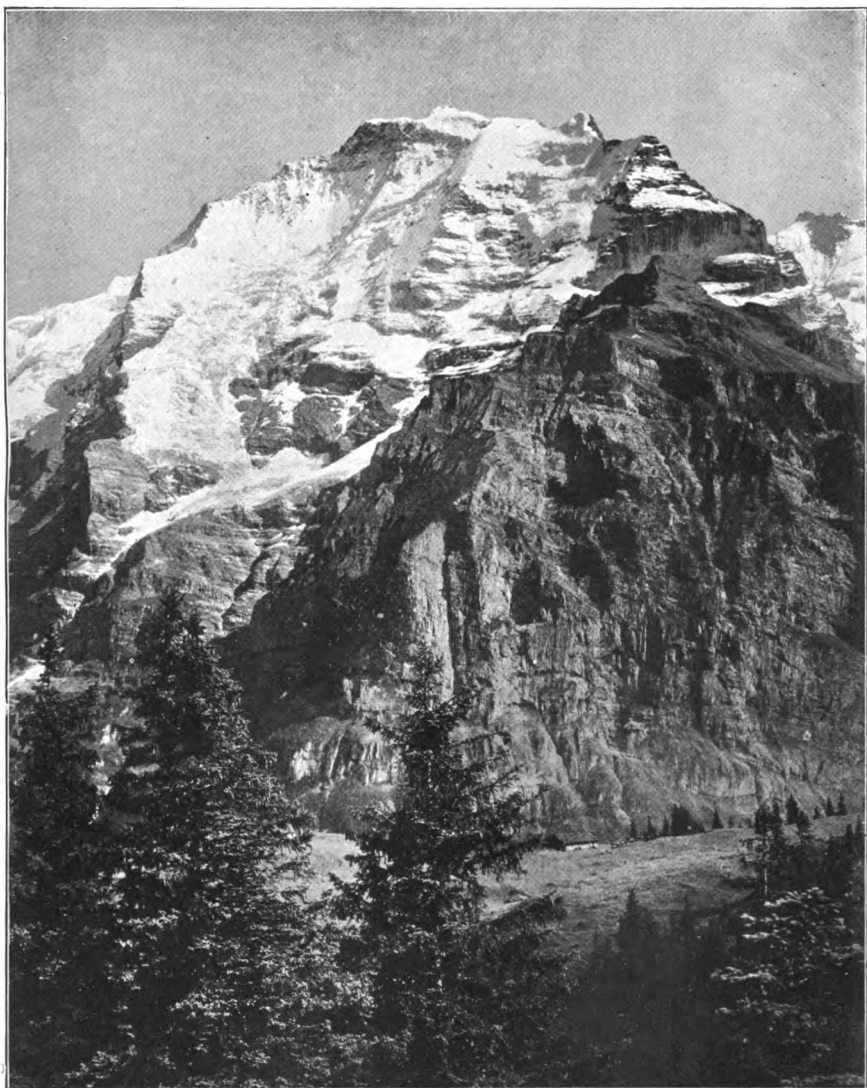
Now I must return to a still more highly valued friend. Since I spoke of James John Hornby two little incidents have recurred to my mind. They serve to show that in old age he still retained his interest in the physical exercises which he valued when young, and some of his old playfulness. When I got to Eton for the Club Jubilee Dinner, it was before the time that I had stated. His footman told me ‘I think you’ll find the Provost on the Football Ground, sir.’ I nearly laughed aloud. I had no reason to think that his disposition had altered in this respect; our correspondence had been sufficient to show the contrary; but it seemed so natural a place for him, and took me back in remembrance to Durham forty-nine years earlier. When we met, between the Provost’s Lodge and the Football Ground, we went to the Lodge together. After some talk he took me to my room, some distance along intricate passages. When he left me there he asked ‘Can you find your way back?’ ‘I think so,’ I said. I got back all right, and then he confessed that he had laid a little trap for me, suggested by a former experience. He had once taken a Colonial Bishop to the same room and asked him the same question. ‘Oh,’ said the Bishop, ‘I am an old sailor, well accustomed to take my bearings.’ He lost his way in the passages, and had to be retrieved. So Hornby had laid his little trap, hoping, as he told me, that I should not be caught in it. I don’t know how to say what I should like to say of all that his friendship was to me. But ‘I loved him, on this side idolatry,’ with a great affection; and he deserved it.

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*Note on the Pictures of the Silberhorn and Ebnefluhjoch.*

I. THE SILBERHORN.

THE great limestone cliff in the foreground is the Trümleten face of the Schwarz Mönch. This face was pointed out many years ago by, I think, the late J. Oakley Maund as one of the remaining Alpine problems. Since it is neither granite nor dolomite it is likely to remain unsolved. The summit of the Schwarz Mönch is seen at the apex of the cliff projected against the triangular rocky face of the

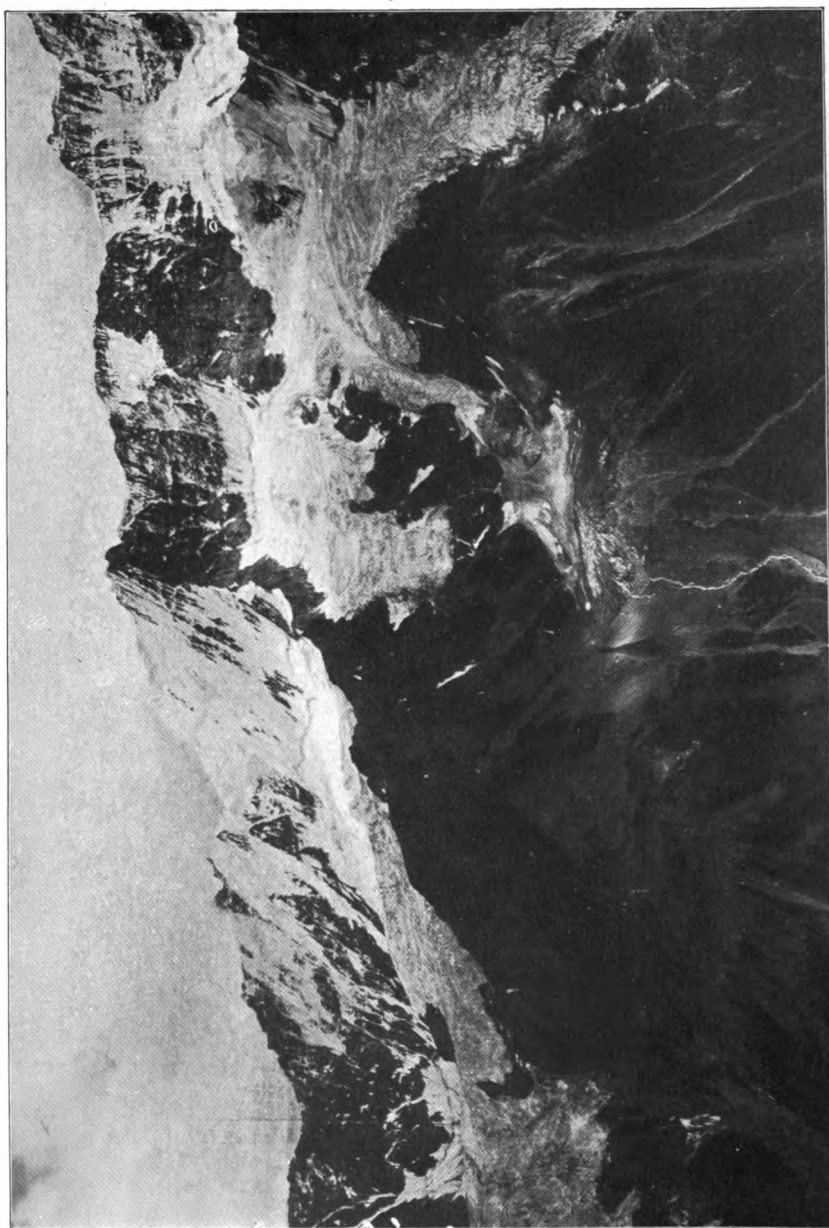


*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

THE SILBERHORN, FROM THE NORTH.

(For particulars of routes, see Note.)





*Wehrli, A. G., photo.*

### THE EBNEFLUHJOCH.

(For particulars of routes, see Note.)

*Swiss Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

Silberhorn, the so-called Rothbrett. My friend M. Paul Montandon tells me that the summit is now held in force by a pair of fierce eagles.

Mr. Philpott's party camped under the big block of rock seen at the right-hand end of the Rothbrett, then traversed along it, rounded the end of the N. rock arête seen descending from a shoulder of the Silberhorn on the left and above the Rothbrett, traversed the shallow concave face contained between this rock arête and the other, left hand, stepped rock and snow arête of the Silberhorn, under the hanging glacier, as vividly described in Mr. Hornby's paper in 'A.J.' ii. and in Mr. Philpott's supplement in 'A.J.' xxv. They then proceeded to climb with the greatest difficulties the markedly stepped W. face of this left-hand arête—Mr. Philpott tells me there was hardly any snow on it—were eventually forced over on to the N.E. icy face, and so reached, by the N. snow arête, the summit of the Silberhorn, which is the rounded snow top, and not the apparently higher snow peak more to the right with the bit of rock showing over its right-hand edge.

This climb has never been repeated.

The N. rock arête mentioned above, the foot of which was rounded by the Hornby-Philpott party, and which foot is seen slightly to the left of the cupola-top of the Schwarz Mönch, was climbed by Sir Henry Seymour King with Ambros Supersaxo and L. Zurbrücken in 1887 ('A.J.' xiv. 31-38). The climb has not been repeated.

He who has never made the ascent of the Jungfrau from the Wengernalp has missed perhaps the most magnificent ice scenery in the Alps. The Silberhorn is simply an elevation on and the Schwarz Mönch the end, before the final plunge into the Trümletenthal, of the great north buttress of the Jungfrau.

There is an excellent coloured picture of the N. face of the Silberhorn in 'S.A.C.J.' i. frontispiece.

## II. THE EBNEFLUHJOCH.

The view, for which I am indebted to M. Paul Montandon, is taken from the Obersteinberg. The N. face of the Ebnefluh itself up which routes were forced by Mr. Claude Macdonald in 1895 and by Mr. G. Hasler in 1904, both led by Christian Jossi, one of the best icemen ever known, is shown to the left of the long rock arête descending from what appears to be the summit almost in the middle of the picture, whereas the true summit of the Ebnefluh lies more to the left.

The rock arête leading to this apparent summit, untried so far as is recorded, might offer a safe if possible passage of the great chain.

It is well seen on the Panorama von der Rothen Fluh in 'S.A.C.J.' xliv.

To the right of this apparent summit is seen a length of steep rock wall, flanked on its right by a buttress carrying a snow-field on its left upper face. The main chain here makes a sharp bend, and the Ebnefluhjoch is the snow-saddle round the bend, the approach to which is from the upper shelf of the glacier. The passage of this Col first made by Messrs. Hornby and Philpott, led by Almer, has never been repeated.

The passages over the main chain between the Jungfrau and the Gspaltenhorn are the following :

1. Roththalsattel.
2. Lauinenthor.
3. Dr. O. K. Williamson's new Gletscherjoch ('A.J.' xxvii.)
4. The Two Traverses of the Ebnefluh.
5. The Ebnefluhjoch.
6. The N.W. face of the Mittaghorn.
7. The Mittagjoch.
8. The Schmadrijoch.
9. The Breithornjoch.
10. The Wetterlücke.
11. The Tschingel pass.

All of them, save the last, are formidable, and some of them are exceedingly arduous.

J. P. F.

## EXPLORATION IN THE NORTHERN JAPANESE ALPS.

By WALTER WESTON.

(Read before the Alpine Club, June 1, 1915.)

TO that almost universal debt for the fruits of a varied and ancient civilisation which Japan owes to China, there are at least two striking exceptions—the love of the hot bath, and of mountaineering, as a recreation.

As to the first, we are told that the sarcastic Chinese comment is, 'What a dirty people the Japanese must be to need washing so often,' while in connexion with the second it may be observed that the Chinese have a cynical aphorism that 'The mountains are as virtue and the waters as wisdom—they cannot coalesce,' thereby implying that a man cannot be both virtuous *and* wise.

I need hardly remark here that the very existence, as well as the composition, of this Club gives such a cynicism the lie direct.

There is a very general judgment on the part of competent

students of Japanese works and ways, that while that people are great adapters of alien ideas and methods, they are distinctly lacking in the creative faculty: whereas, on the contrary, the Chinese, who have always been great inventors, have so often appeared wanting in the power to apply their inventions to purposes of practical value.

For instance, we have the specifications, dating as far back as the fifth century, of a form of taxicab, and of an aeroplane that goes back to a still remoter antiquity. They had in use in the seventh century a system of identification by fingerprints, and yet none of these inventions were ever put to general practical use.

As to their recreations, a form of football was quite a popular game in the fifth century, in which at least seventy different kinds of kicks were practised. The winners, in the great games, received rich rewards, but we are told that the captain of the losing team was flogged and suffered other indignities.

*Polo* is mentioned as early as A.D. 710, and was even popular among ladies, who played it on donkey-back.

But of mountaineering as a recreation there is practically no mention; the mountain pilgrimages themselves were frequently only mere make-believes. Clubs there were, it is true, whose members furnished the funds for sending selected deputations to sacred spots. But in actual fact the journey frequently progressed no further than the club-room, in which the chosen ones feasted hilariously before a painted representation of the peak of pilgrimage.

To those familiar with the place of fiction, amidst the hard facts of life, even in China of to-day, this artless deception will not appear excessively singular.

The Chinese artist has always been in his way a lover of mountain scenery, but while he has bequeathed the priceless legacy of high ideals in his craft to his Japanese inheritors, he has always been content to admire the mountains from afar, and to leave alone the delights of scaling their summits for the sake of pleasure and recreation.

With the Japanese, however, mountain pilgrimages to Fuji and other sacred peaks are of ancient origin, though they were originally almost entirely confined to purely religious purposes.

Until quite recently, the general attitude of the Japanese towards the hills which compose three-quarters of the area of their land has been mainly the intermingling of a *religious reverence for individual sacred peaks*, with a widespread, artistic appreciation of mountain form.

In Mr. Freshfield's delightful and suggestive paper on 'mountains and mankind' (*Geographical Journal*, 1906) partly reprinted in the 'A.J.' (No. 166) he points out that 'the love of mountains' (as distinct from mountain climbing) 'is not a taste of advanced civilisation (as has been so often supposed). On the contrary, it is a healthy, primitive, and almost universal human instinct.' And in the illustrations he there gives of this fact among the ancient Greeks, there is scarcely anything that is not exactly applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Japanese people in general at the present time. The only qualification I would make is that, in their case, there is a considerable element of superstition and fear, partly owing, in the case of the many active volcanoes of Japan, to fear of their destructive powers as far back as a thousand years ago. The authorities, alarmed by the violent behaviour of one of them, bestowed upon it the order of 'The Junior Branch of the 4th rank,' which I suppose is much like awarding to Vesuvius the Italian equivalent of D.S.O. But whether this was expected to keep him quiet or to acknowledge his behaviour under fire is not actually recorded.

Now, when we come to ask who may fairly be looked upon as the father of the earliest form of Japanese mountaineering or, at least, the most famous exponent of this semi-religious attitude towards mountains, we at once find our answer in the remarkable personality of the famous Kōbō Daishi—or Kū-kai, founder of the Shingon sect of Buddhism.

Although many of those numerous and dazzling perfections with which some thousand years of fancy and fable have endowed him, as ascetic, artist, and Alpinist, must pale or disappear in the light of modern criticism, still the old priest was without doubt a very notable character.

In the ninth century A.D. he paid a visit to China, during which he acquired his two chief titles to fame, *i.e.* his skill as a calligraphist, and his deep insight into the mysteries of Buddhism.

As to the first of these accomplishments, he has been invested with the title of *Go-hitsu ō sho*, *i.e.* 'The five brushes priest.' The popular interpretation of this is that Kōbō-Daishi could write with five brushes at once—one in each hand, one grasped by the toes of each foot, and one in his mouth.

Modern rationalism, however, refers it to his skill in five different styles of penmanship ('five' is often used to signify a large, but indefinite, number). Some of you have seen the inscription in the face of a once inaccessible rock above the

Daiya-kawa river at Nikko, in Japan, said to have been carved therein by the mere flinging of his brush across the impassable torrent. His chief claim to reverence, however, was that of a thinker. He felt that the true inwardness of the ancient teachings could not be properly grasped from mere books. So, on his return from China to Japan, he disappeared to seek for enlightenment among the solitudes of the mountain regions. An old chronicle describes some of the risky experiences that befell him in his quest, but it adds the caution that these are feats such as the weak-minded and the irresolute should not imitate. I have lately come to the conclusion that this fact throws some light on an odd experience of my own, which I have previously mentioned here.

Some years ago I had the good fortune to make the first ascent of Hōwōzan, a miniature Aiguille du Géant, in the Southern Japanese Alps. Possibly in the warning of the chronicler there lurks the memory of the painful failure of the Sage, in his own unsuccessful attempt one thousand years before, on this same peak.

At the highest point that he is said to have reached, I was shown, by the only remaining hunter who had not by that time deserted me, a curious and ancient object. It was a tiny moss-grown stone image of the saint, placed there by some devotee to commemorate his traditional visit. And I was subsequently startled by the very catholic request of my companions that I should replace that souvenir of a failure by erecting a memorial of success. I was invited to build (at my own expense) a splendid shrine, *not* to the name of Kōbō Daishi, but in honour of the spirit of the mountain-top.

As I have already remarked, it appeared to me as the most singular proposition for church-building, and the most striking offer of preferment I have ever had the honour of receiving.

Now, I have mentioned that it was rather as a worshipper among the mountains than as a devotee of mountaineering that Kōbō Daishi is to be regarded. His ascents, whatever they may have been, were only incidental to a loftier purpose, rather than an actual end in themselves. I have recently come across a recorded saying of his that indicates his own attitude of mind quite clearly. He observes that 'As mountains are not noble because they are high, but because of the trees that grow on them, so also a man is not noble because he is stout, but because he is wise.' He also quotes with approval the Chinese aphorism that 'Just as it is not

the height of a mountain, but the residence in it of a saint, that renders it truly famous, so also water is not sacred simply because it is deep, but because of the dragons that reside therein.'

Until the end of the nineteenth century 'mountaineering,' from the Japanese point of view, had remained pretty much what it had been since the time of Kōbō Daishi and the mountain pilgrims who followed him, a thousand years ago. A description of these pilgrim clubs may be found in the first paper I had the honour of reading here, in 1896. Since then, however, a great and significant change has taken place. Nine or ten years ago I was able to tell you of the formation of a Japanese Alpine Club, and to-night I can report a very remarkable growth in the pursuit of mountaineering, in the best modern sense, as a popular many-sided recreation, with its own art and literature and practical applications.

The Japanese Alpine Club, which came into being ten years ago, now numbers about 750 members, and it is itself the parent of a numerous and healthy family. Clubs have sprung up all over the country, especially in the mountain provinces of central Japan, and in the Universities and High Schools of Tokyo and other large cities.

On my return to Japan, three years ago, the Club asked me to give a public lecture in Tokyo on the subject of 'Mountaineering in the Japanese Alps.' For this object, strange to say, the Government lent a large hall, and, stranger still, the War Office took fifty tickets. Over one thousand Japanese (all males) were said to be present, but the official recognition of the occasion may possibly have been mainly due to some idea that a movement which encourages mountain travel, research &c., amongst the most intelligent class of educated Japanese might be a useful asset in view of the next prospective campaign in the mountains of Manchuria, and the hill country further north.

Cricket and football are, in Japan, practically almost impossible games, for want of proper grounds; but for mountaineering, a land of whose surface three-quarters is mountainous offers every inducement and facility.

Every summer sees the popular 'climbing centres' filled with bands of students, whose holiday in the hills chiefly combines strenuous recreation with scientific research.

At the picturesque *Onsen* (hot spring resort) of Kamikōchi we had every year a constant succession of callers—artists, school-teachers, seismologists, or what not.

It is from the educated classes that the keenest climbers come, and the movement is one full of hope for the future of the rising generation. Japan to-day is growing like Germany more and more, the slave of solely material ambitions, like the Germany whom in so many respects she so whole-heartedly admires and seeks to imitate. Her old faiths the younger men have almost entirely thrown overboard, without, as yet, seeking other higher sanctions for conduct. As a result the moral outlook of young Japan to-day is becoming depressing and disquieting in the extreme.

I have ventured to dwell on this subject, because I feel sure that it must be one of interest to all of us to learn that, in the now increasingly widespread growth, not simply of an æsthetic appreciation of mountain scenery, but of *mountaineering* in the completest sense, as the highest active recreation of which a human being is capable, there is, in more senses than one, a movement upwards. It is a movement full of usefulness and hope. These young Japanese, as I have said, are nowadays too prone to the temptation to worship only what suggests human efficiency and the supremacy of merely material power. But they are now learning how good a thing it is for a man to get out of himself; to leave the great cities reared by human hands, and to go up into those high and holy places where the appeal comes to his spiritual nature; where what most impresses his soul is the presence of an unseen Dominion, and the power of an invisible Omnipotence; where the sights that most meet the eye are the mightiest of all works, in the making of which neither he nor his kind have had a share.

I may be pardoned for quoting to you some words in illustration of the impressions produced on the mind of a young Japanese mountaineer when he gained his first view of Hodaka from the Tokugo-tōge:—

‘When I was brought face to face with the grand sight I was almost beside myself with rapture, and felt as if I were in a dream. God is invisible to our human eyes, but He creates a boundless and wonderful universe, decorating it with the sun, the moon, the stars, the mountains, rivers, flowers and trees. The place where I now stand is no exception to the wonder of the Universe. The best human art cannot possibly make anything like this. Such thoughts never enter our hearts while we are engaged in worldly affairs; but when we find ourselves high up on the summit of the lofty mountains our spirits seem to undergo some change. I feel, from the



bottom of my heart, that this change is due to the ideal giant in the shape of Hodaka, which is no other than the creation of God.'

During my last stay (of the past three summers) in Japan, I have had a chance of making some new expeditions in the northern part of the Japanese Alps. While I have no thrilling adventures nor strenuous ascents to relate, such as are so often described in this Hall, still I hope they may be not unworthy of your attention to-night.

The region I have traversed is one which I have approached in days gone by from every point of the compass, but the most convenient route is perhaps that leading through the well-known hill-station of Karuisawa (the San Moritz of Japan), some 80 miles to the N. of Tokyo. In Mr. Freshfield's charming paper on 'A Far Eastern Playground' in the 'A.J.' for November 1914, he has an interesting note on this journey. He there mentions the unenviable notoriety recently gained by the neighbouring volcano of Asamayama as a favourite resort of suicides. Many Japanese students, who have lost heart in life's difficulties and disappointments, have chosen a guideless descent into the fires of the red-hot crater of Asama as the shortest way to oblivion.

Till lately the most popular resort for the purpose was in the mountains of Nikko further E., usually from the edge of the waterfall of Kegon. A warning protest subsequently set up by the priests of the neighbouring shrine at Nikko on a notice board at the approach to the great cascade is worth reproducing. It runs thus :—

'To throw away precious life in such a manner is to defile the sacred mountains and one's own name.

'It is an act of irreverence towards the Gods, disloyalty towards the Emperor, and disobedience towards one's parents.

'Civilised men should remember three things :—

'1. It is sad and disgraceful that boys, with many years of usefulness before them, should allow themselves to be distracted with some petty occurrence, and should resort to a course which renders them as unsightly in death as their motive is miserable.

'2. A man's name belongs to his family.

'3. His life belongs to his country.

'Therefore to cast away both without reflection is to sow the seeds of regret in a future state.

'This is the teaching of Japan's greatest sages.'

The Japanese have a great dread of contaminating sacred spots with contact of that which is ceremonially unclean, such as dead bodies &c. But I may also add that one consideration which led to the abandonment of the waters of the Kegon fall in favour of the fires of the crater of Asama was of a more material character. The village authorities of Nikko below the fall at length refused to afford burial to the many mangled remains, owing to the growing expenses incurred! The public were then warned that such bodies would be left unburied. This proved an indignity too horrible to contemplate, owing to the eternal disgrace thereby inflicted upon the family name. Hence came the substitution of the fires of Asama for the waters of the sacred Nikko cascade.

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The way of approach to the Northern Japanese Alps from Karuisawa is by a mountain railway that crosses a ridge of hills westwards to the town of Matsumoto. Beyond Karuisawa, at Komoro, a fine lotus pond lies near the line. On the way to Matsumoto a new inn at Akashina, with a lovely garden, offers excellent accommodation.

From Matsumoto one can drive by *basha* across the plain westwards, for some 13 miles, to Shimajima, a hamlet astride the confluence of two tributaries of the river Adzusagawa. The *basha* I have described as a hybrid vehicle suggesting a cross between an ambulance waggon and a hearse. The emotions it inspires not infrequently foreshadowed its use as one or other of those conveyances. A day out in it offers one of the most strenuous forms of exercise in which a man of robust health and unimpaired nerves is, when unmarried, justified in indulging.

From Shimajima, still westwards, one plunges into a romantic and densely-wooded ravine. In the earlier part of the summer brilliant splashes of crimson azalea light up the sombre hill-sides, and sweet-scented wistaria vines hang high above the green waters of the turbulent stream.

A steep pull finally lands one, five hours out, on the top of the pass of the Tokugotôge (7100 ft.). Below the crest of this we suddenly find ourselves face to face with the noble granite form of Hodaka-yama. The eastern peak of this fine mountain I climbed during my first stay in Japan. I have already described it in the 'A.J.' To-night I propose to speak of the ascent of the culminating point of the whole mass.

Kamikôchi now consists of a big rough inn and a bath-house

with two square wooden tanks supplied from the adjoining hot spring, which gushes out a few yards away from the bank of the river Adzusagawa, at the S.W. foot of Hodaka-yama.

When I first explored the region, twenty years ago, it was unknown to Europeans, and little more familiar to the Japanese themselves. But now it is attracting more visitors yearly, who come to climb, to paint, or for scientific research into the botany and seismology of this romantic region. The baths are public, and used by both sexes indifferently. There is not even the dividing line of string or bamboo that is sometimes (out of deference to foreign feelings) used in more 'civilised' resorts, stretched across the tank to indicate 'This side for ladies, that for gentlemen.'

The soothing effect of a thorough soaking in the clear running waters of these baths is most grateful and comforting after the rough-and-tumble work that the longer expeditions involve. Some of these *onsen* are in charming situations, which, combined with the real value of their healing waters for all kinds of complaints, render them extraordinarily popular as refuges from the exhausting heat of a Japanese summer in the plains.

My new peak, Oku-Hodaka, 10,200 feet, forms the tip of the great granite horseshoe, whose concave side almost faces the Tokugo pass. The expedition which I will briefly describe I first made in 1912, though I repeated it under more favourable conditions, with my wife, in 1913.

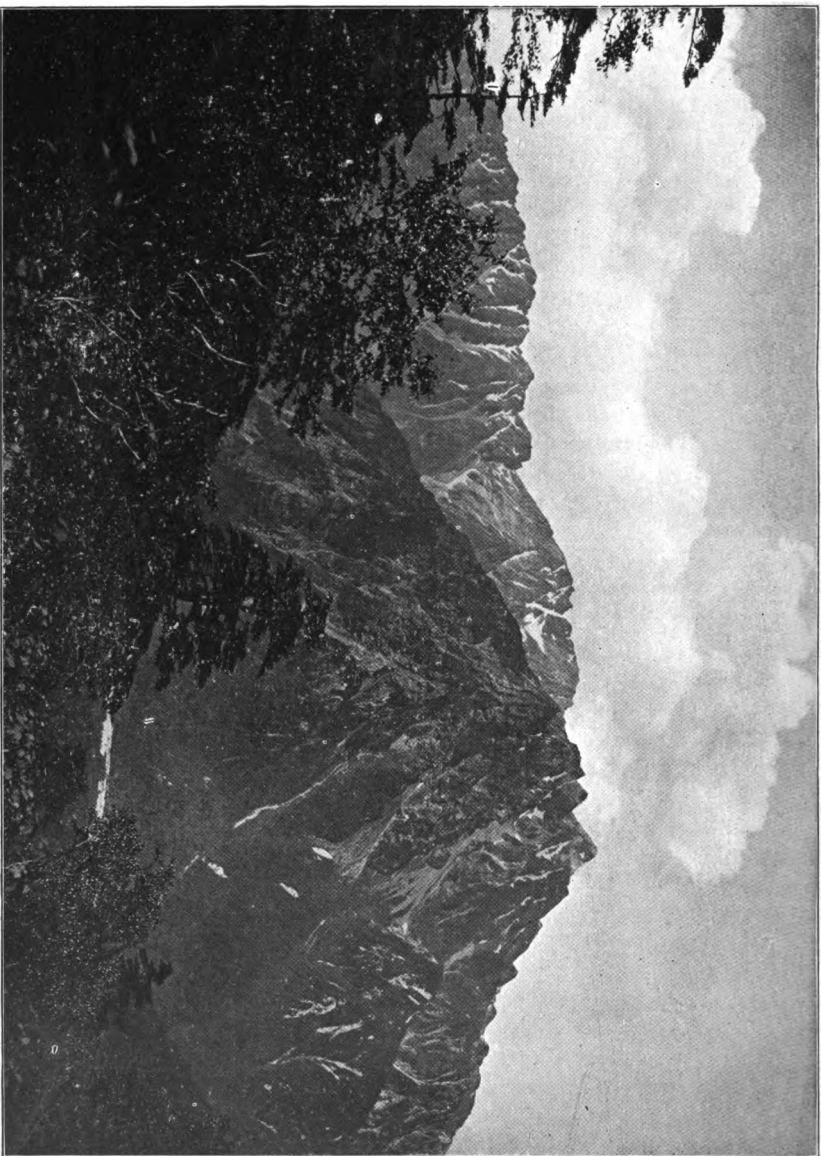
My guide, on both occasions, was the old bear-hunter Kamonji Kamijō, who first climbed with me twenty years ago. He is still wonderfully agile in body and mind, in spite of his threescore years and three, a considerable age as judged by the standards of ordinary Japanese longevity.

Kamonji nominally inhabits a secluded hut by the side of a still, dark mere, at the foot of the S.E. end of the Hodaka horseshoe. In the summer he fishes for the trout in which the mere abounds. When winter snows drive down the bears and chamois from the higher ridges in search of food, he leaves his lair for the sport he loves best of all. He was very keen on our climb, and in spite of the threatening aspect of 'the awful rose of dawn' that greeted us, he stepped out wonderfully nimbly from the *onsen* and over the Kappa Bashi bridge. His quaint but ape-like features were enveloped in a cotton *tenugui* (towel), and his sturdy body covered with an undressed chamois-skin. Recent rains had swollen the swift, broad Adzusagawa, and we had difficulty in finding a decent ford; while the dense bamboo grass and undergrowth of the lower



*O. M. Poole, photo.*

**SHIMAJIMA, from the East.**



*T. Z. Takano, photo.*

*Suan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*  
HODAKA-YAMA, from the Tokugo Pass.

slopes beyond soon soaked one through and through. In 1½ hour we emerged on the end of the Shirasawa, a great river of shattered fragments of granite fallen from the encircling cliffs into which we were now penetrating. Close by, we lighted upon wild black-currant bushes laden with delicious fruit, a most unusual discovery. An hour's tedious scramble up the moraine-like river of rock brought us on to a long slope of hummocky, wind-blown snow, which gave welcome relief. This ended at about 8000 feet in a bergschrund, then some 50 or 60 feet deep, which called for careful use of axe and rope to allow us to effect a footing on the rocks beyond. For the next two hours the work was exceedingly strenuous. The granite face of the Hodaka cliffs here is the longest continuous scramble in the Japanese Alps, and afforded really excellent work, even judged by Alpine standards. Kamonji climbed with wonderful nimbleness and skill, and held on as much with his toes as his fingers. The soft straw sandals (*waraji*) he wore, though useless on steep snow, gave an extraordinary grip on wet and slippery rock. They were fully needed, for now the threatened rain came on, and the angry clouds soon hid all but our immediate surroundings from view. Now and then gusts of wind roaring over the wild ridges revealed grey cliffs and towers overhanging the most desolate ravines imaginable. Soon the wind seemed to blow from all quarters at once, and the rain to rain up as well as down. We had long ago been sodden through and through, our fingers were numbed, and we were chilled to the bone. The keen edges of the splintered granite cut my *Kletterschuhe* to pieces, and pressed hard and sharp through the sodden soles of cotton rag. The enveloping mists distorted form, as well as concealed it, and as one obstacle was surmounted it only revealed another looming dimly beyond. At last I began to wonder how much more of this buffeting one could stand, and how much further one might wisely, or justifiably, struggle on. Then, for a moment, the mist thinned, and a point appeared beyond which there was a lighter aspect of things; '*Dekimashita, dekimashita!*' cried Kamonji, '*chō-jō, chōjō*'—'The top! the top! We've done it, we've done it!' An expansive grin of mingled relief and satisfaction wreathed his wrinkled face. He drew aside and invited me to be the first to step on to the shattered fragments, a few feet square, that formed the actual top of the highest granite peak of the Japanese Alps. There was only time for a mutual *medetō* (congratulation), but I noticed that even in this cold grey desolation there bloomed

the invariable and cheerful little yellow *potentilla* (there well named *gelida* !) and a tiny little pale blue *campanula*.

The upward climb had taken six hours of almost unceasing effort, with scarcely any halts, but the descent was to prove almost more strenuous still. We had now to face the blasts and driving rain, and the route for the first 2000 feet was very difficult to hit off in the enveloping mists. It was far too cold, in our sodden condition, to dare halt for food, and with Kamonji's *waraji* torn to ribbons, and my *Kletterschuhe* reduced to a ragged pulp, we began to feel it was indeed a very 'long, long way' to Kamikōchi.

Before reaching that haven of rest, however, we were to find the slippery brakes of bamboo grass had now become a network of streams and quagmires, and the little runlets of the early morning had grown to roaring torrents. In one place my companion offered me a 'lift' across a deceptive backwater, but half-way across he stuck in a quicksand, and I had to dismount and drag him out. The swollen waters of the Adzusagawa were dashing down the valley, with an ugly booming of the boulders in the widening channel, and it was only after a desperate struggle, feeling a precarious way from one great rock to another with the water up to the waist, that the further bank, and safety, were finally gained. A warm welcome greeted us under the friendly roof of Kamikōchi; the hot *onsen* was never so soothing, nor was the *tamagozake* (Japanese egg-flip) ever so grateful and comforting a luxury at the close of a delightfully exciting and exhilarating day.

The finest climb in the Northern Japanese Alps next to Hodaka is the ascent of Yari-ga-take, 'The spear peak,' from the N.E., which I also made for the first time in 1912.

My hunters and I bivouacked in the forest of pine and birch, on the right bank of the Adzusagawa, about five hours from Kamikōchi, at the E. foot of Hodaka-yama. Kamonji, to our mutual regret, unluckily was not available, but had sent me two distant relatives. From the bivouac we had a strenuous scramble to the foot of Yari-ga-take by way of a magnificent gorge known as Yoko-ō-dani. This took some eight hours, and involved an arduous ascent of a wild torrent bed, wading the turbulent waters waist-deep, or leaping from rock to rock, where a slip would have had much uglier consequences than one cared to dwell on.

It is this torrent valley work that forms the most trying feature of most of these expeditions and renders them more fatiguing than a good average Swiss Alpine climb. Early

in the afternoon we gained the crest of the great ridge that hems in the head of the ravine, and saw away to the N.W. the 'spear peak' shooting up from the rough arête of hard, disintegrated porphyry, which here replaces the granite of the main range, through which it thrusts itself. Our second bivouac we made at a bear-hunter's lair, at 9000 feet, some 1500 feet below the top of Yari-ga-take. A roaring fire of the aromatic branches of the creeping pine, gathered close by, soon lighted up the surrounding rocks. As we sat outside the cave we first watched the sunset gild the spear-head of Yari with a fiery glow behind us, and then, beyond the nearer eastern hills, between the pyramid of Jōnendake and the far-off cone of Fuji, the moon rose and sailed across a blue-black sky where the stars literally blazed with an almost dazzling brightness. By way of a good-night greeting, my two hunters now informed me they wholly declined to try any new route on Yari-ga-take on the morrow. 'Has Kamonji ever done it?' they asked. 'No,' I said. 'Well, Kamonji is "Yari-ga-take no Ō," "the King of Yari-ga-take," and where he hasn't been no one else can go.' 'Very good, then I will go alone, and you will have to go back and tell Kamonji the reason why.' And so they said their 'good night'—'*O yasumi nasai*' ('honourably condescend to rest'), while I crawled to my corner of the cave, lay down on a luxurious spring mattress of creeping pine, and was speedily asleep.

The next morning dawn revealed a lovely cloud sea surging up the valley below, but the rising sun soon drank up its waves, and by the time breakfast was over the sharp spear-head of Yari stood out clear-cut against a cloudless sky. To my surprise, as I was about to move off, the two hunters asked if they mightn't come also. Whether from shame or through fear of consequences at Kamonji's hands I know not, but at 6.45 A.M. we together turned our backs upon the cave. Our route mounted nearly due N. to the ridge that forms the continuation of the E. arête of Yari, and for some distance everything was quite simple. The ridge itself is exceedingly sharp and narrow, and it was not till we overtopped it and looked beyond that we saw the work before us. Below, on the N., it dropped down at an angle of about 70° to a narrow snow couloir about 1500 feet in depth, and beyond this rose the exceedingly steep rock-face which I proposed to attempt. Once more the courage of my companions speedily sank to zero, but by slow degrees I succeeded in assuring them that

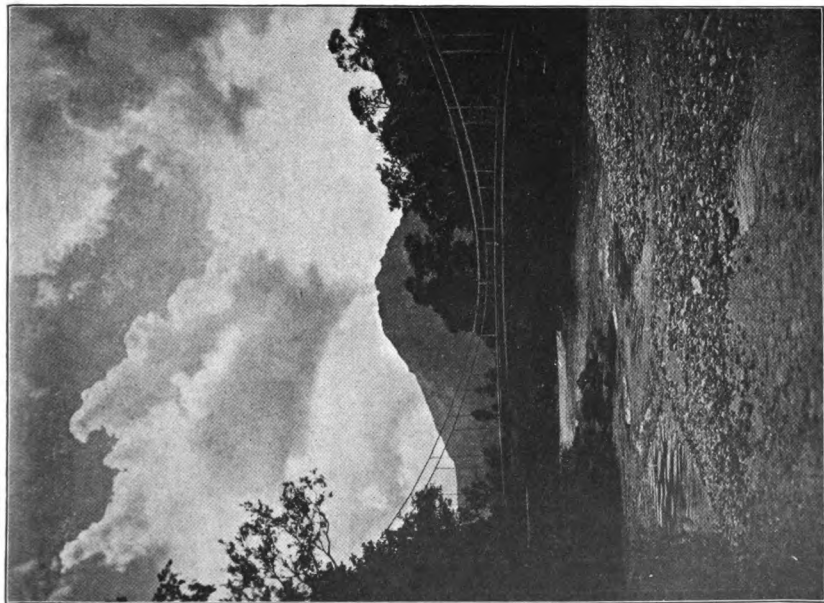


things weren't nearly as bad as they looked and that closer contact would prove it. We slowly descended the weathered N. face of the precipitous ridge, and with much hesitation the men followed across the snow couloir in steps I made big enough for a performing elephant. Beyond the snow we climbed straight up the face, and as I went ahead with cheering assurances the spirits of my hunters rose with their bodies. The height above the couloir was about 1000 feet, but the last half was almost vertical and a splendidly sporting chimney finally gave access to the summit ridge. When once the men were well on the rocks—for the snow they shrank from with the fear that is so often born of the ignorance of inexperience—they climbed quite nimbly. As they joined me on the little platform that forms the tip of the 'spear' of Yari, their enthusiasm, at the sight of the prospect before them and of the way by which they had achieved it, knew no bounds. Cries of '*Banzai, banzai!*' rent the still air, and grateful obeisances were made before the tiny shrine of splintered porphyry that adorns the top.

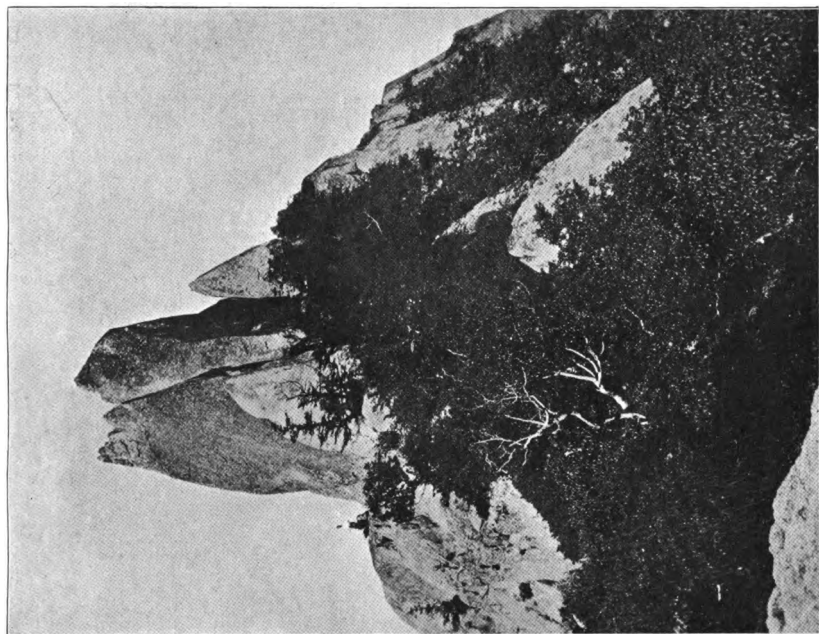
The height of Yari is 10,430 feet, and the view it commands is magnificent. To the N. wild ridges and desolate valleys sink towards the shimmering waves of the Japan Sea. Between us and its waters there are literally hundreds of square miles of mountain land, with scarcely any inhabitant but a solitary hunter or charcoal-burner in the lower glens.

To the S.E. rise the great wall of the Kōshu mountains, the Southern Japanese Alps (which I described in my last paper before the Club), and over one of their ridges the graceful cone of Fuji, whose southern slopes rise unbroken from the shores of the Pacific in Sagami Bay. To the S.W. Yakedake uplifts a slender column of silver smoke against a cloudless sky. Perhaps the most impressive sight is the great granite walls and towers of Hodaka, with the serpentine windings of the ridge that joins us with their highest peak. The prospect is, practically, one that embraces the whole width of the mainland of Dai Nippon at its broadest span.

The return to Kamikōchi, with frequent halts, took ten hours, but this time we descended the main valley of the Adzusagawa, by which the ordinary route to Yari is made. The expedition had been really a very fine one, though the actual 'climbing' is mainly confined to the last two hours on the E. face. The following year I repeated the ascent, with some variations and with my wife, accompanied by Kamonji and Seizo Nemoto, a nimble and active fellow from



YAKEDAKE, FROM KAMIKŌCHI.



SUMMIT OF HO-WO-ZAN, FROM THE NORTH.



*T. Enami, photo.*

FUJI-SAN, FROM SHIRAITO FALL.



*Seien Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

FUJI-SAN, FROM L. MOTOSU.

the famous rocks of Myogi San, in Jōshu. We bivouacked two nights under a wedge of rock near the base of Yari, and though Kamonji didn't like the last 500 feet of the face, his interest in a novel way up his old peak, and his delight at seeing his '*Oku Sama*' ('august mistress') thereon, were as amusing as they were sincere.

Before concluding a paper on 'Mountaineering in Japan' it may be permissible to touch for a moment on the excellent training-ground for the more active side of the sport which is found in the rocks of Myogi San I have already mentioned. They are within an hour of the main line to Karuisawa from Tokyo. They really form the skeleton of an ancient volcano, and their gaunt ridges and shattered buttresses all seem to radiate from a common centre, like the spokes of a Titanic wheel. They rise to a height of 4000 feet, and afford scrambling of a quite sensational character, in the most romantic surroundings. The rock, generally, gives good holding, and in some places it is possible to ascend an almost vertical wall for 40 or 50 feet by means of the nodules of hard weathered stone that stud the wrinkled face of the lava cliffs.

The two best scrambles are the sky-line ridge of the *Kagami-iwa*—'The mirror rock' (so called from the round mass on the southern end of the big bastion), and the sharp peak of the *Fude-iwa*—'The pen rock.' My wife and I made these new routes two years ago, and found them most entertaining.

On *Fude-iwa* one quite thrilling moment occurred. Our good Seizo Nemoto had just crossed a neck of lava rock, some 30 feet long, but only 18 inches wide, and with an ugly drop on each side of 100 feet *absolutely*, not almost, sheer. My wife, next on the rope, was just starting across it. Suddenly an infuriated wasp, whose nest hung plastered against the cliff behind Seizo, buzzed out unseen, and stung him badly on the top of his close-cropped head. In a few seconds the swelling had reached one eye and bunged it up; for a moment our own safety, as well as the success of the climb, hung in the balance. Had Seizo's other eye been closed up, the situation would have been exceedingly serious. Luckily, however, the poison spread no further, and after a long rest he was able to lead on. But the situation reminded me, for the moment, of one elsewhere, once so graphically described upon this platform by a famous member of the Club—'I can tell you that for the next twenty minutes we had a jolly *mauvais quart d'heure*!'

## ANNALS OF FUJI-SAN: AN APPENDIX.

I. **T**HE earliest known references to Fuji San in Japanese literature are to be found in a very ancient and famous anthology known as the Manyōshu—‘The Collection of a Myriad Leaves’—published about the end of the eighth century A.D. :—

‘When of yore the Gods did part  
 Heaven above from Earth below,  
 Lonely in his majesty,  
 Fuji, loftily sublime,  
 O’er Suruga’s land uprose.  
 Oh, the towering peak of Fuji !  
 When, with upturned glance, men scan it,  
 All the vasty plain of Heaven  
 And of Sun on daily path  
 All the lustrous light is hidden ;  
 And of nightly radiant moon  
 Not a shimmer may be seen.  
 Still round thee shall white clouds hover,  
 Scarcely daring stay or go ;  
 Still the snow shall fall upon thee,  
 Ever falling ceaselessly—  
 Still shall men the story tell,  
 Lofty peak of Fuji-San.  
 Of Yamato, the Land of Sunrise,  
 It is the Peace-giver, it is the God,  
 It is the Treasure.’

On the other hand, one of the latest utterances is the somewhat prejudiced verdict of a recent fat and infuriated traveller whom I found in bed some time ago, on his return from the ascent, on a scorching summer day, and who declared with rather undue warmth : ‘Fuji-yama is a fraud—it is nothing more than a disgusting heap of *humbug and ashes* !’

The fame of Fuji-San was known even in Chinese literature also in very early times. An ancient miscellany, *Gisho Rokujō*, tells of the wondrous peak to the N.E. of the then capital of Japan, “called Fuji, or Hōrai. It is very steep ; three sides rise sheer from the sea, and flames and smoke are belched forth from its lofty summit. Many beautiful springs flow down its sides, and these at night ascend again, when sounds

of music may be heard upon it. Here of old once came Jōfuku."

This Jōfuku (in Chinese, *Su Fuh*) was a famous magician of Shantung, who was sent by the Chinese Emperor Shōkō to cross the seas to search for the 'elixir of perpetual youth.' In those days the popular expression of man's natural craving for some assurance of immortality had, in China, mainly degenerated into a fevered and fruitless search for plants and potions whose magic powers could confer it. There are differing legends as to the success of Jōfuku's quest; one is that it may possibly have been attained in the 'Land of Perennial Youth' on the mountain Hōrai, known to us as Fuji-San. Possibly this may explain the fact that the name 'Fuji' is sometimes written with two Chinese characters which signify 'deathless.'

Were Jōfuku, however, to reappear amongst some of the members of the Alpine Club of to-day, I am inclined to believe his search might meet with more certain results. At any rate, I cannot but feel that there are, in the ranks of its senior members, a number whose sustained and perennial activities should go far to convince him that they themselves appear to have succeeded in the quest on which he failed.

Whole volumes have been devoted to descriptions of the manifold perfections of the mountain. In one work entitled '*Fuji-hyaku-shu*' ('A hundred chapters on Fuji'), Keichui has pictured its rugged loftiness, while in '*Fuji-hyaku-ku*' ('A hundred stanzas on Fuji') Tōko has called us to admire it 'hidden amidst gorgeous-hued clouds.' Various proverbs bear witness to its hold on the popular imagination, e.g.:

'Even Fuji is without beauty to one who is hungry and cold.'

'Whether the sky be cloudy or clear, the form of Fuji never changes.'

The breezes that blow down from the mountain-top are the breath of its guardian Goddess; the rain that falls on it is her tears.

To dream of a snow-clad Fuji, and above all if with it appear an egg-plant (*nasubi*) and a flight of three cranes, is the height of good fortune.

In modern Japanese literature the descriptions of the charms of Fuji-San are perhaps less poetic, though an exception must be made in the case of a remarkable little volume, published some years ago for the use of visitors to the Hakone district, near the eastern foot of the peak. It is entitled 'A Guide-

Book on Hakone' and was translated by a Japanese writer into what he states to be the 'English that is generally spoken by most of foreigners.'

He warns us that these hill-country views of the great mountain involve a toilsome ascent, but that 'the result of toleration is pleasure.' The first prospect afforded the traveller is when 'the lake of Ashi (Hakone) spreads a face of glowing glass reflected upside-down the shadow of Fuji, which is the highest, noblest, and most glorious mountain in Japan.'

'Whenever we visit the place, the first pleasure to be longed is the view of Fuji mountain, and its summit is covered with permanent undissolving snow. Its regular configuration, hanging down the sky like an opened white fan, may be looked long at equal shape from several regions surrounding it. Everyone who saw it ever has nothing but applause.'

The final inducement offered is that: 'Forty-five houses among whole village are the hotels for *cessation of travellers!*' for whom 'transparent and delicate liquid is constantly overflowing from the vat, and its purity free from defilement so fully values on the applause of visitors as it is with the air.' The liquid here is nothing more harmless than the spring water in which these delightful valleys and hillsides abound.

II. The place of Fuji in the Art of Japan is as unique as it is universal. Each successive season of the year invests it with its own peculiar charm. One great artist devoted nearly fifty separate drawings to the illustration of the beauties of the snow that forms its winter drapery. There is scarcely a single one, of all the applied fine arts of this Land of Art, whose greatest masters have not found some of their highest inspirations in the fascination of its form, its colour, or its numberless and varied charms viewed from land or sea.

It is not difficult to understand why Fuji makes such a universal appeal to the affection and reverence of an artistic and nature-loving people like the Japanese. In spite of the terrors its volcanic activities have inspired in bygone times, there is something wholly friendly and sociable in the way it looks down on the daily labours and the pleasures of the millions of toilers in crowded cities, and on the unceasing, ant-like activities of the country-side of the Thirteen Provinces from which it is seen, revered, and loved.

It was this friendliness of Fuji that appealed to the imagination of Hokusai, the artisan artist of the early part of the nineteenth century, and furnished his nimble fancy with that endless variety of subjects which his brush has portrayed

with such extraordinary skill. The two chief works of his later days are his 'Hundred Views of Fuji,' printed in light tints of black and red, and the 'Thirty-six Views' of the same mountain, mainly in green, blue, yellow, and brown. They afford a striking proof of the originality and capability of the one artist of his time who had the courage to break away from the traditions of the colour-print school of the past and establish himself the leader of a movement entirely novel and revolutionary.

The actual *meaning* of the title 'Fuji' is most ambiguous. Old Japanese books tell us that for ages after its creation the mountain had no name at all, and to-day the neighbouring country-folk often refer to it with a reverent familiarity simply as *O Yama*—'The honourable mountain.' While it is sometimes written with the two Chinese characters which stand for 'no two,' 'none such,' 'peerless,' it is also occasionally represented by two which signify 'not dying,' 'immortal.'

The word 'Fuji' is probably derived from the Ainu '*push*'—'to burst forth,' and takes one back to the days when the hairy aborigines dwelt in that part of the land, before they were driven northwards by the invaders from the West. Another reminder of them is at hand also at the eastern foot of the peak, for the name 'Subashiri' (one of the most popular starting-points for the ascent) is of Ainu origin. Its meaning is 'steaming earth' and points back to some now vanished *solfatara* such as is found near the base of all the great volcanoes of Japan. Another explanation is that the word is derived from 'Huchi,' the name of the Ainu 'Goddess of Fire.'

III. The actual birth of Fuji-San itself is no less a subject of romantic fancies than its name. In any case it is, from the point of view of geological time, a mere infant of a mountain, an upstart among volcanoes. Japanese tradition tells us it first rose to view in the fifth year of the reign of the Emperor Kōrei (B.C. 285). One night, in the province of Ōmi, the earth opened in a gigantic chasm, forming the Lake of Ōmi (Biwa), while the soil thrown forth was transported some 150 miles to the N.E. and deposited in the province of Suruga, to form in Fuji a cone of perfect symmetry. The comparatively modern excrescence of Hoyei-zan which mars the eastern slope did not appear until centuries afterwards. A curious survival of this tradition is suggested by the fact that, whilst it was once the rule for ordinary pilgrim climbers to fast and mortify the flesh for one hundred days before ascending to worship on the summit, there was a special dispensation in



favour of the men from the province of Ōmi. Since the mountain was formed from the soil of their birth-place, a natural autochthonous affinity with it redeemed them from the need of more than seven days of special preparation.

A shrine on the summit is said to have been dedicated by the 'Emperor' Heijō in A.D. 806 to the presiding divinity, the goddess *Ko-no-hana-saku-ya-hime*, 'The Princess who makes the blossoms of the trees to flower.' The most popular shrine, perhaps, in her honour is that of Fuji Sengen (another of her titles) at Yoshida, the northern 'entrance' to the mountain, which was originally built about 900 A.D. But probably the most ancient of such foundations is really that at Ōmiya, at the southern foot, the starting-point of the Murayama ascent. It is known to the Japanese as *Omote guchi*, or 'Front Entrance.' This was naturally the most convenient way of approach in early times from the ancient capitals of Nara and Kyoto, and would naturally be the first to be honoured with the 'Great Shrine' which its name implies. This is the only direction from which Fuji is viewed as a pointed peak and not as a truncated cone. Between the eighth and eighteenth centuries there are twelve distinct eruptions recorded, and smoke is said to have been seen proceeding freely from the crater as late as the fourteenth century. The latest took place in the winter of 1707-1708, when the crater and mound known as Hōyei-zan were formed.

At the present time steam still continues to issue from various cracks on the east side of the outer rim of the great crater on the top of the mountain, and on my last ascent, in 1914, it was possible to boil an egg in some of them.

On the other hand, within a few hundred yards or so of these, on the level space inside the north of the crater wall, there gushes forth an icy spring of crystal clearness, well called *Kim-mei sui*—'Golden famous water.' Some of the lava streams ejected by the earlier eruptions have flowed for a distance of fifteen miles, as far as to the banks of the Fuji-kawa river beyond Ōmiya. Others have been dammed up against the flanks of the granite hills that encircle the foot of Fuji on the north and west, and in the hollows thus formed there lies the chain of the five lovely lakes that lend the prospect of the mountain on the Kōshu side so much of its charm. Of all the approaches to Fuji, that from Kōfu by the Nagakura-tōge is justly described by Mr. Freshfield as the most charming of the many ways of reaching it, reminding one as it does of a bit of Tyrolese landscape warmed with the colour of

Japanese life and atmosphere. From the summit of the pass one looks over the bright water of these turquoise lakes to the lower slopes of the great pyramid that soars to a height of 10,000 feet above their shores. In early times these were probably but one united sheet of water stretching from north-east to west for a distance of over twenty miles. The surface level of all of them is identical (about 3120 feet), and as it fluctuates simultaneously, some regular subterranean communication probably exists between them. Near Lake Shōji, one of the loveliest of the chain, rises a low, dark hill called Maruyama, at the foot of which several natural ice-caves have been formed by the freezing of the moisture which percolates through the porous lava into beautiful stalactites and stalagmites of ice.

To the south of these caves are several waterfalls of great beauty. The *Shira-ito-no-taki* ('White Thread Cascade'), with the snow-clad form of Fuji as a background, is one of the loveliest in Japan. The stream rushes over the edge or through the face of a semicircular cliff in the lava, in a series of some fifty cascades, into a basin nearly 100 feet in depth. The two larger of these are known as the 'Father' and 'Mother' falls respectively, and the smaller ones form their numerous progeny.

The height of Fuji above the Pacific shore, from which on the S.E. it sweeps upwards in one mighty unbroken curve, is about 12,400 feet.

Experiments carried out on the summit in 1884 by the late Professor Milne suggested that the stability of the upper part of the peak was affected by a strong wind. The movements of the tromometer used there were very much greater than those of another simultaneously observed at Tokyo.

The steepest inclination of the upper slopes is about 35° on the western side. This fact is worthy of note in view of the exaggerated statement of admiring writers whose language is apt to be more picturesque than accurate. Lafcadio Hearn, for instance, speaks of the 'amazing angle' and the 'stupendous pitch' of the slopes on the S.E., and he adds: 'Evidently I am not fitted to climb high mountains. . . . And yet there *are* people still alive who have climbed Fuji three or four times *for pleasure!*' Another describes it as a 'stupendous incline which shoots up at a dizzy angle into space.'

Probably, however, the most delightfully comprehensive claim on its behalf is that of a *fuda*, a sort of charm sold to pilgrim climbers who have achieved the ascent: 'Fuji-no-

yama is the origin of all other mountains, and its grandeur equals that of both sun and moon.'

IV. A modern Japanese proverb states that 'there are in Japan two kinds of fools—those who have never once climbed Fuji, and those who have climbed Fuji more than once.'

The distinction, however, of the first ascent by a human being (and of many subsequent ones) is usually claimed on behalf of an ancient and highly-venerated worthy known as En-no-Shōkaku, alleged to have been born in the land of Yamato, the ancient cradle of the Japanese people, in A.D. 633. From childhood he loved to dwell in mountain solitudes, and ultimately founded the sect of *Gyōja* (pilgrim mountaineers) called *Yamabushi*. Their modern descendants one may still meet to-day on some of the remoter sacred peaks. In addition to the usual white garments of the ordinary pilgrim, they wear a kind of tufted stole (*kesa*). The stricter members, under a special vow, march in wooden clogs (*geta*) supported on a single piece, no more than half an inch wide; to avoid the slaughter of straying insects. One, whom I met some years ago, assured me he had thus walked over two hundred miles without killing a single beetle.

As the upward way grows toilsome, the tired climbers chant a curious antiphonal invocation. "*Rokkon shōjō*," gasps one half of the breathless band—"May our six senses be pure." "*O yama kaisei*," comes the fervent response—"And may the weather on the honourable mountain be fine!"

Some years ago, on Ontake San, next to Fuji the most sacred of all the Japanese peaks, I met a pilgrim party whose leader I asked for the reason of the white garments of his order. His explanation was worth recording. 'We wear them to show the mountain gods we have come to worship, that we want to be sincere in heart and upright of life, for without this we know they will not hear our prayers.'

It reminded one of the familiar words of a kindred spirit—"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall rise up in His Holy Place?—Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart."

The first Englishman to set eyes on Fuji was probably the sturdy and sagacious Kentish pilot, Will Adams, who spent the last twenty years of his life, from 1600 to 1620, mainly in the service of the great Shōgun, Ieyasu.

Will Adams must often have looked out on the glorious view of it over the island-studded waters that wash the feet

of the green hills above Hemi, his Japanese home, where modern Yokosuka now stands.

Kaempfer's 'History of Japan,' published in 1727 (in an English translation by Scheuchzer), contains glowing references to Fuji as the 'mons excelsus et singularis' of this land of mountains. "It is incredibly high," he says, "and not unlike the peak of Teneriffe. Poets cannot find words, nor painters skill and colours, sufficient to represent this mountain as they think it deserves."

V. The first recorded ascent of Fuji by any European was that made, by the Murayama route, in September 1860, by Sir Rutherford Alcock, the British Minister in Japan from 1859 to 1862. The expedition of which it formed a part was undertaken mainly for political reasons. He was anxious to ascertain for himself "whether the clause of the treaty giving unrestricted right of travelling to Foreign Representatives residing in the capital was, like so many other official Japanese stipulations, to be regarded as a dead letter to all practical purposes . . . and whether there was any foundation for the never-failing assertion of the (Japanese) Ministers that the country was in an unsettled state, owing to the increased dearness of everything, caused by the sudden demands of foreign trade."

Owing to the severe restrictions on foreign travel outside the limits of the 'Treaty Ports,' it was seldom possible for Europeans to repeat the ascent. But in 1867 a step onwards and upwards was made by Lady Parkes (wife of the famous British Minister to Japan from 1865 to 1883), who achieved the distinction of being the first *woman* to actually climb to the top of Fuji. It is noteworthy that the divinity at whose shrine on the summit some 15,000 now yearly pay their devotions is a feminine one! Yet until quite recently no woman was ever permitted to ascend the peak, and the upward limit allowed them reached, on the Murayama route, no higher than 5000 feet. An imaginary cordon was drawn round the flanks of Fuji, and called *Nio-nin-dō*—'Woman's way,' and beyond it no female might venture. It was, however, a varying thing on different sacred peaks. On Ontake San it reached 8500 feet, while on Tateyama an upright stone at 7000 feet marks it and the place where the wife of the alleged first pioneer of that mountain, disobediently seeking to emulate his feat, was petrified on the spot for her pains.

The ascent of Fuji under ordinary conditions offers no difficulty whatever. The climbing season, which lasts from

the middle of July to the middle of September, is ushered in by a formal ceremony called *Yama-biraki*, or 'mountain-opening,' conducted by the head *Kannushi*, or 'God-guardian,' in charge of the principal shrine. Outside that official period the Goddess of the Mountain is not supposed to be 'at home' to pilgrims, and only disaster is to be expected by the importunate and unwelcome. By a curious coincidence, I have had that experience on nearly every ascent I have made before the *Yama-biraki* had been proclaimed.

Early one July, my wife and I, ascending by the Subashiri route, were not only imprisoned, at a height of 10,000 feet, by a storm which raged on the mountain for three days, but our coolies refused to go to the actual summit, and we had to finish the climb alone in the 'tail end of a typhoon.'

Some years earlier my experience was still more singular. Up to that time practically nothing was known, from the climbing point of view, of the snows of Fuji and the possibilities of ascending them. One lovely morning, early in May, I started with my friends Noel Buxton and H. W. L. O'Rorke from the 'front entrance' at Ōmiya, only after earnest dissuasion and well-meant warnings from the village fathers, policemen, and priests of the Sengen Shrine. No sooner had we and our unwilling *goriki* (mountain porters) reached the lower limit of the forest, and made our bivouac in a broken-down shed, than the promised typhoon broke with appalling violence. We had been warned to 'look out for squalls,' but for the next three days we looked out very little at all. The squalls saw to that. Finally the weather cleared up, and we cleared out. An excellent snow climb of nearly 6000 feet rewarded us, but the coolies, thoroughly unnerved, deserted at intervals on the way to the top, though one hardened sceptic persevered.

The sequel to this ascent, however, was, in more senses than one, something of a 'come-down.'

Our friendly counsellors at the Ōmiya Shrine, from which we had set out, saw us no more, for we traversed the mountain to Gotemba, and did not return. Their kindly solicitude, however, soon rendered us the objects of public concern, and the 'foreign' newspapers forthwith honoured us with the following obituary notice, translated from a well-known Japanese journal, the *Hochi Shimbun* :—

'The two (?) foreigners who started to ascend Fuji with four coolies have not since been heard of. The mountain is still covered with snow as far down as the 5th Station, and, as the summit was hidden in clouds, the visitors were urged

to postpone the attempt. But these foreigners were determined to go. A few hours afterwards the storm burst, dislodging huge boulders and house-roofs. As nothing has since been heard of them, it is feared they have succumbed to the fury of the gale. Even had they taken shelter, cold and starvation must long since have rendered them helpless. Their nationality is unknown, but we surmise that they are British, for the reason that *the people of that nation like to do that which is distasteful to them, and glory in their vigour!*

For those in search of novelty on Fuji, a fine scramble can be had in the great gully known as Ō Sawa, which seams the last 6000 feet of the northern side. The rocks are rough but not difficult, and the views to the N. and W. are grand and extensive. Another pleasant variation, though rarely made by Europeans, is the *Ō Chiū-dō*, 'The Great Way Round.' The track encircles the mountain, roughly speaking, about half-way up, and the walk of eight hours is full of variety and interest.

The most interesting ascent of Fuji in the ordinary summer climbing season is by the northern or Yoshida route. This can be approached from Tokyo either by the railway to Kofu or by the main Tokaido line. In either case, the starting-point at Yoshida is finally reached by a quaint little one-horse tram-car, whose aberrations from the prescribed track are frequent and entertaining. Impending disaster was always to be foreseen, and could usually be escaped by a timely leap. All was taken as a joke, and a willing shoulder to the wheel soon set the car in the way it should go.

It was a little disconcerting, however, at one time, on boarding this kind of vehicle, to be confronted with the official warning, in ostensible English, '*All Parsons who are intoxicated, infected, or lunatics are not allowed in here!*' Still this notice was no more ambiguous or uncomplimentary than another one, near the old Shinbashi railway station in Tokyo. After we had conjointly resisted the call of a local 'Carter Paterson' to 'Leave your luggage with us, and we will send it in every direction,' my wife was confronted with the startling legend over a millinery establishment:—'*Clothing of woman tailor: ladies furnished in the upper story.*'

On our first ascent by the Yoshida route we made friends on the summit with the guardian priest of the Fuji Sengen Shrine, who begged to be allowed to make the descent of the crater with us. The *ō ana*—'Great Hole,' as the Japanese call it—is about 550 feet in vertical depth, and can be descended either by a glissade of the snow-slope below Ken-

ga-mine, the highest point, or by an adjoining scree. On the flat bottom we found great masses of newly-fallen rock, and in a crevice of one of these a curious white substance embedded. Our friend described this as a great marvel, nothing less, indeed, than 'petrified snow'! Possibly it was really some sort of gypsum, or even chloride of ammonia, which is sometimes found in the cooler part of volcanic fissures and *fumaroles*.

The excitement of getting down into the crater, combined with the exertion of getting up out of it and back to his shrine, quite overcame the worthy *Kannushi*. Before reaching the top he collapsed and I had at first to haul, and finally to carry him the rest of the way on my back. He subsequently presented my wife with the gold medal of honorary membership of some Pilgrim Club of which he was an official, as he said she was the first European lady to descend into the crater and explore its secrets!

From a share of those 'blessings' of Western civilisation which have been acquired by Japan in recent years, her most venerated mountain has, unhappily, not escaped. While the lower slopes of Fuji-San are becoming the haunt of winter ski-ing parties, usually led by Austrian or German devotees, nearly every New Year's holiday now sees some band of Japanese adventurers bent on the achievement of a winter ascent. Few succeed, and of the many failures a large proportion are signalised either by serious accidents or by actual fatalities. The risks are not wholly unrealised beforehand, and a favourite motto for such a company is '*Kesshitai kyōkwai*'—'The do or die Society.'

But it is in the summer climbing season that some of the less attractive changes most challenge attention, or excite disapproval. On starting our last ascent, again by the Yoshida route, in 1914, we spent the night beforehand at Yoshida itself. The whole village was in a turmoil of excitement, for it was the great *matsuri*, or festival of Sengen Sama. Near the great *torii*, or 'sacred gateway,' in the main street, an enormous silhouette of the mountain was outlined in electric lights, bearing in the middle of it a huge cherry blossom, the symbol of Japanese manly valour. Revelling and drunkenness lasted far into the night—a singular contrast to the rigorous orthodox asceticism which usually preceded the ascent. On our way up the mountain the next day, it was almost possible literally to *smell* one's way from hut to hut along the route. We spent that night at the 8th Station, at 11,000 feet.

Here we found no need to sleep on a bare board floor, surrounded by chattering and snoring pilgrims, and wrapped in an uneasy slumber and flea-infested *futon* (cotton quilts). The new and solidly-built hut boasted a number of separate bunks, like those of the fo'c'sle of a merchant steamer; but the crowning feature of the cabin consisted in a resident policeman and a 'house surgeon.' The duty of the former was to take up the unruly, and of the latter to take down the unfit. The ascent, simple enough in good weather, is altogether another affair in the frequent storms that usher in and close the summer climbing season. On this, my last expedition, I was for the fourth time the victim of the sport, or anger, of the great dragon that is popularly supposed to rule, if not to reign, over the winds and storms on Fuji. The first three typhoons were by way of welcome, the last was Fuji's final farewell to one of her most devoted admirers. All had been smiles and sunshine on the way up. Overnight we had gazed out on the wonderful *Kage-Fuji*—the shadow of the peak cast by the setting sun on the clouds that eastwards veiled the Pacific from view. Later on, when these had dissolved and departed, we caught the lights of Yokohama and Tokyo glimmering like motionless myriads of glow-worms settled on the ocean margin, fifty or sixty miles way. The early morning greeted us with the glorious summit prospect that never fails to fascinate, however familiar. But after mid-day angry murmurs arose as we traversed the peak from north to south. On the top we passed by the spot where, years ago, a party of half a hundred pilgrims found themselves storm-bound and unable to descend. Their frozen bodies were discovered later on just as they had lain down, huddled together for warmth, and waiting for the help that never came.

Close by is the *Sai-no-Kawara*, 'the river of souls,' where many little pillars of stone mark votive offerings to Jizō-Sama, the patron divinity of travellers and little children.

Late in the afternoon we descended to the rest-house at the 2nd Station on the Ōmiya route, a picture postcard of which describes it as the 'Second limited resting-place than Mt. Fuji's front street.' The gale increased in fury during the night, and in the morning we realised that, unless we got a move on at once, we might never move at all. It was with difficulty we succeeded in struggling across the storm-swept moorland to Ōmiya, over tracks now transformed into torrents, against a wind that seemed to blow from all quarters at once and through rain that seemed to rain up as well as down. It



took two days to cover the distance of thirty miles to Hakone, with bridges broken down, railway tracks torn up, and large tracts of countryside flooded deep. In Shidzuoka, forty miles west of Fuji, nearly three hundred lives were lost in the inundations that partly wrecked the town. The toll taken by the typhoon of August 29, 1914, will not soon be forgotten. It was not until long afterwards that I learned of our own unconscious share of responsibility for the disaster.

Ancient tradition, as the Japanese pilgrim guide-books tell us, has always warned travellers against tampering with the rocks on Ken-ga-mine, the highest point of Fuji. From time immemorial violent storms have always been promised as the portion of those who take away the little round volcanic fragments that lie there.

Now, on each occasion my wife has climbed Fuji with me, such storms have been our lot, and, at length, I have the confession that she has never failed to commit that unforgivable crime. She tells me it must be the outcome of some feminine inquisitiveness (I suggested acquisitiveness). In any case it offers a singular comment on—I will not add a justification of—the ancient prohibition of the other sex from ascending the ‘Peerless Peak’ beyond *Nio-nin-dō*, the limit assigned to them on the upward way.

May I, as I close, once more emphasise one outstanding and significant feature of the Fuji-San of to-day? It offers—beyond any other mountain known—so many startling and suggestive contrasts between ancient and modern ways. Nowhere else does one meet the old and the new jostling one another so violently, without apparent objection or incongruity in native eyes. There, the unromantic materialism of the twentieth century stretches out its hand across a thousand years, and draws the tenth century to its side with all its old-world dreams and communings. Almost at the very door of the most sacred shrine on this holy peak, the post-office banner flutters in the breeze to beckon the tired but triumphant pilgrim to despatch to the four corners of the Empire the picture postcard that shall announce his successful toil. And as at early dawn you turn from a surprised contemplation of the most up-to-date installation of modern meteorology on the crater’s edge, your astonished eyes are arrested and held with reverent interest by the shivering limbs and the adoring gaze of some aged pilgrim, whose white-clothed form enshrines the glowing devotion of a primeval worship paid in all sincerity to the splendours of the Rising Sun.

## FROM COGNE TO CERESOLE.

By W. N. LING.

THE year was 1914 and our holiday was a short one, not from any foreknowledge of events, but from other causes, and we had determined to pack as much into the fortnight as we could.

We were a party of three, G. Sang, H. MacRobert, and the writer, and our plan was to travel from Cogne to Ceresole by peak and pass and to finish up with the traverse of Monte Viso, an ambitious programme for the time at our disposal.

We arrived at Cogne on the evening of July 25 and spent the next day in examining the conditions. The upper slopes showed new snow, but the weather was promising. In the evening we had an agreeable surprise in the addition to our party of Arnold Brown, who had come up from Genoa for two or three days.

Our first object was to avenge a twofold repulse which the Grivola had inflicted upon us two years before, and we were up, bright and early, at 1 A.M. on the 27th, and left Cogne at 2.10. At first the light of the stars sufficed, but when the track grew faint the lantern came into action. We reached the Pousset chalets at 5.20, and halted for breakfast above them from 5.30 to 6.30 in the morning sun.

Then on to Col Pousset, 8.15, where our mountain lay before us, draped in a white mantle which stood out sharply against the lowering clouds beyond. The weather looked bad, and we decided to wait an hour to see whether there was any hope of improvement. At 9.30 it was rather better.

‘Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice  
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence’;

so we got hence, hoping to prosper, and with a little difficulty got down to the glacier and ploughed our weary way through the soft snow to the foot of the couloir. Noon.

The conditions were very bad: icy rocks and bad snow. After we had progressed some distance, MacRobert and Brown decided that a party of four would take too long, and as Sang and I had set our hearts on a bid for victory, they turned

and left us to battle with the icy foe. Our way led up slabby rocks, then snow, up which we could kick steps, till we got on the rock ridge between the two couloirs, which under the conditions was not easy.

Then into the second couloir, where we kicked steps, and so to the ridge and summit, 4.30. The weather was now bad, a cold strong wind and driving snow, so there was no temptation to linger. We went down the couloir, rope's length at a time, and found some difficulty in getting on to the glacier, 7.15.

The wind was now very strong and cold, and we fought our way across to Col Pousset, 8.0, and quickly scampered down to the Pousset chalets for shelter and food. They were untenanted. We made tea, and then, though the hour was 9.45, decided to push on for Cogné.

We lost the track, but reached a chalet, where there was a light, about 11. Its occupant asked whence we had come, and when we told him the Grivola, 'Pauvres enfants!' was all he had to say.

He told us there was a path through the wood, but we were quite unable to find it, and got into difficult ground with huge steep slabs, so when our candle failed us we found a gîte and waited for daylight. At 3.45 we moved on and were back at Cogné at 5.30. The schedule had provided for this day to be spent in going to the Herbetet chalets at the head of Valnontey, but after our long day we fell from grace, and spent it in bathing and slumber.

We heard talk in the hotel of friction between Austria and Serbia, but this was nothing unusual, and did not interest us so much as the weather prospects.

On July 29 we walked up to the Herbetet chalets in the afternoon and made ourselves very comfortable.

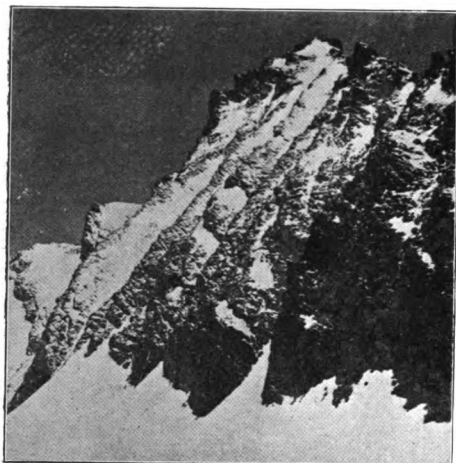
4.30 next morning saw us starting for the Herbetet. The snow was in good condition on the glacier, and we were on the col at 6.50. It was a fine morning, but there was some mist. We took to the ridge and at 9 o'clock found a comfortable place for breakfast, which kept us till 10.

After that there was a lot of ice, and the party of four made very slow progress. The overhanging chimney, which is one of the most difficult problems in the climb, was full of ice, but MacRobert overcame it in good style. Time, however, was flying; it was now 2 o'clock, and as I had been up two years before I untied to let the party of three make better



*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

LA GRIVOLA, FROM MONT EMILIUS.



LA GRIVOLA, FROM TRAJO GLACIER



S. ARÊTE OF GRAND PARADIS.



HERBETET CHALET (FACING S.E.).

speed to the not far distant summit, more particularly as the weather was showing signs of change.

Soon after they had gone it got quite misty and cold, and the rocks got very icy, as also did the snow on the ledges.

After some time I heard voices through the mist on the N. ridge, and thought they had varied their route, but on hailing them I found that it was another party traversing the mountain.

At 5 o'clock they rejoined me, having found great difficulty on account of the ice. The weather was now thoroughly bad, a strong wind with hail, and the rocks were very icy, so that great care was necessary. We were back at the col at 8.30 and the glacier went all right, but it was dark when we got off.

We had some difficulty in finding the track, but reached the hut at 10, where a fire and some hot soup put a brighter complexion on life. Next morning, to our sorrow, Brown left us to return to Genoa, while we spent the day prospecting the route for the Gran Paradiso, which was our next goal. In the afternoon a porter came up with further provisions.

We were away at 1.45 next morning. The stars were not enough to light us, and we needed the lantern as far as the cairn above the foot of the glacier, 3.15.

It was rough going over the moraine and the stones to the foot of the Glacier di Dzasset. Frozen scree and hard snow formed our path to the more level Glacier della Tribolazione, where the snow was excellent, and we made good progress by the route we had picked out the day before.

Near the rocks in the middle of the glacier we halted for breakfast, 5.50 to 6.15, and had a charming view of the Matterhorn and other peaks, now lit by the morning sun.

After breakfast we went on under the Punta di Ceresole and the Cresta Gastaldi to the foot of the Colle dell'Ape, 11,700 ft., at 7.45. We took to the couloir, which at first gave good going, but as the sun gained power the ice, with which the storms of the last few days had plastered the rocks, came hurtling down, and we had warily to keep close to the side to avoid being hit. One of the party stopped a piece, fortunately with his rucksack instead of his head, and there was a considerable dent in his cooker when we came to examine it afterwards. A final rush took us to the foot of the rocks leading to the col of the Roc di Gran Paradiso, which were badly iced, and we had some hard climbing before we gained

the col at 11.45. We followed the ridge to the summit, 12.55. The view was magnificent ; Monte Viso was particularly fine, and we saw some beautiful cloud effects. We had the usual easy run off, and when we came to some nice flat rocks above the Victor Emmanuel hut we halted for two delightful hours to make tea and bask in the sun.

Then we descended to the hut, where a bathe and an excellent dinner fittingly concluded the best day of our holiday.

The shapely beauty of the Becca di Monciair had inspired the wish to climb it from the Colle di Ciarforon on our way to Ceresole, and we left the hut at 6.45 and went up the Glacier di Moncorvé, and the Glacier di Monciair to the Colle di Ciarforon, 9.30. When we arrived at the col the weather was threatening, and we decided that we had better get down while we could, so abandoned the Becca. We had read in Ball that a cable helped the traveller down the rocks from the col, but we were quite unable to find it, so had to descend without. The rocks were not easy, very slabby in parts, and there was one rather tricky overhanging chimney to descend, with much loose scree above, which required care. Our eyes were gladdened by the beautiful blue of the clumps of *Eritrichium nanum*, which grew here in comparative abundance.

We descended the glacier di Breuil, escaping the cut-off by a bouquetin track on the right, and were soon at the commencement of the King's hunting path, where we stopped for refreshment. Then on down the path, with beautiful effects from the mists, which now enfolded, now revealed the heights from which we had come and the depths which lay before us, and emphasised that feeling of entering a new world which so often accompanies the descent into a valley of Italy. Over against us towered the Levanna, like a castle of dreams, and so we came to Ceresole.

Here we met two other members of the Club who had just come over from the French side, and told us that their porter had been mobilised.

The next day, August 3, Red War was afoot and our holiday at an end. We made all speed to Turin and then on to Genoa, whence eight days later the good ship *Cretic* conveyed us and many other refugees in safety back to our native land.

## AN HISTORICAL DOCUMENT.—II.

THE FÜHRERBUCH OF ULRICH LAUENER.<sup>1</sup>

THERE is something in the mere name of Lauener that strikes the imagination; it seems to personify the spirit of the mountain—and, of a truth, in all the brilliant pages of the older Alpine literature there is no more picturesque figure than that of Ulrich Lauener.

He and his brothers came of a race of chamois hunters and guides who appear in Alpine history quite early in the last century, and in this respect they had the great initial advantage over men like Christian Almer and Melchior Anderegg, who had, perforce, to 'make good' for themselves.

We English often labour under the impression that modern mountaineering dates from Mr. Justice Wills's ascent of the Wetterhorn in 1854.

Nothing may be more true than that Hudson's and Kennedy's 'Where there's a Will there's a Way,' Wills's 'Wanderings among the High Alps,' published in 1856, followed very speedily by Hinchliff's 'Summer Months among the Alps,' ~~were~~ the first books in English (for Forbes's earlier book, charming as its Alpine narrative is, was yet too much overlaid with the scientific point of view), one might say in any language, to treat the mountains simply and solely as a great playground, and their ascent as the supremest and most unsullied recreation that the active man can know.

Yet, disregarding for the moment the Mont Blanc, it is certain that the glaciers of the Oberland had during the previous fifty years attracted in increasing numbers regular visitors from all parts. Nor was the profession of guide, not indeed in its modern significance, by any means new—though possibly not quite as old-established as at Chamonix.

Altmann, in 1757, visits the lower Grindelwald glacier 'in the company of men used to ascend the mountains and to whom the ways were known.'

Gruner, in 1760 (vol. iii. 209), mentions the use of the rope on the glaciers.

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<sup>1</sup> This has been placed at my disposal for review in the JOURNAL by my friend Dr. Claude Wilson.



We learn from Professor Wyss's charming 'Reise in das Berner Oberland,' published in 1816, that the Oberland guides had their headquarters at Unterseen, near Interlaken. Unterseen was at that time much the more busy place, as all the livery stables were there. Interlaken 'n'est plus habité que par les familles anglaises' (Richard's 'Manuel' in 1834). Of course Interlaken, or anyway its convent, was of much older date; indeed Unterseen was founded in 1279 at the gates of the convent of Interlaken.—('Entwicklung der Probstei Interlaken,' by E. Taturinoff; Schaffhausen, 1892.)

Wyss gives the names and ages of eleven guides, thus:—

1. Jakob Michel *	born 1761	speaks French and Italian
2. Heinrich Michel	„ 1761	brother of the above—speaks French
3. Hans Roth	„ 1759	speaks French
4. Kaspar Michel	„ 1756	speaks French
5. Jakob Michel	„ 1767	'ein braver und eifriger Führer'
6. Peter Ritter	„ 1771	fluent French, formerly servant of General Schauenburg
7. Jonathan Michel	„ 1782	son of the first-mentioned
8. Kaspar Michel the younger	„ 1776	
9. Ulrich Roth	„ 1761	
10. Jakob Huber		
11. Joh. Jakob Michel	„ 1792	brother of Jonathan

Nor were these men simply ordinary villagers, but some of them had been or were herds and probably hunters. I do not mean to say that they were ready to undertake a high ascent, but some of them were doubtless capable of crossing a pass like the Tschingel. In such cases they would be careful to obtain the services of a good chamois hunter, or of a man like the Gletscherhirt of the Zäsenberg.

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<sup>2</sup> Heinzmann already in 1796 mentions Jacob Michel at Unterseen, and his two brothers. Hugi, on the other hand, speaks rather contemptuously of the so-called *Herrenführer*, as distinguished from the *Bergführer* and *Gemsjäger*, who served him in 1828 and 1829. In 1839 Malkin mentions Rudolph Michel, 'a good guide at Interlaken,' bracketing him with 'Lauener of Lauterbrunnen' (*A.J.* xv. 42), and a Michel of Interlaken also accompanied Speer in 1843 in an attempt on the Wetterhorn, (*A.J.* xxx. 213). Speer (*A.J.* xvii. 106) says in 1845 'Among the resident guides there [Interlaken] there were but two really good mountaineers.'

A very instructive and readable article by Dr. Dübi in vol. xxxvi. of the *Swiss Jahrbuch*, 'Bergreisen und Bergsteigen in der Schweiz vor dem Beginn des 19ten Jahrhunderts,' throws some interesting light on many points of this early mountain travel.

It is most improbable that the mountain expeditions recorded by the Meyers, Hugi, Rohrdorf, and a few others cover all that were carried out in the first thirty or forty years of last century. Some books of a local interest may have perished; while other journeys were possibly never described. We have fortunately preserved in the *JOURNAL* interesting fragments like the Minto and Malkin Diaries. Can it for one moment be pretended that there were not many other similar journeys made of which the records have been lost or lie *perdus* in family archives?

It is interesting to note this early mention of the name of Michel, doubtless ancestors of Christian and Peter Michel, famous Grindelwald guides forty years later.

Wyss gives the pay of a guide current at that day as 4 [old Swiss] fcs. per day, or 2 [old Swiss] fcs. with keep, the return journey having to be paid for. The comparative purchasing power of the old Swiss franc of that day is about 3 francs of ours.

We know that there were guides and porters at Chamonix as early as 1742,<sup>3</sup> and we repeatedly find the local chamois hunters acting as guides—thus to Murith, the curé of Liddes, on his ascent of the Vêlan in 1779<sup>4</sup>; while Abraham Thomas, when visiting Zermatt in 1795, writes: 'le lendemain, accompagné de guides, qui sont ici indispensables'<sup>5</sup> [to cross the Théodule].

Mr. Cade, in 1800, refers to a man named Erin,<sup>6</sup> said to be 'the best guide in the country' [Val Tournanche], which, as Mr. Whymper remarks, implies 'that travellers or tourists were not altogether unknown.'

Still less need I refer to the Grimsel, the real nursery of the true Bergführer, whose first representatives in Switzerland proper are the sturdy 'Knechte' of the 'Spittler.' It is the fashion to look to Chamonix as the birthplace of modern mountaineering. To my mind it is far more truly to the

<sup>3</sup> Whymper's *Guide to Chamonix*, p. 11.

<sup>4</sup> Freshfield, 'The History of the Buet,' *A.J.* ix. 37. Coolidge, 'Some early Visits to Zermatt and Saas,' *A.J.* xxiii. 293.

<sup>5</sup> Coolidge, *ibid.*, *A.J.* xxiii. 303.

<sup>6</sup> *A.J.* xxiii. 297, footnote, says the proper spelling is Hérin. There are still guides of that name in the Val Tournanche.

wild desolation of the Grimsel that we, true worshippers of the great mountain, must look as the classic ground of mountaineering of to-day ; it is among the sturdy Haslithalers who formed, during the ages, its little community that we must look for the earliest pioneers of our pursuit.

We first hear of the family of Lauener, as guides, when Rohrdorf visits Grindelwald in 1828 with the intention of ascending the Jungfrau.<sup>7</sup> It is clear from his narrative that there were at Grindelwald at that date no men of outstanding reputation as guides for the 'Grande Montagne,' for we find him making a preliminary journey to the top of the Kalli with a Grindelwald man, Christian Roth, and 'the famous climber' Peter Bischof,<sup>8</sup> of Lauterbrunnen. Thereupon he returns to Berne to get together the necessary tackle, which includes three ladders, 84 fathoms of rope, a gun, and an iron flag. Once more he starts for Grindelwald, intending to pick up on the way Peter Bischof and 'another famous climber, Christian Lauener, of Lauterbrunnen.'

However, the astute Roth meets him at Zweilütschinen and assures him, as it turned out without the least warranty, that the Lauterbrunnen men had sent word 'that they were quite willing to leave the honour to the Grindelwalders.'

Accordingly, on August 21, Rohrdorf sets out with four 'Steiger' or guides, of whom Peter Baumann, 'der Gletscherhirt auf dem Zäsenberg,' was the leader, and eight porters.

Bad weather detained them several nights at the Stieregg hut, 'which the Government had caused to be erected under the

<sup>7</sup> *Reise über die Grindelwald-Viescher Gletscher*, &c. Bern, 1828.

<sup>8</sup> He is described by Hugi in 1828 as an 'alter magerer Kletterer,' a lean old climber. He was father of Johann Bischof, who took part in the first ascent of the Jungfrau from the Roththal in 1864, and in the ascent of the Silberhorn by Messrs. Hornby and Philpott in 1865, described by Almer, the leader, as his hardest climb. There is an amusing description of Johann Bischof, who by trade was a 'Schneidermeister' or master-tailor, in the 'Passage of the Roththalsattel and Ascent of the Jungfrau from Lauterbrunnen,' by R. S. Macdonald, in *A.J.* ii. Bischof lost his life seven years later, being carried away by an avalanche in the selfsame Roththalsattel couloir into which he imprudently ventured far too late in the day.

Both he and his father before him were redoubtable chamois hunters. Members of the family are now on the rôle of guides at Wengen. Mr. Philpott, in the present number, also speaks of him.

superintendence of a certain Burgener, so that the strangers and local people visiting the glacier should find shelter, which object this hut had already served perhaps one hundred times,' which again proves fairly frequent visits of tourists. This hut, which still stands, the earliest of the Oberland huts, is the subject of an exceedingly interesting and exhaustive monograph by Mr. Coolidge, entitled 'Die älteste Schutzhütte im Berner Oberland, ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der bernischen Touristik,' Bern, 1915.

Nothing came of Rohrdorf's attempt. He crossed both Mönchjochs and got as far as the top of the Jungfraujoeh while his men attained the Roththalsattel. On August 30 he returned to Berne with Christian Roth, to whom he made an advance of money, and who was ordered to engage the two Lauterbrunnen men, Bischof and Lauener, with whom and three of the Grindelwalders it was proposed to renew the attempt to ascend the Jungfrau as soon as the weather cleared.

However, the Grindelwald men did not wait for their employer, but set off with his ladders and tackle, and, fortified doubtless with sundry good things provided out of the convenient advance, slept the first night at the 'Royal Cave,' as Rohrdorf christened that abominable resting-place, the Eigerhöhle; the second night, as the weather was doubtful, on the Grünenhorn; and finally, on September 10, completed the ascent of the Jungfrau, the first starting from Grindelwald, Baumann cutting steps for three hours from the Roththalsattel. They slept that night on the Trugberg<sup>2</sup> and returned the next day to Grindelwald.

It is not on record that Rohrdorf ever repeated his attempt or recovered his advance, and so a Lauener was not to ascend the Jungfrau for many a year.

This Baumann was born in 1800, and so at the time of his ascent of the Jungfrau was twenty-eight. He was for some

<sup>2</sup> There was in those days a bivouac place on the W. side of the Trugberg. It might be interesting to investigate it when in the vicinity.

So far as I know, no one has yet carried out the late Mr. Benecke's suggestion to trace the Meyers' bivouacs, mentioned in Mr. Coolidge's 'The early Ascents of the Jungfrau from the Vallais side.' *A.J.* xvii. 392-404. The bivouacs are marked on the map in Meyer's *Reise auf die Eisgebirge*, &c. (1813).

There is here a field for the young and energetic mountaineer, whose report would be welcomed.

time 'Gletscherhirt auf dem Zäsenberg'<sup>10</sup> (Studer's 'Topographische Mittheilungen,' 1844), and was in the period about 1830 much sought after. He was one of Hugi's guides, who terms him an 'ausgezeichneter Mensch.' In an amusing book ('Oberland bernois,' by P. Ober) describing a journey made in 1848 or 1849 I find the following references to Baumann: 'Il prétend avoir atteint le premier<sup>11</sup> le sommet de cette montagne jusque là vierge [Jungfrau], et qui, dès lors, fut appelée avec raison *Madame Baumann*' (i. 572); and again, referring to the guides' room at the Aigle at Grindelwald: 'Il nous montra . . . le fameux Baumann, dont le pied a, dit-on, le premier foulé le sommet de la Jungfrau jusque là vierge. . . . Baumann est un homme de 47 à 48 ans . . . ressemble à un vieillard asthmatique qui n'a plus que quelques années à vivre; il est si cassé qu'à peine est-il capable de servir de guide dans les environs' (ii. 19).

Ober also meets 'un vieillard du nom de Bohren . . . il en était à sa 3<sup>e</sup> femme, et le nombre de ses enfants se mon-

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<sup>10</sup> These 'Gletscherhirten auf dem Zäsenberg,' of whom this Peter Baumann and later Christian Almer were the most famous, were by no means to be despised as mountaineers. It appears to have been the practice to take them part of the way when crossing the Strahlegg. Thus when Malkin (*A.J.* xv. 121) crosses the Strahlegg from Grindelwald to the Grimsel in 1843 we find he 'took shepherd [from the Zäsenberg] to help us . . . Baumann went down first . . . [from the top of the Pass down the Grimsel slope] . . . very cautiously Bohren and the shepherd followed. . . Reached bottom at 12.35. . . . Sent back the shepherd with a flask of spirits, some bread, meat, and a couple of francs—no large pay. Heard him yell half an hour later from top of Strahleck, so knew that he had got safe so far on his way.'

Mr. Coolidge suggests that this may have been Christian Almer, but the ability to go down last and to return alone over the Strahlegg denotes certainly some previous experience, whereas Almer was then not quite seventeen and a half years old. See Mr. Coolidge's exhaustive notice of Almer in *S.A.C.J.* xxxiv.

Rohrdorf in 1828 mentions Hans Kaufmann 'ein berühmter Träger der im Zesiberg Hirt ist' (a famous porter who is herd at the Zäsenberg).

They were not over-careful on glaciers in those days, for we find in 1842 Pralong accompanies Forbes over the Col d'Hérens as far as the Stockje, whence he returns *alone in the afternoon* to Bricolla!

<sup>11</sup> Two ascents of the Jungfrau had been made already in 1811, but apparently these were not generally believed in—as was the practice at that day.

tait . . . à 25 environ !' Among these twenty-five was Peter Bohren 'der Gletscherwolf !'

Likewise in the guides' room is 'le nommé Michel, le plus intrépide de tous les chasseurs de chamois actuellement vivants . . . Michel est un jeune homme de 23 à 24 ans, ressemblant à un petit Hercule ; il paraît jouir d'une santé des plus robustes . . . il passe pour le meilleur montagnard de tout le pays' (ii. 19).

This appears to answer to Leslie Stephen's description ('P.P.G.' iii. 6) of Peter Michel, born in 1827, subsequently a well-known guide, brother of the better known Christian Michel.

I cannot refrain from making one more quotation from the interesting Ober, and when my readers come to the end of it they will not think it out of place : 'En approchant le glacier de l'Eiger qui conflue avec celui de Grindelwald au pied du Zäsenberg nous fûmes surpris d'entendre le cri d'un montagnard . . . notre guide nous apprit que c'était le berger de l'Eiger . . . l'approche d'un voyageur est toujours pour lui un événement. En nous voyant débarquer auprès de sa cabane il descendait des hauteurs avec la vitesse et l'agilité d'un chamois et ne tarda pas à nous rejoindre. Il nous donne une vigoureuse poignée de main, et nous témoigne le plaisir qu'il avait de nous voir d'une manière aussi simple que cordiale.'

This is probably the introduction, in Alpine literature, of one of the most famous mountaineers of all time, who, about that date, was also 'Gletscherhirt auf dem Zäsenberg'—I mean Christian Almer, then aged twenty-three.

I had better now get on with the Laueners. In answer to my inquiry, Herr P. G. Trechsel, the *Pfarrer* in Lauterbrunnen, has been so kind as to give me the following family particulars.

Johann Lauener, Bergführer in Lauterbrunnen, born 1788, died November 18, 1853, had the following sons :

1. Johann, Bergführer, born 1818 killed while chamois hunting October 22, 1852
2. Ulrich, Bergführer „ 1821 died December 5, 1900
3. Jakob, Bergführer „ 1824 died 1889
4. Christen, Bergführer „ 1826 died December 26, 1891

This Johann or Hans Lauener, the father, was one of Hugi's party in 1828, which consisted of Hugi, his friend Roth, the landscape painter Dietler, the instrument maker Kaufmann, the assistant Peter Gschwind, the guides Hans and his brother Christen, and Peter Bischoff.

They made their way to the Stufensteinalp and into the Roththal, and Hugi makes a remark that is worth quoting : 'Two of my present companions, Peter Bischoff and Christen Lauener, were perhaps the first to attempt a way up the Jungfrau from the Roththal and to open a source of earnings as guides. *But they only touched the entrance of the valley and then bore to the left up the rocks, by which also a few years earlier two Englishmen hoped to ascend the Jungfrau.*' (Italics are mine.)

We have no further record of the attempt of these two Englishmen, which bears out the contention expressed earlier in this article, but it would seem that, with great judgment, their guides, whoever they were, attempted the route now generally followed which reaches the Hochfirn. It is strange that Peter's son, Johann Bischoff, who was the local guide of the English party of 1864, which with M. and J. Anderegg made the first ascent of the Jungfrau from the Roththal by the Roththal-sattel, did not advise the attempt to complete his father's better route, with which he must have been acquainted. Melchior exhibited that day almost excessive boldness, for it was he who chose to attack the Roththal couloir instead of the less dangerous Lauinenthor, as was the original intention.

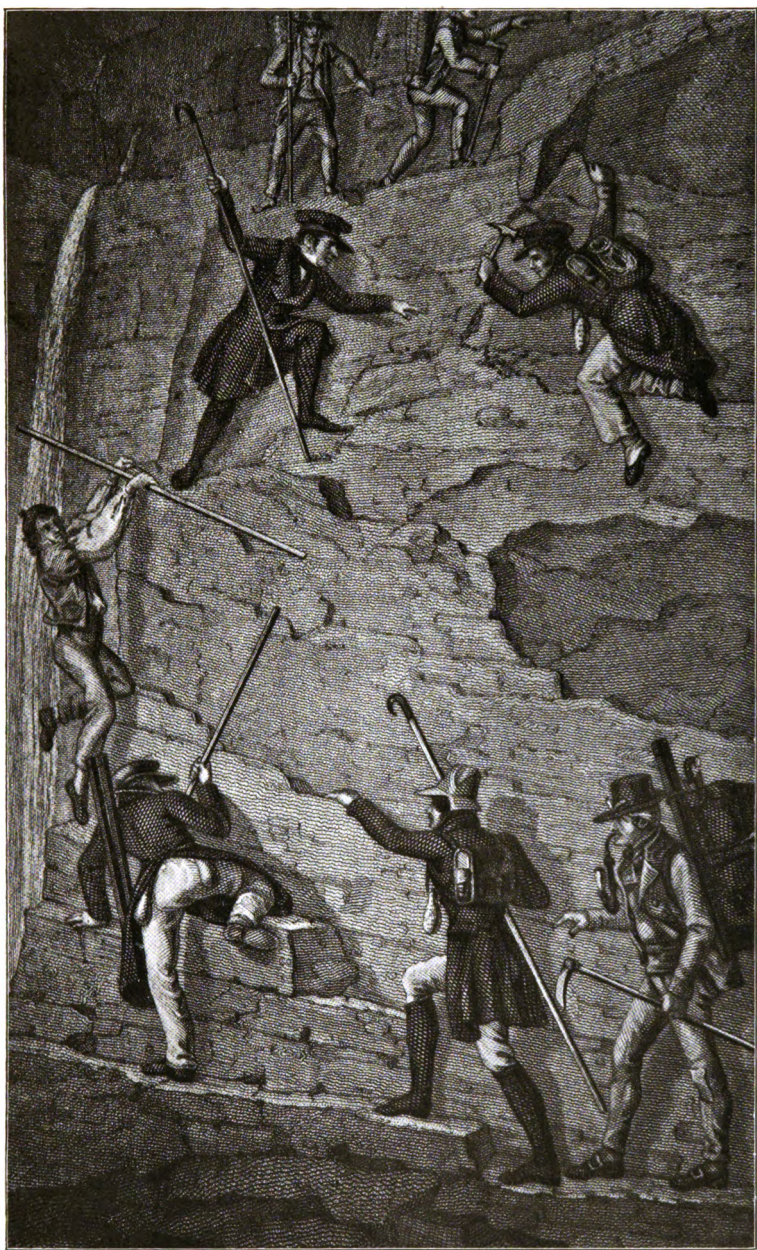
Bad weather drove Hugi back to Lauterbrunnen, but Hans Lauener continued with him for the remainder of the journey of that year—1828. An unsuccessful attempt was made to cross the Strahlegg, and the two then proceeded to the Grimsel and made, with several other guides, an unsuccessful attempt to ascend the Finsteraarhorn. The leader was Jakob Leuthold, and Lauener apparently played a secondary part. Lauener then accompanied Hugi to the Märjelen See, Binn, and Airolo.

We find Hugi and his friend Roth return the next year—1829—for a new journey to the Roththal. His men were Gschwind and J. Zemt, and the guides P. Bischoff, Hans Lauener 'der Gamsjäger,' Christen Lauener, his brother, Hans Lauener 'der Führer,' all of Lauterbrunnen, and Peter Baumann of Grindelwald. They built a stone hut,<sup>12</sup> and next day made apparently for the great couloir leading to the Roththal-

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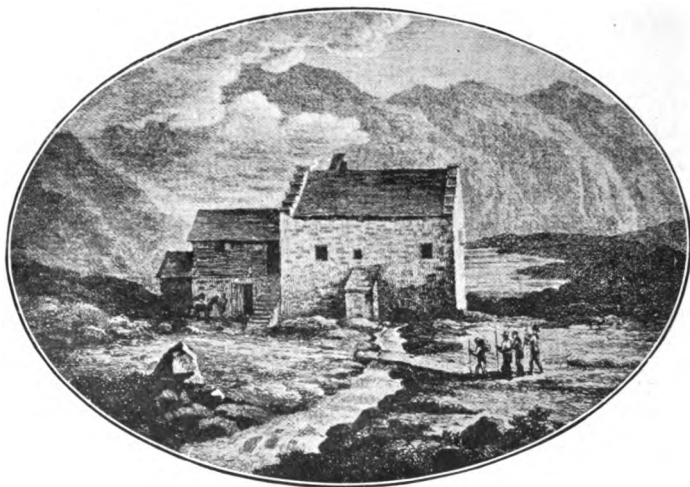
<sup>12</sup> Hugi was a great man at building these huts. The illustrations taken from his book show his various styles of architecture and also his party climbing the rocks of the Roththal. It has been the custom, to my mind most unjustifiably, to belittle Hugi's work as a mountaineer. His work in connexion with glaciers has been duly appreciated by Dr. Albert Krehbiel, *Franz Josef Hugi in seiner Bedeutung für die Erforschung der Gletscher* (1902).



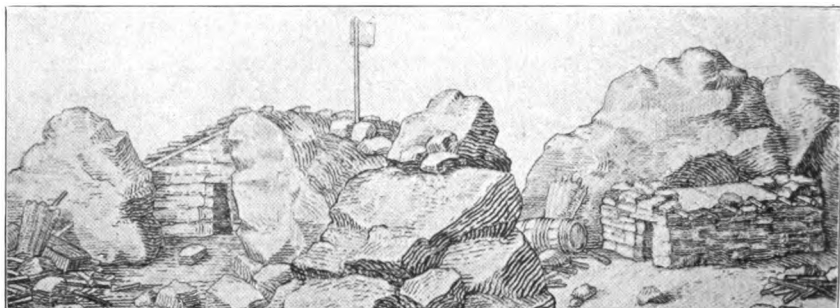


HUGI'S JOURNEY INTO THE ROTHTHAL,  
in 1829.





THE GRIMSEL HOSPICE  
about 1816.



1

2



3

4

HUGI'S HUTS.

- |                             |                                      |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. On the Unteraar Glacier. | 2. In Roththal.                      |
| 3. Near the Lötschenlücke.  | 4. At W. foot of the Finsteraarhorn. |

sattel. However, the Lauterbrunnen men, who appeared 'too old and too little determined,' showed little zeal, and Baumann, who had ascended the Jungfrau the year before, refused to go on; so once more the indefatigable Hugi has to retreat.

These elder Laueners and Peter Bischoff, a few days after Hugi's first visit in 1828, made with two Englishmen, Mr. Yeats Brown and Mr. Frederick Slade, another attempt to ascend the Jungfrau by the Roththalsattel couloir and are stated to have 'behaved throughout with the greatest zeal and intrepidity' ('A.J.' v. 374).

I know of no other record of the doings of the elder Laueners until in 1839 Malkin<sup>13</sup> crosses the Tschingel Pass with 'Lauener of Lauterbrunnen, best guide for the Tschingel,' which may apply to one of the older men or to Ulrich's elder brother Johann, who at this time was twenty-one. The next year, 1840, however, the two young men Hans, aged twenty-two, and Ulrich, aged nineteen, are already fairly launched as guides, for we read in Studer's 'Topographische Mittheilungen,' p. 143, that 'in Lauterbrunnen the brothers Hans and Ulrich Lauener—two young but reliable and skilled men—were taken as guides' by him to cross the Tschingel, and such was their rapid progress in repute that when Wills goes to Lauterbrunnen in 1852 to cross the Tschingel 'our first care was to inquire for the Laueners, who were and still are the best guides in the Oberland. Johann and Ulrich, the two elder brothers, were away; but we secured the services of the third<sup>14</sup> brother, Christian, a fine, intelligent, smart-looking fellow of some two or three-and-twenty, about 6 feet high and without an ounce of superfluous flesh to carry. . . . We found Christian Lauener awaiting us below with his father, a hale old fellow of about sixty, for our second guide.' (Wills, 'Wanderings,' chap. xiii.) It is Wills's word picture of the Laueners in his famous 'Wanderings' that hands them down to posterity as the most romantic figures among the great guides of the Alps.

Wills returns in 1854 to the Oberland with the Chamonix guides, Auguste Balmat and Auguste Simond, and 'the next

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<sup>13</sup> The, unfortunately, all too few extracts from his Diaries (*A.J.* x. and xv.) are most readable, and it is a thousand pities that the Diaries have not been published in full. It is worth an effort to recover them yet.

<sup>14</sup> Jakob, the third brother, does not seem to have been a regular guide for the 'grande montagne' and was hardly known. Christian was the fourth brother.

day [September 15] we made an excursion to Lauterbrunnen to take counsel of Ulrich Lauener,<sup>15</sup> the most renowned guide of the Oberland, an elder brother of Christian . . . we saw a tall, straight, active, knowing-looking fellow with a cock's feather stuck jauntily in his high-crowned hat, whom I recognised at once as possessing the true Lauener cut, perched on the railings in front of the hotel, lazily dangling his long legs in the air . . . I could not help admiring Lauener's figure as he stood there, straight as an arrow, more than 6 feet high. Spare, muscular and active, health and vigour glowing in his open and manly countenance, his clear blue eye sparkling with vivacity and good temper, a slight dash of rough and careless swagger in his attitude and manner which suited well with the wild scenery around and made him look like the genius of the place.' ('Wanderings,' chap. xiv.)

We all know the details of Mr. Alfred Wills's classic ascent of the Wetterhorn with his two Chamonix guides, Peter Bohren of Grindelwald and Ulrich Lauener, and how they were caught by two 'chamois hunters,' one of whom carried a young fir

<sup>15</sup> There is the following footnote in *Wanderings*, chap. xiv.: 'Johann, the eldest of the three brothers, was dead. He had fallen over a precipice in his eager chase of the chamois and had perished.' Further on (page 292) it reads: 'His elder brother Johann, who was reputed a more bold and adventurous mountaineer than even Ulrich, had perished but a few months before, while hunting his favourite game, by slipping over the edge of a dangerous precipice.'

But, as we know from the particulars now kindly given by Herr Trechsel, Johann was killed in the autumn of 1852.

Heathman, in 1854, writes: 'During last winter a hunter of Lauterbrun was precipitated from a height of 500 feet from the sides of the Jungfrau,' doubtless referring to the same accident.

The Rev. J. J. Hornby, in his 'Ascent of the Silberhorn from the North' (*A.J.* ii.), a model of topographical lucidity, mentions 'the cliff near the Guggi glacier, where poor Johann Lauener was killed.'

Mr. E. R. Whitwell tells me that Ulrich was with his brother Johann when an avalanche overwhelmed him. Ulrich waited half an hour, hoping for some indication that he was still alive, and then hastened for help.

Even in my time I have heard old men speak of this Johann as a splendid mountaineer, and his death made in the Oberland as great a sensation as that of Croz a few years later in Chamonix.

'As Lauener said of his brother Johann, who perished on the Jungfrau, he could never fall—nothing could bring him to grief but an avalanche.'—Tyndall, *Hours of Exercise* (1906), p. 33.

tree. Their names are not given in 'Wanderings,' but they were Christian Almer and his brother-in-law, Ulrich Kaufmann.

It would have been amusing to watch the look on Bohren's face and to listen to their conversation when the indefatigable Almer caught them up. One is bound to admire the calm assurance with which Bohren passes off on the unsuspecting foreigners as a mere chamois hunter the young guide <sup>16</sup> who, already at that time, was known as a daring mountaineer and who was in a few short years to distance almost every rival.

The summit of the Wetterhorn had been already reached in 1844 by two Hasli guides, Bannholzer and Joh. Jaun; and again in 1845 by MM. Agassiz, Vogt, and Bovet, with the same guides and Joh. Währen, Hugi's guide, who, with Leuthold, made in 1829 the first ascent of the Finsteraarhorn.

The Wettersattel had been reached from the Grindelwald side even before Agassiz's ascent, by a party led by Peter Bohren and probably including Almer, when, however, the summit of the peak was not quite attained.

Balmat, earlier in 1854, had taken part in an attempt to reach the summit from the Rosenlauri side, when, however, only two of the other guides actually succeeded, and finally both Bohren and Almer, with Mr. Blackwell and Chr. Bleuer, on June 14, 1854, climbed from the Grindelwald side to the Wettersattel and planted an iron flag just below the summit cornice of the Wetterhorn.

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<sup>16</sup> Almer with the two Michels were the guides of Mr. Baumgartner in an attempt on the Jungfrau from Grindelwald in 1851 (*A.J.* xvi. 390 seq., where the three are described as 'all hardy and active mountaineers and chamois hunters. They are the best of the Grindelwalders').

In the years which intervened between 1851 and Mr. Wills's expedition we may be quite certain Almer had not been idle.

The Michels came of an old family of guides, Christian, born 1817, being older than Almer. As the latter grew in reputation there appears to have arisen a certain amount of jealousy between them, whereas the relations between Peter Bohren and Almer, who may be termed his pupil, appear to have been always cordial.

Mr. Haskett-Smith, to whom we are indebted for the very interesting account of Mr. Baumgartner's attempt in 1851 referred to above, has also given us, in *A.J.* xxv. 351-2, a charming notice of Mr. Baumgartner. It is indeed well that we are thus enabled to picture to ourselves the figures of the men who were pioneers of our pursuit.

With all this local talent and knowledge available, and of which Balmat<sup>17</sup> must have known something, it speaks volumes

<sup>17</sup> Already the Oberländer was treading hard on the heels of the Chamoniard even in ice technique, and the following quotation from Wills is clearly the writing on the wall:

‘The sticks the Oberland men carried were admirably suited for their work. They were stout pieces of undressed wood with the bark and knots still upon them, about 4 feet long, shod with a strong iron point at one end and fixed at the other into a heavy iron head about 4 inches each way; one arm being a sharp spike with which to hew at the ice where needed, the other wrought into a flat blade with a broad point something like a glazier’s knife. This part of the instrument was exceedingly useful in climbing rocks. It ran into clefts and fissures too high to be accessible or too small to admit the hand, and once well planted formed a secure and certain support. This kind of alpenstock is hardly ever seen at Chamouni. Our ice hatchet on the Col du Géant and the Col Im seng [Adler] was perfectly different, though better adapted to the mere ice work we had then to perform, and the great utility of the Oberland implement called forth repeated expressions of admiration from the Chamouni men, to whom it was new. The Swiss put on their crampons.’

In the group of ‘Hornby and Philpott’ with Almer and C. Lauener in this number, taken in 1863, Almer is shown with a very long axe. This pattern of axe was in ordinary use in Rohrdorf’s time, 1828, and its use is well described by him and full dimensions given. Rohrdorf, who must have been a good mountaineer, also used *pitons* and the spare rope, and his use of the ordinary rope ‘on crevassed glaciers and icefields and on precipitous rocks and ice’ was quite sound. I have before noted that from about 1830 to 1850, or even later, mountaineering, as a craft, distinctly went back.

Moreover, we are astounded to find that when the party starts to descend the steep summit-wall of the Wetterhorn the guides refuse to put on the rope. ‘I proposed that we should tie ourselves together again; but they all dissented, thinking, as they told me afterwards, that an accident to anyone would, in that case, have involved the destruction of the whole party.’ (Wills, p. 303.) A considerable share of the blame must be put on the two Chamoniards who were Mr. Wills’s particular guides. Auguste Simond was a notorious offender, for we find him in 1857 (*P.P.G.* i. 299) refuse to put on the rope on the *ascent* of the arête of the Finsteraarhorn above the Agassizjoch. ‘Non, monsieur, ici chacun pour lui-même.’ I should very much like to know when he did consider it safe to use the rope!

His biography by the late Wm. Mathews is to be found in *Pioneers*, and I am now able to add his portrait from Mr. Mathews’s collection. Balmat’s portrait appeared in *A.J.* xxvii. 49. The

for the high reputation of Ulrich Lauener when we find Mr. Wills go all the way to Lauterbrunnen to consult and engage

Chamonix men appear to have been agreeable travelling companions, which made up for much.

The benumbing influence of the *règlement*, and the absence of inducement to go beyond the shadow of the well-paid Mont Blanc,



AUGUSTE SIMOND.

were beginning already to tell even on the best of the Chamoniards, among whom Balmat and Simond undoubtedly were. Mr. Charles Pilkington's words in his masterly 'Fifty Years of the Alpine Club' (*A.J.* xxiv. 17) will be fresh in the memory of the reader.

It is noteworthy how crampons went clean out in Swiss practice until reintroduced from Tirol in the late 'nineties.

Ulrich Lauener's rope practice was scarcely more sound, for in 1859, when crossing the Strahlegg, 'Ulrich had a cord round Miss M.'s waist which he held over his shoulder. . . . Those were the days of crinolines. Miss M.'s was folded up and Ulrich carried it over his shoulder.' (I decline to furnish the reference!)

him to undertake an ascent the whole of which was known to at least three local men, Bleuer, Bohren, and Almer.

The first thing Lauener does is to ask 'permission to retain P. Bohren, who, he said, had been three times that season to the plateau out of which the peaks of the Wetterhörner spring.' ('Wanderings,' page 265.)

Lauener evidently acted fully up to his great reputation; for we find Mr. Wills writing of him after the ascent as 'brave as a lion, active as a chamois, the best guide and the best hunter in the Oberland.'

Earlier in the same month Ulrich was one of the guides of the three brothers Smyth when they made (on September 1, 1854) the ascent of the Monte Rosa Ostspitze from the Silbersattel. They term Ulrich 'a man whose value we had learnt by experience, having crossed with him some of the highest and most difficult passes in the Alps.' (Whymper's 'Guide to Zermatt,' 15th edit., page 167 *seq.*)

Ulrich next appears as one of the guides of the Comtesse Dora D'Istria on her reputed ascent of the Mönch, June 11 to 13, 1855. The other guides were Peter Jaun, Peter Bohren, 'Jäger,' Joh. Jaun and Joh. Allmer. She describes them in 'La Suisse Allemande,' vol. iv: 127, as follows: 'Pierre Bohren homme de petite taille, mais dont les membres étaient trapus, et Jean Almer,<sup>18</sup> qui était grand et avait l'air robuste. L'un

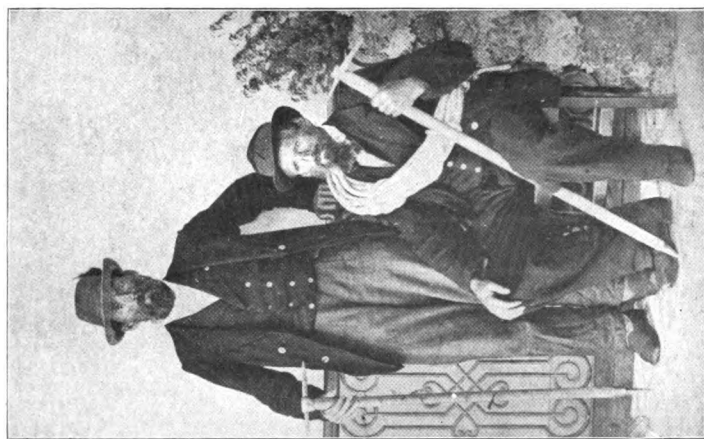
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Christian Lauener's practice in 1858 was equally bad. 'Lauener was furnished with a rope, which he now tied round my waist, and, forming a noose at the other end, he slipped it over his arm. This, to me, was a new mode of attachment. Hitherto my guides in dangerous places had tied the rope round *their* waists also. Simond had done it on Mont Blanc [in 1857] and Bennen on the Finsteraarhorn [single-handed in 1858], proving thus their willingness to share my fate, whatever that might be.' (Tyndall, 'Ascent of Monte Rosa in 1858,' in *The Glaciers of the Alps*, edit. 1896, page 131.)

Yet we know that the proper use of the rope was even before that time well understood by the Oberländers, cf. Mr. Baumgartner's expedition in 1851, mentioned in note 16. In 1861, too, the rope practice of the same Oberland guides, Chr. and Peter Michel and Chr. Kaufmann, on Leslie Stephen's ascent of the Schreckhorn is thoroughly sound.

The history of the evolution of rope practice in mountaineering is waiting to be written. It involves, naturally, the important question of the order of the members of a party.

<sup>18</sup> Cousin of Christian; v. Mr. Coolidge's 'Life of Christian Almer,' *Jahrbuch S.A.C.* vol. xxxiv. Mr. Coolidge states that Chr. Almer was also of the party. He is not mentioned by the



ULRICH AND CHRISTIAN  
LAUENER.



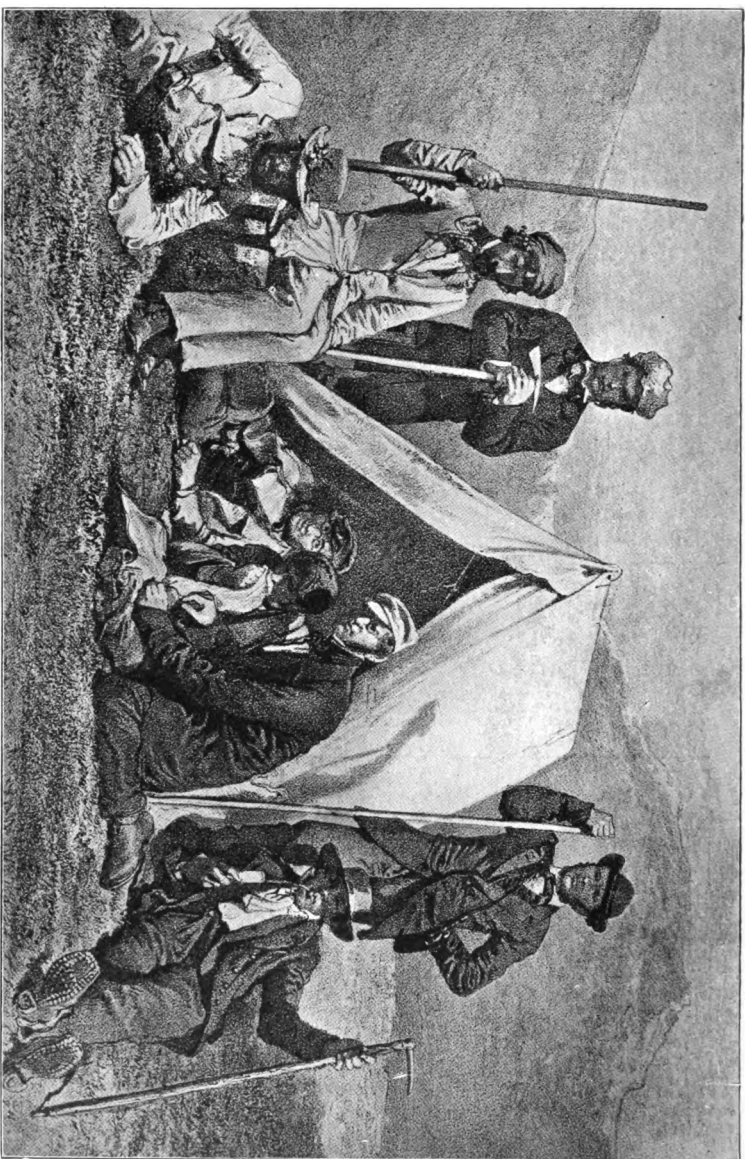
*From a photograph by F. F. Tuckett, in May, 1900.*  
ULRICH LAUENER AND HIS WIFE  
AT THEIR HOME.



Hudson.

E. S. Kennedy. C. Smyth.

J. G. Smyth.



Ainslie.

Birkbeck.

Stevenson.

U. Lavener.

MEMBERS (EXCEPT KENNEDY AND AINSLIE) OF PARTY ON THE FIRST ASCENT  
OF THE DUFOURSPITZE, 31ST JULY, 1855.

et l'autre étaient des chasseurs de chamois renommés par leur intrépidité. . . . Bohren, qui était allé le plus loin, n'avait pas dépassé la grotte de l'Eiger. . . . Joh. Jaun . . . arrivait vers le matin avec Ulrich Lauener de Lauterbrunnen. Celui-ci était grand comme Almer, mais semblait moins dispos. Je sus plus tard qu'il était encore souffrant d'une chute qu'il avait faite récemment dans une chasse.'

We next hear of Ulrich Lauener as one of the guides of the Hudson-Smyth-Birkbeck-Stevenson party on the first ascent of the Höchste Spitze on July 31, 1855, when the present route via the Sattel was first followed instead of the Silbersattel route. While Lauener 'did good service with the hatchet in cutting steps,' the line followed was decided on by the amateurs of the party, Hudson and the Smyths, who 'went ahead without even halting to discuss the question with the guides,' who 'followed mechanically without offering any objection to the abandonment of the old route.'

What brought Lauener to Zermatt, and how he came to be one of the guides of this party, we know now from the letter quoted in the footnote. It indicates that his reputation must have been well established. He had also been in the service of Mr. John Birkbeck, one of the party, whose testimony in 1859 is found in his 'Führerbuch,' where he speaks of having employed him before.<sup>19</sup>

Comtesse, and the named guides are those who signed the certificate of her ascent. I have never seen any explanation of how *Allmer's* name turned into the *Almer* so familiar in literature.

<sup>19</sup> Mrs. Stanford, daughter of the Rev. J. Grenville Smyth, one of the three Monte Rosa brothers, writes to me:

'In 1890 we went for the day to Lauterbrunnen. When we got there my father said "I wonder if Ulrich Lauener is still here." (He was their guide for six weeks and is in the *campement* picture [in *Where there's a Will &c.*].) Looking across the road to some men sitting about he said "There he is," and called him by name. Ulrich got off the wall, looked hard at him, then said "Herr Schmidt" and asked after his brothers Col. Smyth and Christopher Smyth. It was more than thirty years since they had met. You may imagine how pleased they both were, and how we wished we could talk German properly and have a real conversation with him.'

Portraits of the brothers Edmund, John Grenville, and Christopher Smyth will, thanks to the courtesy of Mrs. Stanford, appear in the next JOURNAL. I am greatly indebted to her for much help, rendered with the true mountaineering keenness which distinguished her family in years gone by.

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Der Regierungstatthalter des Amtsbezirks

*Interlaken*

ertheilt hiermit dem Träger dieses Führerbuches,

*Läutener, Ulrich*gebürtig von *Lauterbrunnen*,wohnhaft zu *Lauterbrunnen*,**das Zeugniß,**daß er nach gehöriger Erfüllung sämtlicher durch  
das Reglement für die Bergführer vorgeschriebenen  
Erfordernisse als Bergführer patentirt worden und  
zur Ausübung dieses Berufes als berechtigt und be-  
fähigt anerkannt ist, *n. d. h. an der Säbunn I. R. d. d.**Interlaken* den *13. Juli*. 1856.Der Regierungstatthalter  
des Amtsbezirks *Interlaken*.*= Impl. =*  
*[Signature]*







3

Der Regierungstatthalter des Amtsbezirks

*Interalpen*

ertheilt hiermit dem Träger dieses Führerbuches,

*Lauener, Ulrich*gebürtig von *Lauterbrunnen*,wohnhaft zu *Lauterbrunnen*,**das Zeugniß,**

daß er nach gehöriger Erfüllung sämtlicher durch  
das Reglement für die Bergführer vorgeschriebenen  
Erfordernisse als Bergführer patentirt worden und  
zur Ausübung dieses Berufes als berechtigt und be-  
fähigt anerkannt ist, *in Wien am 13. Juli 1856.*

*Just. v. Latten* den *13. Juli*. 1856.

Der Regierungstatthalter

des Amtsbezirks *Interalpen*.*= J. v. L.**[Signature]*





I have gone into all this early history of the Laueners—and there may be other references to them in Alpine literature which I have missed—in order to show, so far as I could, the foundation upon which the, at that time, unrivalled reputation of Ulrich Lauener rested.

His career did not, as with nearly all other guides, start with his official Führerbuch ; in fact, this is in itself distinctly disappointing and contains, with the exception of the passage of the Eigerjoch with Leslie Stephen and the expeditions made with Mr. Whitwell and Lord Wentworth, nothing of any importance either in quality or variety. It is very unfortunate that the earlier, unofficial book which Lauener, in common with other guides of that day, doubtless carried, has been lost, and that we have only the scanty allusions to go upon which I have endeavoured to collect.

Lauener's official book of which the entry page is reproduced in facsimile is dated July 4, 1856, and he is described as 'Führer I. Classe.'

On the same date there was a general issue of similar books to about eighty guides, and it is interesting to note that Book No. 78 was issued to a young 'Christen Allmer,' aged 30, who is classed as 'Führer III. Classe,' but who was soon destined by a combination of great qualities, which assured him the keenest employers, to attain lasting renown. The entry page of this is printed with Lauener's. Almer appears to have remained for over thirty years, officially, in the 3rd class, while the men whom he led so brilliantly had long since ceased to class him at all.

Ulrich at this time was five years older than Almer, and it may be that a somewhat more assured subsistence, added to the already established reputation, tended to blind him to the changing order of things, to the fast-growing passionate devotion to high mountaineering which during the next 15 or 20 years was to develop to such an extent. Be that as it may, it is certain that Lauener with the ball at his feet failed from this time onward to increase his reputation as a great guide, while his younger confrère made himself a name as the most determined and at the same time one of the soundest mountaineers of the day.

The frequent recurrence of Almer's name in our pages is a remarkable testimony to his outstanding powers ; even in the present number Mr. Philpott and Mr. Ruxton bear witness to interesting episodes of his career, at wide-apart periods.

Eighteen years have elapsed since his death, yet he stands out to-day, with one possible rival, as the great guide of the golden days of mountaineering.

Referring to somewhere about this time, Tyndall, in his 'Hours of Exercise,' tells us that Christian Lauener, 'in company with his brother Ulrich . . . had already spent some time [previous to 1860] in the Roththal, seeking to scale the Jungfrau from that side' and (p. 9) 'pointed out to us the remains of the hut erected by him and his brother [Ulrich] when they attempted the Jungfrau, and from which they were driven by adverse weather.' R. S. Macdonald, describing the first passage of the Roththalsattel in 1864, adds: 'There is nothing about the way we chose to daunt such daring mountaineers as the Laueners are known to be.'—'A.J.' ii. 166.

Although the date above mentioned is the first *official* appearance of the Führerbuch in the Oberland, we know from Fellows's 'Narrative of the Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc in 1827' that 'each guide in Switzerland [it should read Savoy] has a book in which the traveller who employs him writes his character,' and moreover even Oberland guides already carried testimonial books of their own, and those of Ektor Bohren, and possibly others have been preserved.

The first entry in Lauener's official book is by Mr. E. Ward Herries, secretary to H.B.M.'s Legation at Berne, and is dated July 30, 1856. They crossed the Tschingel (in 1855), and in 1856 Lauener 'acted as principal guide on an ascent of Monte Rosa (July 22), when I was prevented by bad weather from reaching the summit of the highest pinnacle. Two days afterwards Lauener, assisted by Johann zum Taugwald, conducted me by an entirely new and very difficult route from the Riffelberg over the Weiss Thor to Saas, on which occasion he displayed very great judgment and presence of mind. Yesterday, at the passage of the Strahleck from the Grimsel to Grindelwald, Lauener's behaviour was deserving of all praise.'

It is interesting to note that Almer was also of the Strahleck party (p. 27 of his Führerbuch).

A few days later we find an interesting entry signed 'J. Ball, N. Leader,' whom he accompanied over the Tschingel to the Lötschthal and for the six following days. 'We found him in all respects equal to the high reputation which he has acquired.'

The same year he accompanied Mr. J. R. Fenwick and Mr. Thos. Ritchie from Kandersteg to Chamonix *via* the Gemmi-



—Zermatt–Courmayeur and St. Gervais, acting as guide during ten days. ‘We have been well satisfied with his conduct in that capacity.’

On July 13, 1857, is an entry by Mr. Arthur R. Abbott, the first of several. They ascended the Torrenthorn *en route* to Zermatt and the ‘Cima di Jazzi and the glaciers in at neighbourhood.’

On August 4, 1857, Herr Albert Hoffmann, of Milan, mentions two attempts in four days to ascend the Jungfrau ‘prevented by insuperable dangers and circumstances.’ ‘There is no better guide in the High Alps.’

On September 11, 1857, Dr. F. Kolb enumerates a journey from Lauterbrunnen *via* the Tschingel and Petersgrat to the Lötschthal, thence *via* Saas–Monte Moro–Macugnaga–Weiss-thor–Cima di Jazzi–summit of Théodule Pass–Viesch–Grimsel–Strahleck–Grindelwald. ‘Ulrich Lauener is the pearl of Alpine guides.’

In August 1858 Lauener ascends the Monte Rosa with Herr Albert Hoffmann.

The first entry in 1859 must be quoted in full :

‘Ulrich Lauener has accompanied me for three or four days, the greater part of which have been spent in excursions from the chalets of Stiereck (Upper Grind. Gl.) and an attempt to cross the Strahleck, which was defeated by snowstorms and constant avalanches before we had quite attained the summit.

‘Having been rather roughly handled, and finding it necessary to go into dock for a few days, I can most sincerely say that I part with great regret from this excellent fellow and first-rate mountaineer, whom I can confidently recommend whether for easy work or long glacier excursions.

‘F. F. TUCKETT.

‘Reichenbach,  
11th June, 1859.’

A few days later ‘Geo. C. Hodgkinson, A.C.,’ writes of Lauener’s ‘European reputation,’ and Mr. C. Muir Mackenzie makes under his guidance the ascent of Monte Rosa.

The next entry, reproduced in facsimile, commemorates a seldom repeated feat, the first passage of the Eigerjoch (‘P.P.G.’ iii. 15–32) on August 7, 1859, by Leslie Stephen, William and George Mathews.

The Chamonix guides, J. B. Croz and M. Charlet, were also of the party. ‘I had secured the gigantic Ulrich Lauener—not

without some grumbling on his part at being joined with Chamounix guides.' (Stephen, 'P.P.G.' iii. 16.)

Ulrich Lauener has accompanied me  
 over the last 6 days, during which  
 we have explored the Grasse Glacier,  
 made a new path from the  
 Wengern Alp to the Emmenten  
 between the Mischy & Eiger & crossed  
 the Little Sattel & Petersgrat. I have  
 never travelled with a guide  
 so he compared to him, &  
 I feel perfect confidence in  
 his powers as any guide or  
 mountain in Switzerland.  
 I am glad at all times to be  
 with him, & have travelled with him a long  
 respect & liking for him.  
 Lucie Stephen

(28th July 1905)  
 Having travelled in company with Mr. Stephen  
 in the above expedition, I am glad to add my testimony  
 to the ability which Lauener displays in his  
 work as a guide.

In this expedition we see Lauener at his best and realise that his reputation was well deserved. It is he who threads the

intricate glacier and, 'going to the front, called on us to follow him,' and his bold spirit flashes out in the daring proposal of 'a descent of the precipices [on the E. side of the N. or 'false' Eigerjoch] towards Grindelwald.'

Instead of this the party redescended to the Eiger Glacier and proceeded to cut up the stupendous wall leading to the S. col, the lion's share of the work again falling on Lauener. It still remains for a daring climber to descend, or better ascend, that great E. wall, and thus convert the 'false' into the true Col.

'We had made a pass equal in beauty and difficulty to any first-rate pass in the Alps—I should rather say to any pass and a half.'

The party was benighted on the rocks of the Kranzberg. 'Lauener came out very strong. His good temper and fun seemed to rise with the occasion.'

Nevertheless Stephen had to find other guides, possibly inferior to Lauener as mountaineers, but surpassing him in enterprise, when he came to attack the Schreckhorn two years later.

'As Ulrich Lauener (who, I must admit, is rather given to croaking) once said to me, it [the Schreckhorn] was like the Matterhorn, big above and little below, and he would have nothing to do with it.' (Leslie Stephen in 'P.P.G.' iii. 5.)

Lauener seems to have become quite a traveller, for we find him ascending the Monte Rosa a few days later with Messrs. I. Guthrie Smith, T. McCall Anderson, M.D., and Rd. Moor-yaart, and again on August 24 with Mr. C. S. Drake, of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Mr. John Birkbeck certifies on September 15, 1859, that 'we have found him, as I have always before found him, most active, kind, painstaking and attentive. I have met with no better guide anywhere.'

The next entry, early in 1860, reads :

'Ulrich Lauener conducted me over the very difficult Glacier Pass of the Petersgrat from Lauterbrunnen to Kippel, and thence to Viesch, and I cannot find words to express how delighted I was with him ; in fact, being a novice on the ice, I fear I should have fared but badly without him.

'In great haste,

'A. W. MOORE.

'19 Portland Place, London.' [1860.]

This was Moore's first season and his first glacier expedition

(‘A.J.’ xxix. 74). There follows an entry by ‘Richard Hodgson, A.C.’ who made ‘an unsuccessful attempt to ascend Mont Blanc from the Col de Voza by the Aiguille de Gouté. I found him the perfect guide I had always heard represented.’

On August 10, 1861, he again ascends Monte Rosa.

July 1862 is spent in the service of his old patron, Mr. Arthur R. Abbott, with Mr. Robert Barclay and Mr. Robert Fox, when they ascend the Breithorn, Cima di Jazzi, cross the Tschingel and Alphubeljoch, but on July 29 are once more compelled by bad weather to relinquish, at the Grands Mulets, the ascent of Mont Blanc.

A note of a passage of the Tschingel bears the signatures of Anthony Traill, subsequently Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Henry Jackson, now Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge (O.M.), two honoured names, the latter still with us. Early in July 1863 he ascends Monte Rosa with Herr H. Gutekunst.

On July 14, 1863, he ascends the Jungfrau with Mr. Stanley Poole and Mr. Holford Secretan—his first recorded ascent.

On August 14, 1863, he at last reaches the summit of Mont Blanc with his old patron Dr. F. Kolb, who warmly reiterates his previous words.

The next year, 1864, sees him again at Chamonix with his old patrons James Thompson, Anthony Traill, and Henry Jackson. They cross the Tschingel and Strahlegg, ascend the Cima di Jazzi and the Breithorn, cross the Col du Géant and ascend Mont Blanc, and finish at Chamonix on July 30.

In August there follow passages of the Col du Géant, Weiss-thor, and an ascent of Monte Rosa on August 18 with the Marquis Visconti.

September he spends in the service of Lord Wentworth (afterwards Earl of Lovelace), subsequently his constant employer, and one of the keenest climbers of the day. They crossed the Jungfrau-joch, which was new to Lauenner, the Lysjoch, and ascended Monte Rosa.

Unfortunately, Lord Wentworth’s many expeditions are scantily recorded. His only paper in the JOURNAL is the account of the first ascent of the Aiguille Noire de Peuteret and of the Jumeaux de Valtournanche. We know also of his attempts on the Aig. du Géant by means of an arquebus and on the occasion of his ascent in September ’71 with the two Maquignaz of the Cervin from Breuil it is stated that he passed the night just under the summit, the warm ashes of his

bivouac fire being found by a party which reached the summit the following morning from the Zermatt side.

The first entry in 1865 reads as follows :

‘On the 13th June 1865, Ulrich and Christian Lauener accompanied me in an attempt to cross from Lauterbrunnen to the Eggishorn by the Breitlauen Glacier and the Ebnefluh. Mr. E. Whymper and two guides completed the party. We did wrong in the first place by *not* adopting Ulrich’s advice to start from the Schmadribach chalets instead of from Lauterbrunnen, but we did right in the second place by *taking* his advice and returning when not far from the top, as the remaining portion of ice-wall would have taken so long as to render it impossible to reach the Faulberg, and we had made no preparations for sleeping on the ice. The excursion occupied nineteen hours.

‘WILLIAM HENRY HAWKER,  
*Member of the Alpine Club.*’

This entry is of interest, for it describes the first attempt on the Ebnefluhjoch and supplements Mr. Hornby’s reference in ‘A.J.’ iii. 86. Mr. Whymper’s presence is explained probably by his having come to fetch Almer, with whom and Johann Tännler<sup>20</sup> he crossed the Petersgrat next day (‘Scrambles,’ p. 253). These two expeditions were, so far as is known, Whymper’s only glacier expeditions in the Oberland.

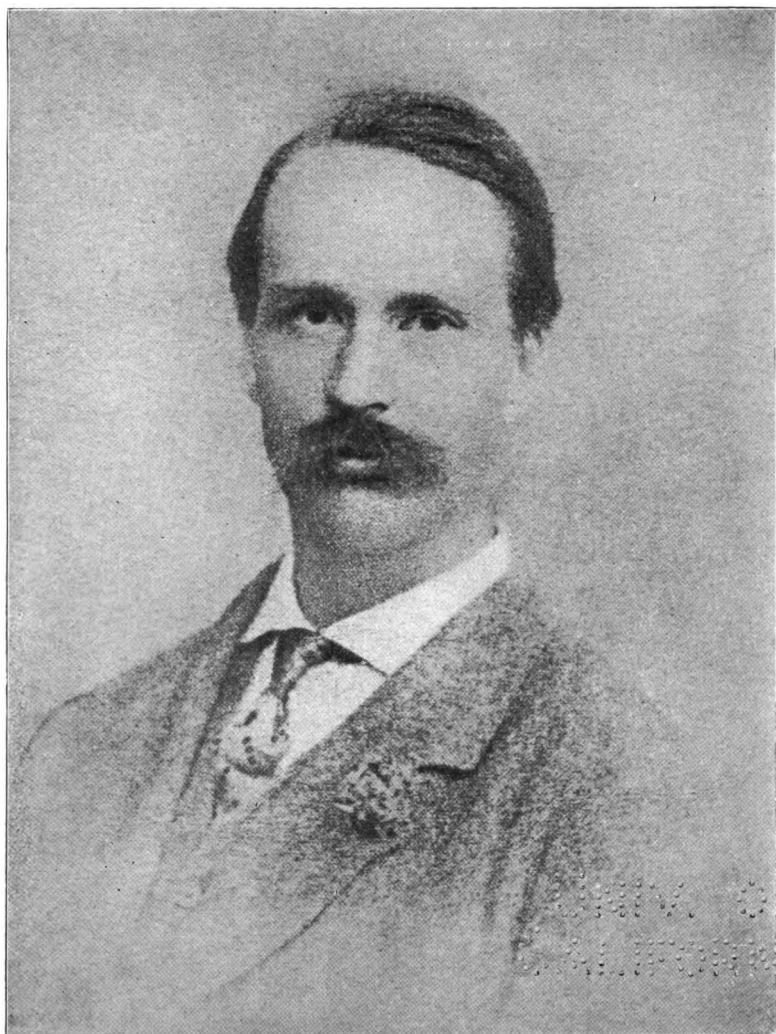
On July 16, 1865, is an entry, by Herr Albert Hoffmann-Burckhardt, a well-known Swiss climber, of an ascent of the Wetterhorn, the first ascent of the Kilchlistock, and the first ascent and traverse of the Dammastock, the descent being down the E. face partly in the dangerous couloir (‘A.J.’ xxv. 182). The other member of the party was Andreas v. Weissenfluh, the well-known guide of Mühlestalden.<sup>21</sup>

‘His [Lauener’s] company is a certain guarantee for the success of even the most dangerous enterprises.’

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<sup>20</sup> Tännler of Hausen, Haslithal, born in 1831, was quite a good man in his time and was often employed by Mr. Howard Barrett, whose record of work is a very considerable one. I remember him in 1871 when I was one of a *pensionnat* of boys travelling *à la* Töpfer. He was one of our guides on various small expeditions like the Sparrenhorn, Sidelhorn, &c., and awakened our admiration by his good looks, fine figure, and splendid blonde moustache, and our envy by drinking at every suitable stream, which we, stupidly, were forbidden to do.

<sup>21</sup> *S.A.C.J.* iii. 131-5.



LORD WENTWORTH

(about 1881).

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The further entries of that year include the Monte Rosa, but are not of interest.

In 1866 he again joins Mr. Hawker, and they make with his brother Christian Lauener the first ascent of the Tschingelhorn, and from October 2 to 6, on the Büttlassen and Hundshorn, account for two chamois gathered and a third lost by falling down a precipice.

In 1867 we find him making further ascents with Herr Hoffmann-Burckhardt in the Maderanerthal and the Val Maggia, and again traversing the Damnastock from the Göscheneralp to the Trift hut. He also ascends Monte Rosa and the Breithorn with Mr. A. R. Abbott and some young friends.

In 1868 the Rev. J. J. Hornby's entry of a three weeks' journey in bad weather, when they ascended the Rheinwaldhorn and Tödi and crossed the Petersgrat and the 'Birchfluh,' is the only one of interest.

Towards the end of July 1869 he made with Herr H. Baedeker an ascent of the Gspaltenhorn—the first having been made a few days before, by Mr. G. E. Foster with Hans Baumann and Jakob Anderegg.

'How can the Lion of the Valley of Lauterbrunnen need a further testimonial?' is the next remark.

In August 1870, with Mr. Edward Ashworth, he makes the round Petersgrat, Monte Rosa, Théodule, Col du Géant.

In 1871 and 1872 the two Laueners, Ulrich and Christian, accompanied Mr. E. R. Whitwell on journeys of three and four weeks' duration. The record of the first includes the first attempts on the Aig. du Géant, of which Mr. Whitwell gave us some interesting recollections in the last JOURNAL, and is reproduced in facsimile.

Mr. Whitwell does not remind us that he and Ulrich were in the famous 'Race for Life' so graphically described by Tuckett in 'A.J.' v. 339-345, when the whole party were all but overwhelmed.

On September 5, 1871, Lauener leads—single-handed—Mr. H. Graham Dakyns up the Eiger.

Mr. Whitwell's 1872 entry reads as follows :

'Ulrich Lauener has again accompanied me this year, with his brother Christian, and I have little to add to what I said last year. He has been with me for four weeks, but for the first fortnight the weather was so bad that we were unable to attempt even any of the higher mountains. On the 5th July, however, we ascended the Jungfrau from the Faulberg hut



Ulrich Haemmer with  
his brother Christian  
has accompanied me  
during a three weeks  
tour in Switzerland  
but the weather has  
prevented our doing  
very much. Especially  
so much snow fell  
during part of the  
time.

On the 5<sup>th</sup> inst. we left  
the Wengien Alps intending  
to ascend the Salothorn  
& pygmean, but a heavy  
snow storm coming on  
we crossed the pygmean  
fork instead, reaching



MR. E. R. WHITWELL.

(about 1880).

TO THE  
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the Faulberg in 12 hours  
including built ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour)  
we slept at the Faulberg  
in the hopes of ascending  
the pyram from that  
side but the weather was  
again bad.

on the 7<sup>th</sup> we ascended  
the Appichhorn & down  
at Kander, & on the 8<sup>th</sup>  
made the ascent of the  
Dorin ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour the year) from that place  
after more fresh snow &  
three bad days, on the 14<sup>th</sup>  
we ascended the Weishorn  
( $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour the year) & on the 18<sup>th</sup>  
the Matterhorn (also  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour the year)

on the 19<sup>th</sup> we crossed the  
Alpe to Val Tignes

o on the 22<sup>d</sup> crossed the  
Col du Seant, trying the  
Aiguille du Seant en route.  
 The roads were quite easy  
 up to the final peak,  
 which contained part  
 from the S. & other  
 from the W. after  
 a most difficult  
 climb up extremely  
 rough & nearly  
 perpendicular rocks,  
 we reached a point  
 about half way up  
 the final peak (either  
 200 or 150 feet of summit)  
 but here even Albert's  
 great climbing power  
 was at fault as the

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peak rose still steeper  
with apparently no  
hand held shatters.

It may be interesting  
to state that on examining  
the peak thoroughly on  
all sides except the  
N. side shatters down  
all four sides, in  
chains of success.

I must add that  
the Weisshorn shatters  
were in a more than  
usually difficult  
transition way & the  
large amount of snow  
& then of the hot shatters  
found said that the

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former could not be  
done.

This is the first year  
that I have travelled  
with Albert Haverer  
(except for our expedition  
on the Schreckhorn) and  
can speak most highly  
of his skill & courage  
apparent in no way  
impaired by age. He is  
most strong & willing,  
almost always carrying  
my Tent as well as a  
bag of his own) & I have  
too strongly recommended him  
as a pleasant companion  
& thoroughly good fellow  
with the care he is now taking  
his eyes seem quite strong again.

*Chimney Lake* E. R. Whittree

(accompanied also by Mr. Tuckett, who ascended the Wetterhorn with him three days afterwards whilst I went up the Eiger with Christian). We descended from the Jungfrau to the Wengern Alp, under special difficulties on the Silberlücke owing to a large quantity of fresh snow.

‘On the 12th we crossed the Moming Pass from Zinal to Zermatt in very bad weather and soft snow (time up  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours, and to Zermatt  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours, exclusive of halts).

‘On the 15th we crossed the Alt Weissthor from the Riffel to Macugnaga (time up  $3\frac{3}{4}$  hours, and to Macugnaga 3 hours, exclusive of halts), returning by what I believe is a new pass between the Neu Weissthor and the Cima di Jazzi, which we propose calling the Mittelthor (time from Macugnaga to Col 5 hours, and to Zermatt  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , exclusive of halts).

‘On the 20th we ascended the Gabelhorn from Zermatt, descending to Zinal by a new and very difficult way, on the rocks on the W. of the N.W. arête, leading direct on to the lower glacier. (Time from Zermatt to summit  $6\frac{3}{4}$  hours, and to Zinal  $6\frac{1}{4}$ , exclusive of halts.)

‘On the 21st we slept at the new hut built by the Swiss Alpine Club  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours from Zinal, and yesterday ascended the Rothhorn (second ascent), returning to the hut (time up  $4\frac{3}{4}$  hours, and down 3 hours, exclusive of halts); and this morning we came over the Triftjoch in  $6\frac{3}{4}$  hours, including  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours’ halt. I have specially mentioned the times which we occupied in the above excursions to show that Ulrich is still thoroughly strong and capable of bearing a succession of heavy days’ work. Of his thorough steadiness, whether on rocks or ice, or of the wonderful rock-climbing power which he possesses, I need not say more than a reference to what I wrote last year.

‘E. R. WHITWELL.

‘Zermatt, July 23rd, ’72.’

The passage of the Mittelthor<sup>22</sup> and the descent of the Gabelhorn, which can be well studied in Mrs. Bicknell’s drawing and Mr. Nettleton’s photograph (‘A.J.’ xxviii. 28), are new, and the latter has never been recorded.

Had not Mr. Whitwell’s climbing career, as he has lately

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<sup>22</sup> I have already mentioned that Mr. Whitwell’s intention in going to Macugnaga was to traverse the Monte Rosa (*A.J.* xxx. 177, note 2). When a few days later the Pendlebury-Taylor party, led by Ferdinand Imseng, arrived in Zermatt after doing the traverse, Ulrich was beside himself with chagrin and disappointment.



told us, come to a premature end, we should have had some more interesting notices in Ulrich's book.

In the same year Lauener joins once more his old patron, Mr. A. R. Abbott. They cross from Hinterrhein to Malvaglia, over the Rheinwaldhorn, and ascend the Jungfrau from the Faulberg.

'He is . . . a most reliable guide, and what I have ever found him, an honest man.'

Two ascents of Monte Rosa and a passage of the Col du Géant fall in this year, and passages of the Strahlegg and ascents of the Jungfrau and Monte Rosa in 1873.

Next year—1874—is also chronicled a passage of the Tschingel by Arnold and Walter Priestman and Samuel Doncaster, names still represented in the A.C., while Mr. L. Ewbank, whose death is lately announced, and Mr. H. M. Taylor on July 9 ascend with Lauener the Altels 'and from thence by a somewhat difficult pass to the top of the Balmhorn,' a route presumably coinciding with the first crossing made the previous day.

A few days later Ulrich makes with Mr. James Baumann—a brother of our sometime member the late John Baumann—a vigorous attempt to ascend the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp, defeated at the Silberlücke by bad weather; and on July 21, being then in his fifty-third year, Ulrich leads Mr. Baumann *single-handed* up the Matterhorn. Thereupon, with Mr. A. E. Craven, Ulrich in quick succession ascends the Jungfrau, the Finsteraarhorn (his own first recorded ascent), crosses the Lauteraarjoch and ascends the Wetterhorn *en route*.

From the middle of June until October—1875—Ulrich has the good fortune to be engaged by Lord Wentworth, and their record is reproduced in facsimile.

The ascent of the Jungfrau from the Roththal was presumably by the Roththalsattel, as the present route was not discovered until 1885. By the courtesy of the Rt. Hon. Mary Countess of Lovelace I am able to add a portrait of the late Earl of Lovelace when Lord Wentworth, and Mr. Whitwell has kindly turned up an old portrait of himself, so that two great mountaineering clients of Ulrich appear together.

In 1877, August 16, we find Ulrich guiding Herr C. Ostertag over the Lauinenthor—redoubtable possibly more by its name than for any great difficulty or danger—still always a great classic. 'He proved his distinguished guide-talents in the most brilliant manner.'

In 1880 Ulrich and Mr. Henry Bowyear, A.C., in a bad season,

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My old friend Ulrich Lauener has accompanied me the whole of this summer & autumn from the middle of June till now. As the season has been (as far as I am aware) unparalled for bad weather, we have not accomplished half of what we intended - but enough remained for Ulrich Lauener to give brilliant proofs of the continuance of all his remarkable powers of climbing & surmounting the many

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difficulties & occasional dangers of the glaciers & snow peaks —

Of the excursions made I will only mention the following :

Aletschhorn from the Bell Alp & back

Mont Blanc by the Grands Mulets & Bope

Schreckhorn from Kastelenstein.

Agassizjock from Kastelenstein to Aegischhorn. Here

Ul found his way among the intricate crevasses on the Grinddewald side of the Finsteraarjock with wonderful speed & direction, and



led up the extraordinarily steep  
ice wall before getting to the rocks of  
the Agapizjoch with surprising security.

Frusterarhorn from Faulberg  
& back.

Jungfrau, from the Roththal  
descending by the Silbergräth  
& Guggi glacier - The  
Roththal rocks difficult from  
ice. The descent from the  
Silbergräth by an ice wall.  
too steep to be secure. We  
passed over the dangerous abyss  
& labyrinth of seracs of the  
upper Guggi glacier as night  
& a violent thunderstorm  
began with admirable  
guidance from H. who  
managed to the to the hut at

the foot in 2 hours from  
the foot of the Schnehorn.

8 hours were consumed from  
the summit to the hut.

Schmadrioch from Trachseltan  
to Ried

Rothhorn from hut on the  
Linal glacier, &  
descending on the other  
side to Lermatt

Weiphorn

Lyskamm from Pipel & back  
to Lermatt

I hope to resume my journey  
with Ulrich Lanuser & in



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taking leave of him for the  
winter except my hope he may  
long continue his distinguished  
career —

Wentworth

Lauterbrunnen

Oct. 1875

Visits to 1876

Jan. 1. 76. Jubiläum 1876, Mai 26.



Santhayn 1876

Mittelhorn

Visits to 1877

Jan. 5. 77. Jubiläum 26. Mai 1877.



Santhayn 1877

Mittelhorn

do the Eiger, Wetterhorn, and Mittelhorn, the two latter in one day.

In 1881 appears an entry by Mr. A. L. Mumm and Mr. C. Cannan whereby hangs a tale.

They were starting for the Jungfrau from Grindelwald with Christian Lauener and another guide when at the last moment Christian produced a tall porter and suggested taking him for the blankets, etc. At the top of the Kalli some little difficulty occurred in the broken glacier. An animated conversation in patois ensued between Christian and the tall porter, whereupon the latter dashed to the front and retained the lead till the Bergli. 'We were much impressed by his skill in finding the way.' The projected ascent was duly made, and on the way down it was decided to go to Belalp instead of to Eggishorn. Whereupon the tall porter grumbled, and likewise swore. However, he was again to the fore when fresh difficulties occurred.

Next morning a man who is still with us—one of our very famous veterans—remarked to Mumm "I see you have Ulrich Lauener with you." "No," replied Mumm, "we have got Christian." "But Ulrich was in your party" was the reply, whereupon it dawned on Mumm that in the tall porter they had entertained the famous Ulrich unawares!

I must in candour admit that this version of the tale is the more amusing, but might have to be slightly modified if memories were too carefully collated.

The note ends: 'We found him a very pleasant companion and ready for any amount of work, especially cooking.'

The same year—Ulrich now being sixty—he, with K. Schlunegger as second guide, leads Messrs. H. W. Hussey and G. B. Monkhouse over the Schmadrijoch to Ried. 'The ascent took 10½ hours; every step on the ice slopes was cut by Lauener, 700 steps in all being cut.'

This expedition recalls the passage of the same Col a few years later at the end of September by Sir Edward Davidson with Christian Almer, Rudolf Almer, and Christian Klucker, when the splendid old guide, at even a greater age than Lauener, kept the lead and insisted on doing all the work. Step-cutting was continuous and the Col was only reached at 2:45 P.M.

In 1883 Lauener crosses with Messrs. Cannan and King the Jungfrauoch, the Oberaarjoch, and the Strahlegg. 'He is always to the front where there is a difficulty.'

Passages of the Petersgrat, Mönchjoch, Beichgrat, New

Weissthor, Tschingel are reported in the succeeding years, and his book—the honourable record of a great career—ends with ‘L’ascension de la Jungfrau de Lauterbrunnen, et nous n’avons eu qu’à nous louer de son zèle et de ses soins,’ signed by Comte André Bobrinsky and Prince Serge Dolgorouky.

Ulrich Lauener unquestionably deserves to rank among the great mountaineers of his time. In knowledge of the mountains he was probably unsurpassed. In executive ability on ice and rock he can have had few rivals. To his geniality all bear witness. In keenness and enterprise he cannot be said to have ranked with a man like Almer. His refusal to attempt the Schreckhorn has been already mentioned, and he was equally unwilling—though possibly the lateness of the season was sufficient reason—to try either the Jungfrau or the Finsteraarhorn in 1854 with Mr. Wills. Possibly this lack of enterprise may be ascribed to a want of alertness of mind which failed to realise the new passion for great expeditions that was springing up. He, the hard chamois hunter, than whom none better knew the dangers and exposure of the great mountains, may have also failed to think possible in any traveller the endurance, speed, determination, and rapidly acquired skill of which the English climber of that date was so soon to show himself a master.

Nor was his judgment always correct. Tyndall, ‘Hours of Exercise’ (1906) p. 7, tells us that as they were starting for the Lauinenthor, in 1860, Ulrich ‘remarked we were going to attempt an impossibility. He had examined the place we were going to assail, and emphatically affirmed that it could not be surmounted.’ A few hours later his prophecy was easily shown to be false.

Whereas Almer and two or three other men, though possibly just for the very qualities in which Ulrich was deficient, were permanently in the service of the keenest climbers of the day, Ulrich seems generally to have lacked long and recurring engagements, hence his record is not comparable with others of about the same period, and, even in the conquest of the summits which hem in his own valley he had but the scantiest share.

Still, among the names of great guides that will go down to posterity will not—and *should* not—be found wanting that of Ulrich Lauener.

J. P. FARRAR.



AN ATTEMPT ON THE EAST FACE AND AN ASCENT OF THE  
ITALIAN FACE OF THE MATTERHORN IN 1867.

IN Mr. J. M. Elliott's 'The Second Ascent of the Matterhorn by the E. Face,' reprinted in 'A.J.' xxviii., there is an allusion to a previous attempt on that face by Mr. Jordan, to which I regret to have added a footnote that 'it is probable that Mr. Elliott was misinformed.'

Turning over lately a little book, 'La Vallée de Valtornenche en 1867,' par G. Carrel, I found the following :

'Tentatives d'ascension en 1867.—Par le nord Mr. Leighton Jordan, anglais, est arrivé avec des guides valaisans à une très grande hauteur le 21, le 22, et le 23 août et le 9 et le 10 Septembre, mais il n'a pu atteindre le sommet.'

It would appear, therefore, that Mr. Elliott was quite correctly informed.

I have learned since from Mr. Wm. Leighton Jordan himself, formerly a member of the A.C., who, it is refreshing to find, retains interest in his old achievements, that he thinks the notes of his attempt in 1867 on the E. face of the Matterhorn with Peter Knubel and J. M. Lochmatter, and of his successful ascent of the mountain, the fourth by the Italian route, a few days later, with J.-J., J. Pierre, and Victor Maquignaz, are still in existence. He has kindly undertaken to inquire about them, and eventually to send them to me for the use of the JOURNAL.

Meantime Mr. Mumm has drawn my attention to the Bollettino del C.A.I. for 1867, which contains a translation into French of Mr. Leighton Jordan's note in the Visitors' Book at the hotel at Breuil upon his ascent of the Italian side and descent and re-ascent of the upper part of the Swiss face of the Cervin.

It would appear that, inasmuch as Mr. Leighton Jordan descended from the summit to the point on the E. face to which he had ascended a few days earlier, he may be said to have made, *virtually*, the first traverse of the mountain, as well as making the fourth ascent by the Italian route.

I have, since writing this note, had the great advantage and pleasure of discussing with Mr. Leighton Jordan, now a vigorous, erect veteran of some eighty years, with photographs before

us, his enterprising attempts on the E. face. I found his recollection of the ground as clear as though the event had happened a year or two instead of nearly fifty years ago. It will be remembered that for at least two or three years after the accident in 1865 the E. face continued to be regarded with such respect that neither guides nor travellers were to be found to attempt it.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Jordan's attempts, which were the first after the accident, are therefore all the more remarkable.

At my suggestion he has been good enough to write down a few notes. Surely it is of great significance for the continuance of interest in mountaineering when we find, as I so continually do, that no young mountaineer can be more enthusiastic than the splendid veterans who have made Alpine history.

J. P. FARRAR.

In the first of the two attempts on the Zermatt side alluded to above, my companions were Tobie Couttet, of Chamonix, and Peter Knubel, chamois hunter, of Zermatt (afterwards a renowned guide). We slept on the night of August 21, 1867, on the Hörnli arête, at the spot so used by the Hudson-Whymper party in 1865. The mountain above that was new to all of us ; but below it was Knubel's hunting-ground. On the 22nd we climbed in splendid weather with brilliant sunshine, and on reaching the snow-slope just below the Zermatt shoulder I felt as if nothing could mar the complete success of our ascent. But when half-way up the slope clouds rushing up the Breil valley made immediate recognition of defeat imperative.

As, in descending, we reached the rock where the old or upper Matterhorn hut has since been built a pelting of hail-stones made us shelter to rearrange our clothes for the change from sunshine to storm. A dense mass of clouds formed round the base of the mountain just below the protruding granite belt, and as we entered it a flash of lightning struck me on the shoulder and looked like a glittering corkscrew round me. Couttet called to me to throw away my knapsack on account of the barometer in it ; but my hands were too busy with the rocks, and in a deafening roar of almost continuous thunder we worked steadily downwards, the sheet lightning greatly helping us. We passed our sleeping quarters of the previous night without stopping. It was covered with snow which

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. *The Alps in Nature and History*, by W. A. B. Coolidge, p. 240, for the estimate of 1868.

was driving over it from the Théodule ridge. After ten o'clock we were below the storm lower down the arête, but were stopped by the inky darkness with a vertical fall before us. A few more flashes of lightning would, I think, have helped us to the grass-slopes below. Knubel was now on his hunting-ground, and he led us down to the glacier on our right, abandoning the route by which we had ascended, and a little later we surprised, and turned back with us, a well-equipped party of mountaineers just started from Zermatt for our rescue.

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Couttet was a man to be relied on for cool judgment and unflinching courage in any emergency, but on the morning of September 9 he declared that it had been too great an effort for him to keep pace with Knubel and myself, and I found that he had arranged to give his place in my second attempt, then starting, to Joseph-Marie Lochmatter, who therefore ascended with Knubel and myself to the position in which we had met the first hailstorm in our previous descent; and we slept partially sheltered by the rock under which the upper hut has since been built.

In the morning we breakfasted on the Zermatt shoulder amid ominous signs of changing weather. It was evident that if the summit was to be reached that day it must be done quickly. Example being better than precept, I left Knubel and Lochmatter to repack the knapsacks, turned out of their sight to the right of the arête and climbed on solid rock, clearly recognising Whympers's line of descent farther to the right, and that we should have to come down that way. I soon found myself on the top of the mountain, in the sense in which anyone who climbs the wall of a house on to the roof is on the top of the house. It was still brilliant sunshine, and an easy walk to the summit. I went over to the rock where Taugwalder had fixed the rope which broke in the Hudson accident, and, in reply to loud shouts from Knubel and Lochmatter, told them that the summit was quite easy and we must get to it quickly. Whilst they were ascending I went to a small couloir leading down the Zermatt face, and it seemed to me that, by taking off one's shoes to get a firm footing on the rock, it would give easy access to the shoulder where we had breakfasted. I could not be sure, as fine snow had commenced to fall thickly, shutting out the view. I ascended again and met Knubel and Lochmatter just above Taugwalder's rock. I considered that any danger we were in would be very slightly, if at all, increased by going to the summit; but argument was useless, as they had

firmly decided to turn back at once. I roped and went first, they holding the upper end of the rope, which I used slightly once or twice, having agreed that they were not to attempt to help with it unless I called to them to do so. I got to firm rock just above the shoulder, so that Lochmatter had a good balustrade to bring him quickly to the shoulder just below me. In deference to my opinion he got clear of the rope; and Knubel tied the end of my rope (which he had been holding) to his belt, as, in reply to his objection, I told him he could not pull me down if he fell, as I was firm enough to stop any fall. Then came the feat of the day—Knubel to descend without any rope from above. My great difficulty in picking my way down was the falling snow pouring down the mountain-side; but Knubel did not pick his way at all. He came down in fine style, and almost too quickly for me to take in the slack of the rope as he descended. I easily joined them on the shoulder from my position to the right of their line of descent, and we all, in good form and spirits, set to work downwards as fast as possible through the falling snow. I believe they were both thankful to me for having forced the last part of our ascent, and perhaps afterwards regretted not having gone quite to the summit. We reached Zermatt not late in the evening.

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When I found that Zermatt had decided the season to be too late for any further attempt, I went over the Théodule to Breil. The Taugwalders, father and son, were there and wanted immediately to go for the ascent with me from Zermatt; but the Maquignaz party were then in sight descending the mountain and within an hour or two of the hotel, and I arranged with Joseph Maquignaz to wait for the Indian summer and then repeat the ascent he had just made.<sup>2</sup> I wanted to cross the mountain, and could not do that without guides for the Italian side.

To keep fit we did some mountaineering every day, keeping within easy reach of the Matterhorn, until when crossing the Adler Pass from Saas to Zermatt it became evident that the weather we wanted had arrived. Standing about the middle of the great plateau of the Adler glacier, Couttet and I explained to Maquignaz the route for our descent of the Zermatt face of the Matterhorn. The weather was so fine that we regretted not being already on the mountain, and resolved to reach it as

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<sup>2</sup> This was the ascent by the party of guides on September 12 to 14, of which Jean-Joseph Maquignaz was the leader.

soon as possible. I had been leading, and before we had got the rope extended between us in resuming our route the ground vanished from under me and I found myself in a great crevasse. Far below me I saw a swiftly-flowing river, with its waves gently lapping a beautiful beach of fine white sand on its right bank. There must be a wide opening between the mountain and the right bank of the glacier just there, as what was almost broad daylight could not have come from the small round hole above me which marked where I had come from sunlight. If so the beach might perhaps be made a romantic summer resort.

In reply to Couttet, I told him not to approach the edge, but to fix my cord firmly, and as soon as he had done so a few pulls hand over hand brought me back to the plateau impressed with the importance of always keeping the rope tight in such places.

We passed the night at Zermatt; the following night at Breil; and the next three days on the Matterhorn, as described below.

Our ascent was made by the Galerie ('Grove's route'), and the descent by Maquignaz's face route.

The placing of the rope on the final face where, I am told, the *Échelle Jordan*<sup>3</sup> now hangs deserves some comment, as it was a predetermined plan of Joseph and Pierre Maquignaz, and was effected with a coolness and courage which it was a treat to watch. Having firmly fixed a short stick in the rock, Joseph slowly lowered his brother to the 'ledge' below. Pierre, however, found that he could not get a footing on the ledge, because directly he trusted to his feet his body swung outwards from the mountain. After several attempts he quietly told his brother that the route was impossible and that he was done for, 'as it was not possible to pull him back such a height.' With the training that most English schoolboys get, I could in a twinkling have returned hand over hand from Pierre's position, though it was perhaps double the height I had to climb to get out of the Adler crevasse. Proficiency is best gained by beginning attempts in boyhood; whether in the use of the sling, as by the Serbians in olden days; the use of the bow and arrow in more recent times; or, I venture to add, in the handling of the rifle to-day. We must not, however, leave Pierre in suspense at the end of his rope whilst we discuss those matters. I did not think it a moment for telling him that he

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<sup>3</sup> This ladder, although named after me, was not placed on my ascent. We only fixed a rope.

ought to have been taught hand over hand at school ; but I suggested to Joseph that if he would lower me, by another rope, half-way down, I could get hold of the rock in the concave part of the fall and pull Pierre's rope to it, so as to keep him from falling outwards. Joseph instantly told his brother to rest tranquil for a moment ; then fixed a second stick a short distance to the right of the first, and, as quick as writing, I was holding Pierre's rope against the rock in the concave. He had shouted a protest vigorously as he saw me coming over the edge of the precipice, but the only answer was the practical one just described, which he soon understood and joyously traversed the ledge to a secure spot. I followed, having his rope as a balustrade ; then Victor ; then Joseph, and the rope was left all in order for our next morning's intended ascent. I must say that in some photographs the perspective makes the final precipice a sham, not a reality ; but those who have looked down it from above know better.

I have found a copy of my note in the Breil inn book, written at the time, and subjoin it.

WM. LEIGHTON JORDAN.

Copy of the entry made in the travellers' book at the Hôtel Mont Cervin at Breuil on October 3, 1867.

October 3rd [1867].—Wm. Leighton Jordan, London. Having just descended from the Matterhorn, I offer a few remarks which may be useful to mountaineers intending to attempt the ascent.

I left this hotel on 1st inst. at 5.15 A.M., and climbing leisurely reached the Cabane on the cravate at 3.45 P.M., having stopped *en route* from 11.15 to 12.15 at the 'tent,' besides other lesser stoppages.

On the 2nd inst. left the Cabane at 5.40 A.M., reached the Pic Tyndall at 6.10 A.M. ; the end of the arête Tyndall at 7.15 ; the col Félicité (the point at which the new route diverges from that followed by Mr. Grove) at 7.45 A.M. and the summit of the mountain (the W. peak) at 9.50 A.M. The flagstaff which had been planted on this point by the guides who were with me (on their previous ascent) we removed to the eastern peak and bound it to the stump of Mr. Whymper's flagstaff, which appeared to me to be fixed on the highest point of the mountain ; the eastern. The remnant of Mr. Whymper's flagstaff and flag (a checked shirt) we discovered after removing a considerable quantity of snow and ice from the summit of the mountain. Digging was such hard, cold work that we did not attempt any

search for the bottle left by his party. We left a short flagstaff (the stump of that which we removed to the eastern peak) on the western peak. It was, like the stump on the eastern peak, firmly fixed in solid ice.

We commenced to descend the Zermatt arête (which terminates in the Hörnli) at 11.15 A.M. and descended as far as a point at which I turned back in a snowstorm on 10th ult. in company with Pierre Knubel and Joseph-Marie Lochmatter of Zermatt. After spending some time in examining that part of the mountain, and deciding on the route to be taken in a descent to Zermatt, which we intended to have made to-day if the weather had been fine, we returned to the summit, which we regained at 2.15 P.M., and reached the Cabane, on this side, at 5.40 P.M. On this side we spent nearly an hour during the ascent and a full hour during the descent in changing the position of the ropes left on the new route. This morning, the wind being strong, the clouds heavy, and the weather cold and threatening, we (Jean-Joseph Maquignaz, Jean-Pierre Maquignaz, and I) reluctantly abandoned our contemplated trip over the summit of the mountain to Zermatt, and, leaving the Cabane at 6.35 A.M., passed the 'tent' at 8.15 A.M., and returned here at 11 A.M.

The reminiscences of the glorious yesterday spent on and about the summit of the mountain are, at present, somewhat dulled by the disappointment experienced this morning on finding our intended trip over the summit of the mountain to Zermatt frustrated by the weather. A desire to see more of the summit of the mountain, combined with some confidence in an expectation of fine weather for to-day (also the upsetting of previous arrangements), prevented our continuing the descent yesterday to Zermatt, which I knew I could have reached, without pushing hard, from the point at which we commenced to reascend, before nine in the evening. As I am the only person who has traversed both sides of the mountain (that is, from the summit to Zermatt and also from the summit to Breuil), it may be of interest to many if I here state, without fear of future contradiction, that the Zermatt side is naturally easier of ascent than the Breuil side; though the enterprise of the Valtornenche guides in fixing ropes and building a dormitory has made this side the most convenient at the present inclement season of the year. Next season, in fine weather, first-rate mountaineers may with confidence make the trip from this to Zermatt over the summit of the mountain, if they have with them either Jean-Joseph Maquignaz, Jean-

Pierre Maquignaz, or Victor Maquignaz ; and also either Pierre Knubel or Joseph-Marie Lochmatter : the three former being guides for this side and the upper part of the mountain, the two latter for the remainder of the descent on the Zermatt side. No other men have traversed the new routes on either side of the mountain, and the longer route on the Zermatt side made by Mr. Whymper in 1865, as also the longer route on this side made by the Italian party in 1865 and by Mr. Grove this year, are not likely to be taken again by anyone simply desirous of reaching the summit of the mountain. Of course it is not impossible for first-rate mountaineers to cross the summit from this to Zermatt with new men, but all who are not confident of self-possession, skill, and endurance should consider well the warning given by Mr. Grove some pages farther back in this book.

Our party, on leaving this on 1st inst., besides myself, consisted of Jean-Joseph Maquignaz and Jean-Pierre Maquignaz, guides ; and Victor Maquignaz, Emmanuel Maquignaz, César Carrel, and François Ansermin to act as porters as far as the Cabane. On starting yesterday morning Victor Maquignaz asked permission to accompany us as a volunteer, and was consequently one of the party who reached the summit. I can confidently recommend to others the guides and porters who have been with me on this excursion, more especially Jean-Joseph, who has accompanied me on many other excursions. My companions on this trip have, in a great measure, acted as volunteers ; but those intending to make the ascent cannot as a rule, I think, expect to obtain guides and porters at less than 40 frs. a day for the former and 25 frs. a day for the latter ; paying half price for any idle days which may be spent on the mountain.

Nearly all the summit yesterday was a narrow, treacherous ridge of snow. The rocks which compose the western peak are not precisely similar to those of the eastern peak. Rocks similar to both are abundant lower down on the mountain. The hollow between the two peaks is formed in the rock of which the greater part of the mountain is composed. There is granite on both sides of the mountain : but I found none on this side exactly similar to that which is abundant on the Zermatt side about half-way up. The latter is, I think, more like a mass of granite about half-way up Monte Rosa, overlooking the glacier du Lys : but I have not compared specimens side by side.



## IN MEMORIAM.

THE REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

(Feb. 26, 1826–May 19, 1916.)

THE Jubilee gathering of December 1907 has left many memories behind it, none more cherished than that of the welcome re-appearance of veterans whose names live in the earliest annals of modern climbing, but who had themselves been long withdrawn from Alpine meetings. Sir Alfred Wills seems at no time to have been very far from us; and of other faces there are perhaps none on which it is so good to have looked as those of Mr. Llewelyn Davies and Mr. F. Vaughan Hawkins, both original members in the strictest sense of the words, and both contributors to the First Series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*. Both have now left us; the latter, the younger man by some six years, died early in 1908, the former on the 19th of May last. It was matter of common knowledge that Mr. Davies had been for nearly forty years an active and honoured London incumbent, retiring in 1889 to the comparative quiet of a College living in Westmorland, and in 1908 into private life at Hampstead; that he was an accepted representative and interpreter of the spirit of a great teacher, and himself a learned theologian and a copious writer; and that he spent his powers freely in social and educational efforts, some of which, such as the 'Working Men's College,' best known as of Great Ormond Street, its former home, are a link between our days and those of Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, and J. M. Ludlow. To us he was the conqueror of the twins of the Mischabel range, the Dom in 1858, and the Täschhorn in 1862; one who, in later years, followed with admiration, as he told us himself, the exploits of those who came after him, and whose 'love of the Alps never waned.'

We owe much gratitude to the President of 1905–7, Bishop G. F. Browne (then of Bristol), for the comprehensive survey which enables us to see the climbers of the fifties, in large part a Cambridge company, in due order of time, and for the personal reminiscences which perhaps no one else could have supplied.<sup>1</sup> We easily exaggerate the interval of years between ourselves and those who have gone from us even in the near past; it seemed strange that the refined, alert features, so little touched by age, belonged to one who had been Leslie Stephen's tutor at Cambridge before the latter entered a college, and it was almost a shock to think of Mr. Davies

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Alpine Journal*, vol. xxiv. pp. 1–15.

as the senior by some three years of Charles Hudson, as he was also of Bishop Lightfoot and Dr. Hort, and other Fellows of his own distinguished College, with whom he was closely associated in their mountaineering days.

Mr. Davies seems to have first visited the Alps in 1855, in which year the names of many places in the Oberland, and those of Andermatt and Saas, appear in his notes; we do not hear of any high ascents.

In mid-August 1856 a memorable party, which included when complete five Fellows of Trinity, Messrs. J. Ll. Davies, F. V. Hawkins, F. J. A. Hort, J. B. Lightfoot, and H. W. Watson, met at St. Gervais to explore the western region of the range of Mont Blanc, hoping to repeat the famous Hudson-Kennedy climb of the preceding year but to complete it by eliminating the dreaded difficulties of the Bosses. The story of their three weeks struggle with weather of unusual obstinacy has been told by Vaughan Hawkins in *Peaks and Passes and Glaciers*. It is a fine record of perseverance, and shows a pioneering spirit which seems to have been characteristic of all the members of this company. Dr. Hort was an excellent and copious correspondent, and a few extracts from his printed letters at once show their aims and the Alpine conditions of those days. The writer had come straight from the Oberland, where he and Lightfoot had made a successful ascent of the Jungfrau, 'which,' he writes, 'we have reason to believe, has been ascended by *but two* Englishmen before ourselves,' and a first passage, with Melchior Anderegg, of the Lämmern Joch. They had hoped to include the Finsteraarhorn in the programme of this year.

'When I began this letter (August 15, at St. Gervais) I was alone, Lightfoot having gone up the Val de Montjoie to cross the Col du Bonhomme and see the view from the Col de la Seigne (which I had two years ago). But two or three hours after his departure the truant Hawkins appeared, along with Davies and Watson. They had all ascended the Aiguille du Goûter, sleeping two nights at the Pavillon on the Col de Vosa, by way of exploration for our further proceedings.' [The details of this 'interesting adventure' are supplied by Mr. Hawkins.] . . . 'The people at the Baths breakfast at eleven, but we are going to have a second service for their benefit; and as Davies has brought a carpet-bag, and a white tie and black clothes therein, we shall carry with us some shadow of respectability.'

Writing on September 1, after referring to the Kennedy-Hudson expedition, the writer continues:—

'Our plan was to follow their example, pursuing the same route likewise with guides. While, however, I was studying the geography of Mont Blanc at Cambridge, I came to the conclusion that there was still untried one probably practicable route to the summit by ascending the Glacier du Miage (probably from Contamines) to the Col du Miage, and then joining the ridge thought of by Kennedy's

party near the Bosse du Dromadaire. My idea was that, if we succeeded by Kennedy's route of the Aiguille du Goûter, we might *try* the other (with guides) afterwards. Curiously enough, on arriving here, I found that some of the *chasseurs* were already full of the idea, having talked to Hudson about it last year; he had promised to come and try in 1857, but they had thoughts of trying alone *this* year. As Hawkins, Davies, and Watson had already been up the Aiguille du Goûter, the whole party were therefore fully disposed to try a passage by the Col du Miage *first*. Accordingly, on the afternoon of this day week we set out with four guides and three porters. . . . We all carried, instead of alpenstocks, the *haches* or *piolet*s of the country, consisting of ash-poles 4 to 5 feet long, shod at one end with an iron point, and at the other with a double iron head, a large axe on one side and a long narrow pick on the other.'

The attempt was defeated by a severe storm of snow and hail when the party was within a few minutes of the col.

Mr. Davies' notes for 1857 show an ascent of the Finsteraarhorn on August 29 from the Faulberg, after a passage of the Oberaarjoch to the Aeggischhorn, but no details are given except the time, '4½ A.M. to 7½ P.M.' This was a little more than a fortnight after the ascent (on August 12) by Messrs. Hardy, Fortunatus, and the rest. We have seen that the Finsteraarhorn was on the general list of projected expeditions for 1856 of the Trinity party. Mr. J. F. Hardy belonged to the same year at Cambridge as Mr. Davies, both taking the B.A. degree in 1848.

An entry in the Visitors' Book of the Monte Rosa, one of the series now deposited by Dr. Alexander Seiler in the National Library at Berne, of which Mr. Henry F. Montagnier has kindly made the attached copy, appears to refer to the Schwarzthor, between the Breithorn and Pollux, of which the late John Ball describes the passage in *P.P.G.* i. 155 *seq.*

September 9, 1857.

REV. J. LL. DAVIES.

F. VAUGHAN HAWKINS.

'On the 7th September effected a new passage from this place to Ayas in Piedmont, crossing the main chain between the Breithorn and Castor. We ascended by a glacier which descends from Castor, taking advantage of some rocks on the left, until the first level is reached, when it is necessary to bear to the right and cross nearly to the Breithorn, ascending wherever the glacier, which is much crevassed, will permit. We then recrossed in the same way from right to left, and thus reached the upper snow-fields, which lead to the summit of the col. On the other side the descent is first towards the right, keeping in the hollow of [illegible], but it is not advisable to attack the rocks on this side. A passage will be found on the glacier, after the first descent, towards the *left*, crossing

the medial moraine, and ultimately reaching the moraine on the left, which is descended for some time: an alp is then reached on the left side of the moraine, and the glacier is finally abandoned. Brusson, below Ayas, is the first place in the valley where one can stop; but the Betta Furka pass, leading to the valley of Gressonay, turns off about the point where the moraine is left, and it would probably not be much further to Gressonay than to Brusson. Time about eleven hours to Ayas.'

The first ascent of the Dom, made from Randa on September 11, 1858, is treated with equal brevity in Mr. Davies' MS. records. The familiar account in *Peaks and Passes and Glaciers* is a very simple and straightforward one. We see again the pioneering spirit: 'While spending a few days at Zermatt, I felt the desire to wind up a happy Swiss holiday with some excursion over untrodden ground.' We cannot but admire the indifference of this London clergyman on his holiday whether he shall take his day's walk up the Weisshorn, to which he was himself drawn, or up the Dom, which Zermatt opinion finally induced him to prefer. The Weisshorn had then been the object of several defeated attempts—at least two, both later than 1858, are recorded in this Journal—and was not conquered till 1861; the Dom had been tried from the Saasthal,<sup>2</sup> and no doubt the men of the St. Niklaus valley wished to keep the honours of the 'highest mountain in Switzerland' to themselves. The traveller was not so preoccupied by the cares of the ascent as to forget his usual interests, and sat out in the village with his host the Curé 'enjoying a delicious evening, and learning something about the educational condition of the country.'

The route by the Festijoch was followed in 1864 by Messrs. Moore and Morshead, who were, however, turned back by weather some way above the pass.

Of the ascent of the Täschhorn made on July 31, 1862, with the Rev. J. W. Hayward, we know nothing further, but can well understand the feeling which may have led the climber to repeat his adventure of four years before, with a difference, and with a companion. They were led by Johann and Stephan zum Taugwald.<sup>3</sup>

Mr. Davies does not seem to have made high mountain expeditions after 1862, but often revisited Switzerland. 'I should think,' he told us in 1907, 'there are few Englishmen who have returned to the Alps oftener than I have.' A friend, who often walked with him, speaks of the simplicity of early mountaineering as he described

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<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa*, by Hudson and Kennedy; pp. 129-130, and *Ueber Ein und Schnee*, vol. ii (2nd edition), pp. 116-7.

<sup>3</sup> We are indebted to Mr. H. F. Montagnier for the facsimile of the entry in Stephan zum Taugwald's Führerbuch.

On Thursday, July 31<sup>st</sup> Stephan  
zum Taugwald accompanied his  
brother Johann & us in a first  
ascent of the Täschhorn. To one  
of us his merits were not ~~new~~<sup>known</sup>;  
we most willingly bear testimony  
to his excellent qualities as a  
guide & as a companion. He  
showed himself to be strong, in-  
telligent, & cheerful. Those who  
have accompanied him once would  
gladly have his services again -

J. Lewelya, Swiss  
J. W. Haynarch

FROM THE FÜHRERBUCH OF STEPHAN ZUM TAUGWALD

it, and of his enthusiasm for botany, derived from Dr. Hort. He occasionally lectured on subjects of Alpine interest, such as the Ancient Lake Dwellings or the Confederation of the Swiss Cantons, but perhaps never on his personal adventures, upon which indeed it would seem alien to his whole habit of mind to dwell.

Mr. Davies won a scholarship at Trinity from Repton School, and became a Fellow in 1851. He soon left Cambridge for London parochial work, first in Limehouse, then in Whitechapel, and from 1856 in Marylebone. The famous translation of the 'Republic' of Plato appeared in 1852, when Mr. Davies was in Whitechapel, and his collaborator a curate in Leicester. From the letters of Mr. Daniel Macmillan, who knew Plato intimately in older translations and took a great interest in the work, we may perhaps gather that the motive was at least as much social and economical as academical. In a sense this was pioneer work, as it was not till seven years later that Dr. Whewell's massive work introduced Plato into English society, and the revived study of him in Oxford was not many years old in 1852, though probably it did not need reviving in Cambridge. However this may be, the work has held its own through many generations, and earned much gratitude. Probably few readers have thought of drawing aside the veil of anonymity which is given by a joint authorship, any more than they would divide Erckmann from Chatrian or Liddell from Scott. If they had, they would have found in Mr. David James Vaughan an intimate friend of Mr. Llewelyn Davies, who was bracketed with him in the fifth place of the Classical Tripos of 1848.

As an indication of the independence of character and the pioneering spirit, a small personal anecdote may be quoted from a published letter of Matthew Arnold (vol. i. p. 72), dated September 4, 1858:—

'Davies was there [at Zermatt] too, the clergyman with a beard, who has been up the Finsteraarhorn. He came and talked to me a long time. . . . He made himself very agreeable.' In 1858 the beard was little known on English faces, clerical or lay, except as a survival of the Crimean War. It certainly had not received episcopal encouragement or example.

The following reminiscence brings together some great names, and retains an Alpine flavour:—

'In the year before Bishop Lightfoot's death I was spending a day or two with him, and he asked me one evening if I remembered occupying the same bedroom with him in Switzerland and talking about Browning till we fell asleep. That was his introduction to Browning, and he went on to tell me that Westcott, coming into his rooms at Cambridge one day, and waiting some time for him, took up a volume of Browning that lay on the table, and exclaimed about it with astonished admiration when Lightfoot returned. Westcott, as you know, became one of Browning's enthusiastic expositors.'—'Some Recollections

of Westcott,' by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, in appendix to 'Bishop Westcott' (Leaders of the Church, 1800-1900).

Mr. Davies is always mentioned with genial respect by his old pupil Sir Leslie Stephen. In 1874 they had a passage of arms in the Reviews over a theological question, in which another old member of the Club, Mr. Matthew Arnold, was also involved. In 1883 Sir Leslie expresses much satisfaction at finding that he and Mr. Davies were taking the same action on a matter which was then engrossing public interest.

Mr. Davies had married in 1859 (in the interval between the ascents of the Dom and the Täschhorn) a daughter of Mr. Justice Crompton. He became a widower in 1895, and leaves behind him four sons and a daughter, two sons having been taken from him, one by a most sad bathing accident, in early life.

We are permitted to print the following extract from a letter from Miss Margaret Llewelyn Davies :

'I remember when I was in Zermatt some years ago with my father that he went to see old Taugwald and brought back his book with mention of the ascent for us to see.

'There was nothing that pleased my father more in his last years than to go over his Swiss climbing days. And as long as he was able his delight was to go to Switzerland in the spring and see the flowers. Certainly Switzerland had no more faithful lover than my father—I don't know if you have the beautiful photograph of his twin mountains by Mr. Withers which he greatly admired.

'Mr. Douglas Freshfield in speaking of my father on one occasion said that though he was not a bishop yet he had his own cathedral.'

## HENRY FANSHAWE TOZER.

1829-1916.

By the death at Oxford on June 2 of the Rev. Henry Fanshawe Tozer, at the great age of eighty-seven, classical geography and travel lost one of its oldest and foremost representatives in this country.

Born at Plymouth in 1829, the son of Admiral Tozer, R.N., he went to Winchester in 1842, and matriculated at University College, Oxford, in 1847, where he became a pupil of Dean Stanley. He subsequently gained a Fellowship at Exeter, with which college he remained connected to the end of his life as an Honorary Fellow. His experiences in travel began with a visit to Italy, Sicily, and Greece, but were shortly extended to the wilder byways of the Balkan Peninsula, and ultimately to the recesses of Asia Minor. In the course of his frequent journeys he climbed many of the peaks about the Ægean Sea. Parnassus and the northern peak of Olympus were among the summits visited. His chief ascent, however, was

that of Mount Argæus, the highest summit in Asia Minor, of which he gave a full and interesting description in the 'A.J.' (vol. ix.).

Tozer was one of the chief figures among the relatively small band of English travellers who have sought to throw light on classical literature from the geographer's point of view. But he was too much of an all-round traveller, too closely interested in the landscape, the people, their legends and their poetry to fall into the pit of the archæologist who hopes by being dull to be reckoned deep. His books were always scholarly, the accuracy of his observation in all matters could be relied on, but he kept an eye for human nature and the incidents of the road. He made the reader share his intelligent enjoyment of the historic East.

Tozer kept up his interest in travel to recent years, and cordially welcomed the appearance of a paper on 'Classical Climbs' in these pages.

For the following details we borrow from a note in the 'Geographical Journal':

'Many residents in Oxford must during the last thirty years have known by sight if not by name a little man in strict clerical dress who walked briskly round the parks and their neighbourhood in all weathers. Yet his name was well known to many who did not recognise the man, for those who thirty or forty years ago enjoyed the advantages and disadvantages of a classical education must have often heard the name Tozer quoted by schoolmasters and tutors of what was then regarded as a progressive tendency. Mr. Tozer had his friends till the end; but the friendships of his later days must have seemed but faint reproductions of those which he had formed in the early and later middle age of his Oxford life. Crowther, the Bursar of Corpus, that *viator indefessus* who, as is recorded on his monument in his old college, "after that he had travelled through the whole wide world, passed to his heavenly fatherland," had died more than twenty years before. With him Tozer had made long and adventurous journeys in that land of Albania which has been perforce a *terra incognita* to this and the last generation. His old friend, that exquisite and kindly scholar, Mr. Albert Watson, at one time Principal of Brasenose, had died in 1904. Such losses must have borne hardly on him. Yet he was always ready to help those of the younger generation who were trying in some limited way to follow in his footsteps as explorers of classical lands.'

Tozer's principal geographical works were 'The Highlands of Turkey,' 1869; 'Lectures on the Geography of Greece,' 1873; 'Primer of Classical Geography,' 1877; 'Turkish Armenia and Eastern Asia Minor,' 1881; 'The Islands of the Ægean,' 1890; 'History of Ancient Geography,' 1897. He also edited Wordsworth's 'Greece' and Finlay's 'History of Greece.' He was a Fellow of the British Academy, and was elected a member of the Alpine Club in 1879, his qualification being travels in Greece and Asia Minor, Mont Blanc, Mount Argæus, and many mountains in Greece.



## CHARLES STONHAM.

1858-1916.

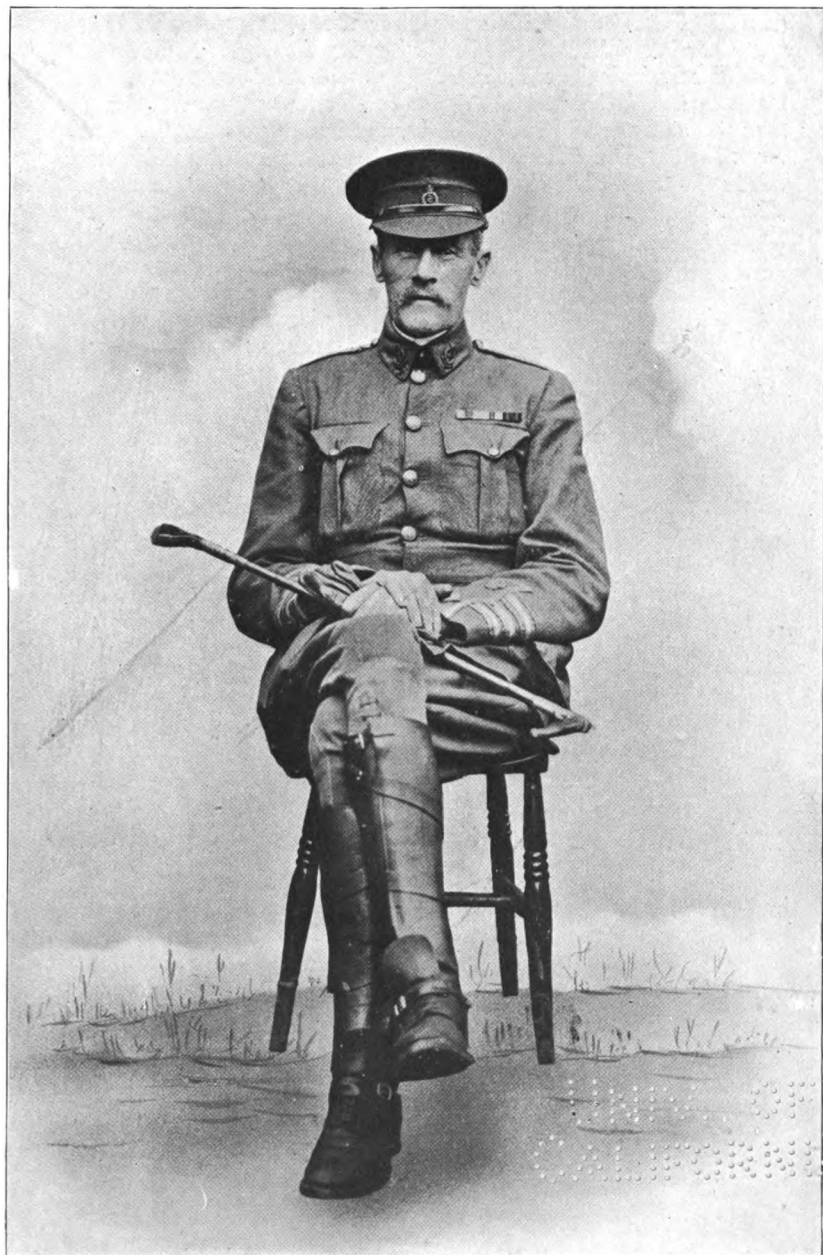
THE death of Charles Stonham, which resulted from an illness contracted in Egypt while he was serving in the present war, has added one more to the noble band of our members who have laid down their lives for their country, and has removed from among us, if not one of our best-known mountaineers, certainly one of our best-known members. Stonham was so many-sided a man, and had so many interests in life, that his Alpine Club friends were a very small section of the large number of people of all sorts and conditions who rejoiced in his friendship.

He was a man of very great natural ability. He was an operator of the first rank ; a well-known writer on surgery ; an enthusiastic soldier ; a distinguished ornithologist. He had but to touch a thing to shine in it. His splendid book, 'The Birds of the British Isles,' is very characteristic of him—indeed an emblem of him—complete and exhaustive, without a superfluous word or a suggestion of the irrelevant.

The Rules of the Alpine Club declare that the object of the Club is the encouragement of good-fellowship among mountaineers, and no man could have been better fitted than Stonham to be a member of our Club ; for he was at once a good mountaineer, a sincere lover of the mountains, and the prince of good fellows. No more generous or kindly-hearted man ever lived. Who that knew him will ever forget the man ? Look at his six feet one of muscle like steel, unencumbered by a superfluous ounce. Look at the kindly, handsome face, with a smile playing round the mouth, but at the same time with his terrible eye-glass screwed into his eye. Many a nasty shiver has that eye-glass caused. Stupidity, affectation, insincerity, pose of every kind Stonham absolutely detested from the bottom of his honest heart, and that eye-glass focused many a scathing glare that scorched the object of his contempt or dislike. He was honest to the core, and every inch a man.

As a mountaineer, Stonham, if he had persevered, would have acquired a very high place. He was the very picture of a climber, light, agile, always in the pink of condition and with enormous reach. But his early enthusiasm paled before the demands of his profession, and his visits to the mountains became fewer and shorter as he grew older.

His mountaineering commenced with the ascent of Table Mountain in 1881. He visited Norway in 1886, and from 1884 to 1890 he climbed in the Valais and the Bernese Oberland. He and I joined forces in the last-mentioned year, and during the comparatively short time we climbed together—leaving out of count all our passes, and there were many of them—we made together the following



CHARLES STONHAM, F.R.C.S.

(1858—1916).

THE  
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expeditions :—The traverse of the Finsteraarhorn by the Agassizjoch to the Concordia Hut ; the traverse of the Jungfrau from the Scheidegg to the Concordia Hut ; the traverse of the Rimpfischhorn from the Adler ; the ascents of the Dent Blanche, of the Matterhorn twice, of the Zinal Rothhorn and of the Gabelhorn, and an unsuccessful attempt on the south-west arête of the Täschhorn, frustrated by the corniced and dangerous condition of the mountain.

I should like to add a word about the second of these expeditions, because on it we had with us old Christian Almer, and anything throwing light on the doings of that splendid old man will, I think, interest all mountaineers. In the course of our expedition we were overtaken by the storm that killed J. A. Carrel on the Matterhorn. With us the storm was not very serious ; but we were benighted and had to cut our way into a crevasse, and spend the night in the ice about 700 feet below the summit of the Jungfrau. The night was the most interesting I have ever spent, but it was trying. As Stonham and I were climbing on separate ropes we had with us four guides, one of them one of Christian's young sons. As the storm soon passed we reached the summit in time to see the sun rise, and arrived at the Concordia Hut early in the day. The moment we got into the Hut the other three guides threw themselves on the bunk and went fast asleep. Not so old Christian. He immediately started to cook a meal which might most appropriately be styled breakfast.

Another incident of the expedition I tell solely because it exemplifies the simplicity of Christian's character, and the complete absence from it of any self-assertion or opinionativeness. While descending the glacier below the schrund, old Christian and Peter Baumann, who was also with us, differed about some point of geography ; I forget now what, but I remember that it related to the region of Monte Leone. They made a bet of five francs on the subject of their difference, and they agreed to refer to me the settlement of the dispute. I decided against Almer. I have met a good many disappointed litigants in my day, and I have heard them indulge in somewhat free language about both their advisers and their judges. But there was nothing of that spirit about old Christian. He produced his money and paid his debt like a man.

C. RUXTON.

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### ARTHUR MORRIS SLINGSBY.

1885-1916.

By the death of Morris Slingsby the Alpine Club has lost one of its members who possessed all the real qualifications of a great mountaineer. He was the son of Mr. J. Arthur Slingsby, of Carla Beck, Skipton, who has suffered terribly by the war, having lost two

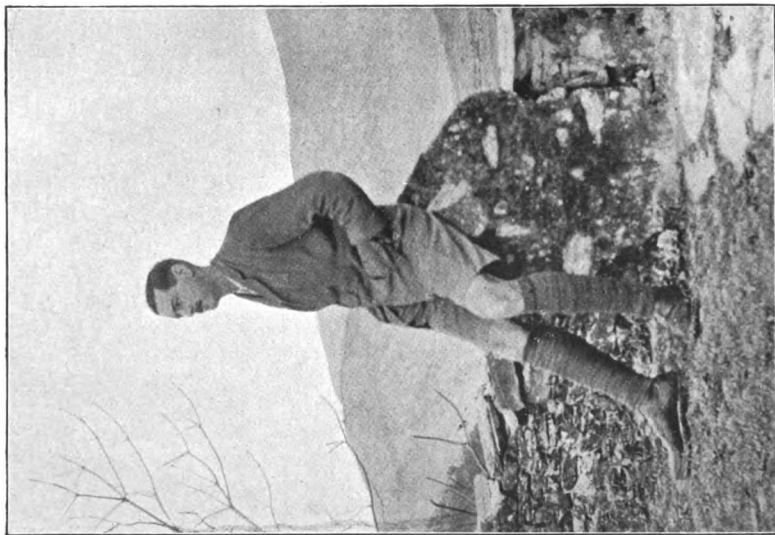
other sons as well as Morris Slingsby, one in France and one in the great battle in the North Sea.

Morris Slingsby was no ordinary climber of mountains; he had won his spurs amongst the greatest, most magnificent, and by far the most difficult of mountain lands, the Himalaya. His rock-craft and ice-craft were perfected in the most strenuous school, where expeditions last not hours but days, and hard work and exposure at high altitudes are only preliminaries to the great fight and struggle for the final desperate attempt on the coveted peak.

Climbing in the Himalaya naturally demands more from the climber than any other range of mountains; all is unknown, the route is over ground never before trodden by the foot of man. Everything is on a gigantic scale, their magnificence and their dangers; to have fought with these giants as Morris Slingsby did on Kamet could only have been done by one who possessed a physique of steel, a knowledge of climbing technique far beyond the ordinary, and a desire and joy for wandering in wild places of the earth that is given to very few. And the pity of it is that in the spring-time of his life Morris Slingsby, who promised to be perhaps the finest of Himalayan explorers and climbers, should die before he had accomplished the great things that were waiting for him. If he had been able to climb with Mummery in his prime mighty things would have been done. The magnificent dash of Mummery and the untiring energy and enthusiasm of Morris Slingsby surely would have surmounted difficulties that would have defeated most other mountaineers. But these things could not be; this disastrous war has ended thousands of lives that would have brought honour and fame to their country and themselves, and the 'might-have-beens' lie scattered like autumn leaves after an October gale.

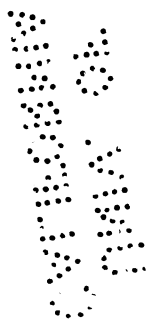
Morris Slingsby was born in 1885; he was educated at Aysgarth School, Wellington, and Sandhurst, and joined the Indian Army in 1905. He was posted to the 56th Rifles, F.F., 1906. He was promoted Captain and made Adjutant of his regiment in 1914, fought at Ismailia, and in November 1915 went to Mesopotamia. On January 13, 1916, he took temporary command of the regiment, and on that day gained the Military Cross. On March 8, 1916, he was killed in an attempt to relieve General Townshend and his beleaguered army in Kut.

Morris Slingsby began his mountaineering in the orthodox manner and at an early age. Usually one of his companions was his cousin, W. E. Slingsby, now Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.A.S. At first the country round Skipton afforded them scope, Gordale Scar, Malham Cove, Ingleborough and Pen-y-ghent, and other wild parts of the Yorkshire moors, where many interesting rock problems were solved. Like many other excellent mountaineers, Morris Slingsby was initiated into the mysteries of snow-craft and the use of the ice-axe and the Alpine rope at Wasdale Head, where he had much climbing in ice and snow. Of course he was chiefly indebted to Cecil Slingsby for



ARTHUR MORRIS SLINGSBY

(1885—1916).



most of his early knowledge of mountaineering, but he also did a good deal of climbing with other members of the Alpine Club before he went to India.

His first great Himalayan expedition was with Dr. Longstaff, when they discovered, east of K.2 and the mass of giant peaks at the head of the Baltoro Glacier, a glacier, the Siachen Glacier, that is probably the largest outside the Arctic regions, and surrounding it numberless new peaks, all over 20,000 feet. A description of this splendid piece of exploration will be found in the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, vol. xxv. 38 *seq.*

In 1911 he decided to try to ascend Kamet, and made several attempts on this mountain. A letter he wrote to Cecil Slingsby, after his first failure on Kamet, is worth quoting, for it shows in more ways than one the sort of man Morris Slingsby was :

‘DEAR COUSIN CECIL,—Just a line to tell you I failed to get up Kamet. My friend, who is with me, got very unwell at 17,000 feet and I also was very sick, so we came down to our base camp at 13,000 feet for a couple of days. I afterwards went up myself with one orderly and six coolies. I never felt so fit in my life. We made our first camp at 18,000 feet and then had a pass to get up, a vile place, all ice and rock from 18,000 feet to 20,500 feet. It took us from 5.30 A.M. till 5 P.M. For some five hours I was hewing steps in the ice, at intervals (not continuous), going up above and throwing down the rope and hauling up the coolies, the sepoy abusing them below and shoving them up with his ice-axe. Showers of stone avalanches came down the main gully, but I had taken a side one, and only had to cross the main one once, when it was for me a half-hour of trembling and cursing at the people to hurry up.

‘The coolies had never been so high, and they wept bitter tears, shrieked to their gods to help them, and howled for their fathers and mothers.

‘A thick fog, icy cold, and a panting me cutting steps, encouraging, hauling up by ropes terrified coolies. Also a howling wind and time flying past towards darkness and still many feet to go: all this at nearly 20,000 feet. At last we got to the top, a corniced ridge, which I dared not put up a tent upon. A lovely view over Tibet.

‘When the clouds separated, one place only could we find for a tent, and the stones were so solidly frozen in that even ice-axes would not budge them. One of the coolie loads perched on a rock, blown by the wind, started to roll; we recovered it next evening 1500 feet down the gully of the pass. I was radiant. Success seemed assured. I was as fit as the proverbial fiddle, and even slept a good deal during the night.

‘Rising at 5.30, on to the top and looked at Kamet. A carriage-drive snow walk to the top, no more difficulties. I returned to camp and then came the shock. My orderly, whom I have *never* known ill before, had fearful headache, etc., and all the coolies were begging me to go down. Had I had some one perfectly trustworthy



with me, a guide or a porter, I could have sent him down with them, and with one man to go on with, Kamet were mine, no doubt about it, but then was I justified in keeping so many sick people at such a height merely to satisfy personal ambition? I set out and walked up to about 21,000 feet, determined to leave things to chance, so fit I felt and so vile seemed the idea of failure when success was in my grasp. I had no headache and a feeling that I could go all day, but then I began to think it out, and the knowledge that I was one in eight who was fit crept over me, and I soon saw it would not do even now to go on and risk the lives of all those I left behind.

'At last I reluctantly realised that Kamet was not for me, but for someone who could afford porters and guides from Europe and thus be independent of coolies. Again as I still went on, and though feeling no ill effects, yet found that the soft snow and high altitude made me pant, and I saw that to go alone from 20,500 feet to 25,000 and back in one day was out of the question, and that another camp would be essential, and that I alone unaided could not get any loads up to that other camp. Having taken some photographs, I, quite miserable, with success so near, turned back. I'll tell you no more. I feel I have lost the chance of a lifetime, and it makes me perfectly miserable. Should no one try it next year, I will, however, *do* it in the following year. I feel no doubt in my own mind on the subject, and I am going to save money forthwith and do it with sepoys to carry the loads—oh how wretched failure is with one's goal so near!'

A description of his second attempt on Kamet, when he barely escaped with his life, is in the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, vol. xxvii. p. 326.

And he was as good a soldier as he was a mountaineer.

The following letter is from Colonel Elsmie, of Morris Slingsby's regiment, to Morris's father:

'You will have seen before this reaches you the very sad news that your gallant son lost his life on the 8th March. You will, however, be longing to hear further details, so I trust that this letter will not be long delayed *en route*. You will be thankful to hear that his death was instantaneous. He was shot through the heart, while most gallantly leading the final rush of the 56th. This was the third battle in which the 56th had taken part, and on both the previous occasions your son had greatly distinguished himself by his magnificent courage.

'On this occasion, as usual, he had worked his way to the head of the attack and was leading on the men, although as Adjutant his place might well have been further in rear. Still the men trusted him and he knew that they would follow him. Our attack did not get home, but this was through no fault of the 56th, which must have lost 40 per cent. of the men in the front line before the attack was brought to a standstill. . . . The 56th has lost in him another magnificent officer, who always had the best interests of his

Day of  
Columbus



EDWARD DOUGLAS MURRAY

(1884—1916).

regiment at heart, and learnt to know the regiment in a manner which was quite exceptional. He was absolutely invaluable to me, and relieved me of much work and much anxiety. I could trust him absolutely. I feel quite lost without him. . . . In the regiment we cannot talk about it, but mean to go on sticking to it.'

This disastrous war is answerable for much, but in the destruction that it has brought about there is nothing more sad than the sacrifice of the splendid youth of a large portion of the world. Morris Slingsby represented one of the very finest types. Those who knew him well will never forget him, and he will be remembered first for what he was himself, and afterwards for the great things he had done, in even the short life that was granted to him.

J. N. C.

The Indian Army and the Alpine Club have suffered a very severe loss in the death in action of Morris Slingsby. Officers of the 56th Rifles, from General Sir Michael Tighe downwards, have borne universal testimony to his excellence as a regimental officer. He was beloved by his men. It was a typical action on his part that, when owing to heavy casualties he found himself in command of the regiment and received orders to retire, he walked back under heavy fire to Brigade Headquarters to verify the accuracy of the order, returned again under heavy fire to the remnants of his battalion, and led them out of action with a minimum of loss.

As a climber he was one of the toughest and most resolute. As a companion his cheeriness and good temper were unfailing. Most of our success on the Saltoro and Siachen glaciers in 1909 was due to him. He was very disappointed that we did not go for some one of the numerous high peaks in the neighbourhood, but he cheerfully gave way to my leanings towards exploration. His extraordinary and thrice repeated attempts on Kamet—had we a full account of them—would form the most exciting story in Himalayan literature. And this was all done with only the aid of his own sepoy and the local Bhotyas. From a short conversation and a few letters I have had from him on the subject I think it is certain that he reached 24,000 feet. He has managed to take natives higher with him than anyone else. To anyone who knows the East this speaks volumes as to his character. Upright, honourable, fearless, he has left behind him a reputation few can equal and none surpass.

T. G. L.

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EDWARD DOUGLAS MURRAY.

1884-1916.

WE much regret to learn that one of our younger members, Edward Douglas Murray, 2nd Lieutenant, The Black Watch, died on July 20 of wounds received in action the previous day. He was the youngest

son of the late Richard Paget Murray (formerly Vicar of Shapwick, Dorset), and of Mrs. Murray of Waddesdon, Aylesbury.

The Rev. Canon Dawson writes :

‘ His first Alpine experience was in 1903, when he bicycled across France with his brother. The chief climb of this year was the Haute Cime of the Dent du Midi.

‘ The next year, 1904, he was with his two brothers in the Argentières and Champex districts, and they climbed the Tour Sallières and Grand Perron, crossed the Col du Chardonnet, then did the Grande Fourche, Aiguille Javelle (Aig. dorées), and traversed the Aig. d’Argentières.

‘ In 1905 they were again in the same district and climbed the Aig. du Tour and the Aig. Javelle—both without guides—then the Aig. du Chardonnet, and then (in the Zermatt district) the Rimpfischhorn, Monte Rosa, Weisshorn, Zinal Rothhorn and Matterhorn.

‘ I have not been able to find out what he did in 1906 (I think he was at Courmayeur), but in 1907 the three brothers did some more guideless climbs, attempting the Rawyl Weisshorn, crossing the Beich Pass and the Lötschenlücke ; attempted the Jungfrau, but driven back by a blizzard ; crossed the Mönch-Joch, and afterwards (with guides) ascended the Wetterhorn. In 1908 he went with me, my climbing days (such as they ever were) being long since over. Uncertain weather stopped a good many of our plans. We went to Pralognan and he climbed the Grande Casse, then we went round by the Little St. Bernard to Cogne, from which he did the Grand Paradis, Roccia Viva, and Tour du Grand St. Pierre in three successive days.

‘ In 1909, with one of his brothers, he crossed the Cols de Bertol and d’Hérens in bad weather, and afterwards traversed the Südlenspitze from Randa to Saas Fee.

‘ In 1910 (after spending a few days with me at Oberammergau and going on with me to Innsbruck) Murray went to Cortina and did several climbs of which unfortunately I cannot give you details.

‘ There is no need for me to add my own testimony to Done’s as to the pleasure of his friendship, unless it be worth while for me to say that, although our ages were separated by close on thirty years, he was one of those comrades in whose companionship age counted for so little that I was always taken aback when (as sometimes happened) it was assumed that he was my son. We always dined together before, and sat together at, the A.C. Meetings, and I shall miss him more than I can say when they are resumed.’

Mr. Neville S. Done writes :

‘ I can’t claim to have known him long, because I first climbed with him in 1912, and then, owing to the abominable weather and other circumstances, the only peak we did together was the traverse

Univ. of  
California



**JAMES ROBERT DENNISTOUN**

(1883—1916).

of the Petite Dent de Veisivi with a guide. The following Easter we were at Wasdale Head together, and in August 1913 were companions in the Alps. Again the weather was against us, and in the first fortnight we only managed some minor guideless expeditions. We ended up better, however, with the ascent of the Nesthorn, traverse of the Aletschhorn to Concordia, and ascent of the Jungfrau with return to Belalp, on three successive days, with a guide. Murray showed pluck in sticking to the work although he was at the time far from well. After that I had to come home, but Murray went across to Berisal and climbed the Fletschhorn before he returned.

'Owing to his ill-health he did not climb in 1914, though he was at Berisal taking things quietly when the war broke out. In spite of anxiety as to whether he was fit for military service, he joined the Artists' Rifles and did well, being put on to scouting. It was a case of kill or cure, and it cured him. From the Artists he received a commission in the Black Watch and was sent to the Front last autumn. He saw, I believe, some fighting in the Ypres salient and was continually in the ordinary trench warfare. I understand that he won regard as an officer, and his was a fine soldierly figure; but through being in a reserve battalion he had no chance of the promotion which there is no doubt he would otherwise have received.

'In the earlier part of his climbing career I think Murray did some good guideless work in company with his brothers. He was also successful with his camera, and usually exhibited at the Club Exhibitions.

'Murray was a partner in the firm of Winter, Bothamley, Wood and Murray, solicitors, of 16 Bedford Row. He was a hard worker, conscientious in everything, a genial and unselfish companion, and a staunch friend. One does not mourn those who have fallen in their country's service, but it is hard to think that another comrade will never tie himself to the rope again. From the trenches he wrote of how we would go climbing together when the war should be over. He was a true lover of mountains.'

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### JAMES ROBERT DENNISTOUN.

1883-1916.

WE much regret to note the announcement of the death, on August 9, at Ohrdruf, Germany, of this distinguished New Zealand mountaineer.

Mr. Dennistoun was the eldest son of Mr. George James Dennistoun, of Peel Forest, Canterbury, N.Z., a younger branch of an old Scottish family. He was born at Peel Forest on March 7, 1883,



and was educated at Wanganui and Malvern College, and after leaving school took up sheep-farming.

He took the keenest joy in mountaineering ; no one ever felt the spell of the mountains more strongly than he. The physical exhilaration and joy of climbing meant much to him, and the sense of awe and wonder and reverence amongst the calm, silent solitude of the high peaks ' up there between the sunset and the sea.'

He had made many ascents in N.Z., including the first ascent, alone, of the difficult ' Mitre Peak ' in Milford Sound. He had also done a good deal of exploration work.

He was a member of Captain Scott's 1910-11 Antarctic Expedition, and was awarded the King's Antarctic medal, the white ribbon of which is seen in the portrait, and that of the R.G.S.

On the outbreak of war he at once returned to England and was gazetted to the North Irish Horse. He went to the front last November and was for some time Intelligence officer to a division, subsequently transferring to the Royal Flying Corps. He was on a bombing expedition N.E. of Arras on June 26, when the biplane in which he was observer was attacked by a Fokker. Both he and the pilot were severely wounded, but hoped to get back to their own lines, when the machine caught fire and they were compelled to descend in the enemy's lines, and he has now unfortunately succumbed to the injuries then received.

His brother, Lieut.-Commander Dennistoun, D.S.O., R.N., is also on active service.

It is hoped to be able to furnish further details of the mountaineering career of a member whom this Club can ill afford to lose.

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## THE ALPINE CLUB PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

The Photographic Exhibition held last May suffered from the same disadvantages and restrictions as that of 1915, and in an even higher degree, and it is not surprising that the number of exhibits was rather below the average. However, the walls were very adequately covered, and there was certainly no falling off in quality. On the contrary, the standard of excellence was an exceptionally high one, and the exhibition, by general consent, unusually well worth a visit, notwithstanding the unavoidable dearth of novelties.

Some few novelties indeed there were, in spite of the war. Miss Gertrude Benham, who has recently returned from her latest Odyssey, showed four Himalayan photographs, of which one at least, if not more, was taken in a region which is still unknown to mountaineers, with the inevitable exception of Colonel Bruce. The same much-travelled lady also showed views of Mount Hungabee in the Canadian Rockies and Mount Élie de Beaumont in New

*Dr. Inglis Clark, photo.*

THE VALOJET PEAKS, AT SUNRISE.

*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*





*Reginuld Graham, photo.*

THE LANGKOFEL GROUP,  
from near the Sellajoch.



*Sir Alex. B. W. Kennedy, photo.*

ON THE GLACIER DE LESCHAUX.

UNIV OF  
CALIFORNIA



CHARMOZ AND GRÉPON—WINTER.

*Photo by Sydney Spencer.*

Zealand, a width of range in subjects which few people could equal. From Dr. Kellas came an interesting view of the western face of Kangchenjunga, and perhaps the most arresting thing in the room was the big enlargement of 'The Darjeeling View' lent by Mr. Mordey. This was a truly amazing piece of photography, with the huge range of Kangchenjunga, 50 miles away, the intervening foothills, and in the foreground Darjeeling itself, all equally clear-cut and distinct. Another complete and most interesting novelty consisted of a number of views, taken by Dr. Foxworthy and lent by Mr. E. Dent, of Mount Kinabalu, in North Borneo, and the tropical regions round its base. Mr. Fisher's contributions from the Canadian Rockies were of great topographical interest, and displayed the mountains in the neighbourhood of Lake Louise under aspects with which earlier photographs have not made us familiar. Mention may be made here, before we turn to Europe, of the exquisite 'Valley in the South Japanese Alps,' by Mr. Weston.

Among the strictly Alpine photographs, one obvious feature was the unusually large number of Dolomite scenes. Three of these were of special interest: a view in the Sexten range by Miss L. Marion Davidson, showing the ground where a successful bit of fighting was accomplished by our Italian allies; 'The Vajolet Peaks at Sunrise' by Dr. Inglis Clark, artistically the most brilliant of all, and one of the outstanding successes of the exhibition; and a terrific rock-wall, by the late Captain Carfrae, which gave a startlingly vivid and sensational presentation of Dolomite climbing. Perhaps we should add to these Mr. Lord's masterly 'View in the Tyrol,' which seemed familiar, but was none the less welcome on that account. On the whole one was left with the impression that the Dolomites are difficult and exacting subjects for photography, and that photographers who are also mountaineers find amid the great glaciers and snow-fields a happy hunting-ground in which successes are more easily scored.

Among such successes four scenes by Mr. Roger Smith in the heart of the ice world were noticeable for their marked individuality. His pale ghostly Dent Blanche was especially effective, and curiously reminiscent of some of the Himalayan drawings of the late Alfred Williams. Dr. Williamson's renderings of snow-scenery were also, as usual, full of character, but in an entirely different style. Mr. Gover also showed good work in this line, and Mr. Donkin and Mr. Symons achieved some striking atmospheric effects among scenes of the same character.

Besides the special studies of ice and snow, there were numerous fine Alpine landscapes on the grand scale, notably those of Mr. Atkin Swan, Mr. Greaves (whose view 'From above the Shoulder of the Matterhorn' was particularly striking), Mr. Morrish, and Mr. Oliver, whose exhibits display a great advance on anything he has previously shown:

Sir Alexander Kennedy's six pictures were too varied in character to bring under any one category, but all showed his accustomed felicity of selection, and Mr. Gunston was singularly happy in his choice of foregrounds. The winter scenes were few but good, particularly Mr. Quincey's interesting studies of pine forests in their winter garb, Mr. Spencer's beautiful 'Charmoz and Grepon'—his solitary contribution—and an exquisite 'Chamonix' from Mr. Woolley, who also sent two very beautiful Caucasian views.

Subalpine scenes were also less numerous than usual. Pre-eminent amongst them was Mrs. Carson's 'Barque on the Lake of Geneva,' a veritable gem; Mr. Gunston's 'Visp' and Miss Margaret King's 'La Grave' were also interesting.

Mr. Bode showed some effective colour photographs taken at Pontresina and Cortina.

Mr. Sydney Spencer's work in organising and arranging the Exhibition was, as always, beyond criticism. The Club owes a special debt of gratitude this year both to him and to the contributors who supported him in very depressing circumstances.

## PRESENTATIONS TO THE ALPINE CLUB.

By Dr. C. WILSON:

The Alpine portrait album of the late William Mathews. The portraits, taken in the 'sixties, include:

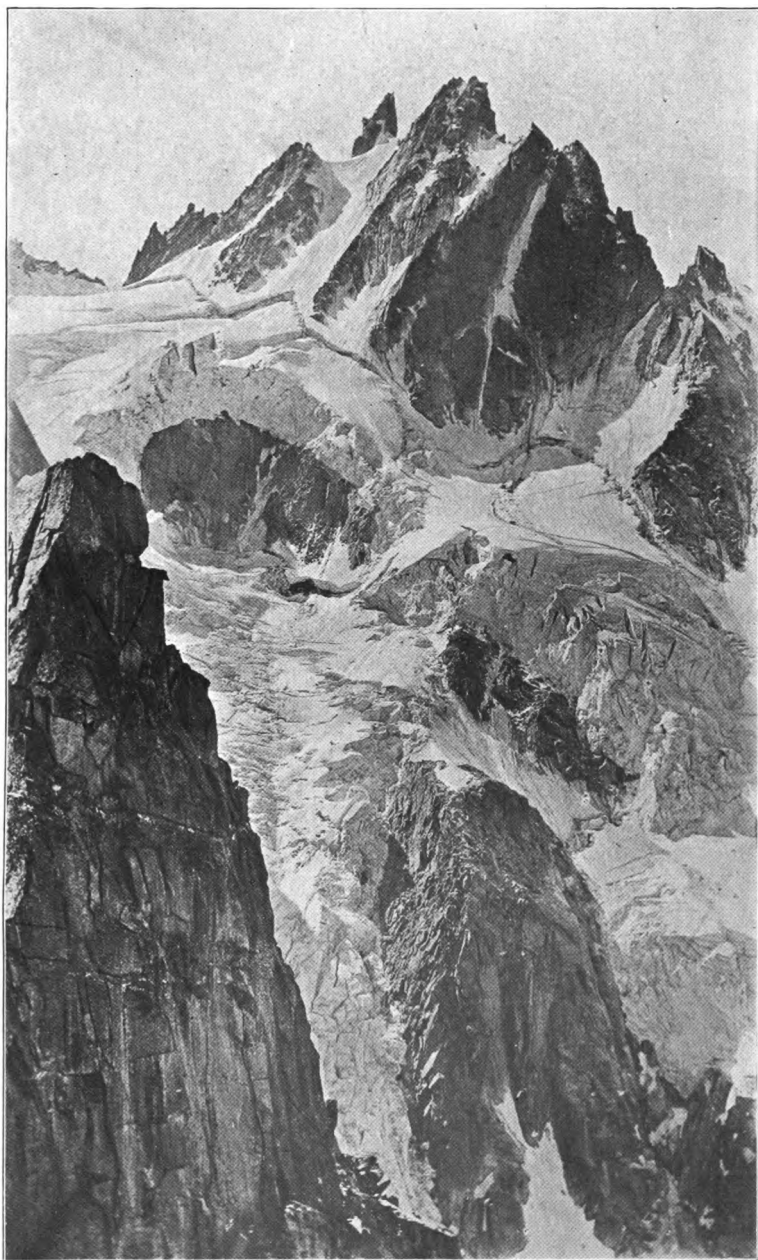
John Ball, J. J. Cowell, A. Wills, Principal Forbes, Elliot Blackstone, H. B. George (2), G. S. Mathews, C. E. Mathews (as a young man), Wm. Mathews, B. St. John Mathews, R. C. Nichols, C. B. Hutchinson, Hinchliff, Horace Walker (quite young), Macdonald, Ed. Bowling, Leslie Stephen (very early, beardless), Chanoine Carrel, Signor Sella (the minister), Moore, Hardy, Tuckett (with and without beard), R. Liveing, Adams-Reilly, P. H. Lawrence, Sedley Taylor, T. F. and E. N. Buxton, W. Longman, Whymper (probably 1864), Miss Brevoort and Tschingel, Professor Bonney (about 1865 and about 1867), E. S. Kennedy, Edward Schweitzer and the guides J. B. and Michel Croz, Bennen, A. Simond, Jean Tairraz (of Aosta).

By Dr. W. A. WILLS:

A collection of rare pamphlets on the theory of glaciers as mentioned under Ball, Tyndall, Brewster &c., in the 'Older Books' section of the 'Alpine Club Library' in the present number.

Michel Carrier's 'Notice biographique sur Jacques Balmat.' J. F. Ducros. Chansons en patois.

They are all bound up together and formed a favourite volume of his father, the late Sir Alfred Wills.

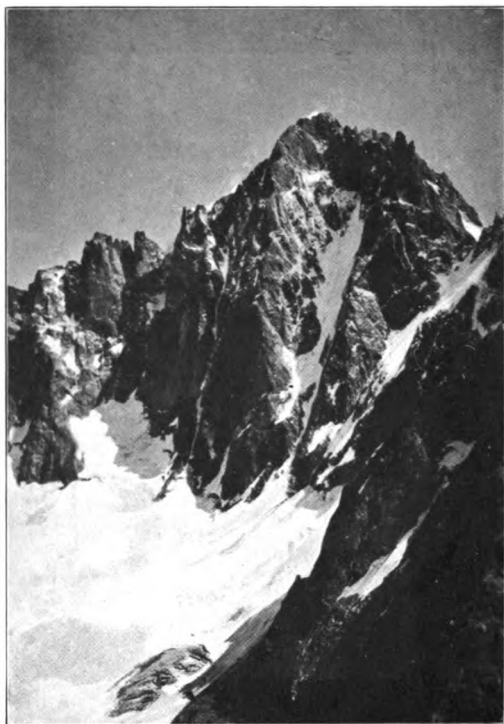


*R. S. Morrish, photo.*

*Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

LES AIGUILLES DE BLAITIÈRE.





*A. V. Valentine-Richards, photo.*

LES ECRINS AND GLACIER DE LA  
BONNE PIERRE.



*E. de Q. Quincey, photo.*

By the Rev. A. FAIRBANKS :  
Notes on Bel Alp.

By Mrs. MAYNE, sister of the late Clinton T. Dent :  
A replica of the Plaque illustrated in 'A.J.' xxx. 90.

By Mr. H. N. MATHEWS, of Aldwick, Bognor, son of the late William Mathews (per Mr. C. Myles Mathews) :  
Three original letters from William Mathews to F. J. A. Hort, dated Feb. 1, 8, and 16, 1857. These letters give interesting and detailed accounts (with pen-and-ink sketches) of a journey in the Pennines.

At the end of the first letter is the earliest suggestion of the formation of the Alpine Club, reading as follows :

'In the meantime, I want you to consider whether it would not be possible to establish an *Alpine Club*, the members of which might dine together once a year, say in London, and give each other what information they could. Each member at the close of any Alpine tour, whether in Switzerland or elsewhere, should be required to furnish to the President a short account of all the undescribed excursions he had made, with a view to the publication of an annual or biennial volume. We should thus get a good deal of useful information in a form available to the members. Alpine tourists now want to know the particulars of the following "courses" which I believe have been recently made : Finsteraarhorn, Jungfrau from Grindelwald, Altels, Galenstock, Dom, Weisshorn, Zinal Pass, Crête à Collon, and many others.'

By Mr. Wm. LEIGHTON JORDAN, F.S.S., &c. &c. (a former member of the A.C.) :

His 'Essays in illustration of the action of Astral Gravitation in Natural Phenomena' containing a chapter 'The ends of the Cordillera de los Andes.'

The best thanks of the Club are offered to the donors.

It is intended, with the portraits mentioned and a few already in the possession of the Club, to endeavour to form a collection of portraits of members and guides of the early days of mountaineering (to about 1870), and to reproduce some of them from time to time in the JOURNAL.

**Any further presentations of such portraits, or their loan for the purpose of being copied, will be much appreciated.**

**Communications may be addressed in the first place to the Hon. Secretary.**

## THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following works have been added to the Library since April:—

*Club Publications.***Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America.** Bulletin.

6 × 3½ : pp. 6.

New York, May 1916

A central bureau has been established at the New York Public Library.

The societies included are:—

American Alpine Club.

American Geographical Society.

Appalachian Mountain Club.

British Columbia Mountaineering Club.

Colorado Mountain Club.

Geographic Society of Chicago.

Geographic Society of Philadelphia.

Mazamas.

Mountaineers, Seattle.

National Geographical Society.

Prairie Club.

Sierra Club.

U.S. Department of Interior, National Parks.

**Association of British Members of the S.A.C. Reports, 1909-1916.**

Presented by Mr. J. A. B. Bruce.

**C.A.I. Firenze.** Consigli per combattere il freddo di montagna.

1915

6½ × 4½ : pp. 4.

Notes specially for the use of troops on the frontier; *see also under* Sucai.— **Sez. Ligure.** Saggio di una bibliografia scientifica della Liguria. Geografia e storia naturale. D. Antonio Frisoni.

Genova, 1916

9½ × 6½ : pp. 158.

— **Sucai.** Tendopoli. L'accampamento in montagna.

1914

6½ × 4½ : pp. 32 : ill.

— Il decalogo del soldato contro le congelazioni.

1915

6½ × 3½ : pp. 2.

Short hints for soldiers; *see also under* Firenze Section.**Kavkazskaya Gornaya Obschestva : Vyestnik.** God 1, no. 1. Pyatigorsk, 1916

8½ × 6½ : pp. 46.

**Mazamas.** Twenty-third annual outing. Three Sisters. August 6 to 20, 1916

9 × 4 : pp. 12 : ill.

**Mountain Club of South Africa.** Annual No. 19. Published by the Cape Town Section.

1916

10½ × 6½ : pp. 104 : plates.

The articles are as follows:—

J. Cooke, From Hennops River to the Crocodile River.

E. P. Phillips, Three early ascents of Table Mountain.

J. Ross, Ascent of Table Mountain 1861. Reprinted from *Cape Monthly Mag.* 1861.G. F. Travers-Jackson, New expeditions in the Hex River: Prospect Peak: Milner Peak, *via* Prospect, first ascent: Hex River to Mitchell's Pass, first passage: Zanddrift Inner Peak.

H. H. W. Pearson, The Great Karas Mountains.

R. Marloth, The Asbestos Mountains. Interesting notes on bushmen as climbers.

J. W. Fraser, Two new climbs: Spring Gully: The Zig-Zag.

- K. Cameron, Some Waaihoek climbs.  
 S. G. Ford, The derelicts of de Doorns.  
 W. C. Hallack, Waaihoek No. 1.  
 K. White, Scrambles in and around French Hoek and Wemmers Hoek.  
 A. K. Prentice, Dombo Shawe.  
 The membership of the Club numbers 347 (54 ladies), of whom 58 are on military service.
- Rocky Mountain Climbers Club.** Colorado Chautauqua Bulletin. Rocky Mountain Climbers' Club Number, vol. v, no. 7.  
 8½ × 5½: pp. 15: ill. Boulder, Colorado, May 1, 1916
- C.A.S. Chaux-de-Fonds.** Bulletin annuel no. 24.  
 8 × 5: pp. 87.
- Among the articles are :—  
 E. Courvoisier, Les Aiguilles rouges d'Arolla et de la Za. Deux jours dans la région d'Orny.
- **Davos.** Festschrift zur Feier des 25jährigen Bestehens. 911  
 9½ × 6½: pp. 32: plates.
- Soc. Escursionisti Milanesi: Le Prealpi.** Rivista della Soc. Escursionisti Milanesi e della Federazione Prealpina. Anni 13, 14. Milano, 1914, 1915  
 9½ × 6½: pp. 216: 140: plates.
- Among the contents are the following :—  
 1914. C. Manzi, Aig. du Midi s. guide per la cresta N.  
 D. Oriani, Il Resegnone.  
 M. Lavezzari, Finsteraarhorn s. guide: Mte Basodino.  
 C. Clerici, Nelle Alpi di Val Grosina.  
 L. Gobbi, Mte Leone.  
 A. O., Mt Chétif, Mt Dolent, Dent du Géant, Mt Blanc, Gdes Jorasses.  
 E. Fasana, Pta G. E. C., prima ascensione.  
 C. Fornara: Col. plate of his picture of 'Cimalmotto,' and two uncol. plates of 'Alpi' and 'Fontanella.'  
 Olga Steinbock-Fermor: Col. plate of 'Il bacio del sol alla neve.'
1915. H. B. de Saussure: Plate of ascent of Mt Blanc in which S. is in centre facing outwards and his party crossing a deep and wide crevasse on a ladder in centre background. Source of plate not given.  
 C. Manzi, Mte Antelao, cresta N.  
 L. Giannitrapani, La regione alpina d. Savoia.  
 E. Fasana, Val Porcellizzo.  
 G. Segantini, Uncol. plates of 'La Natura,' 'La Vita' and 'La Morte.'  
 E. Fasana, La capitolazione del 'Sigaro.'

*New Books and New Editions.*

- Allan, John A.** Geology of Field Map-area, B.C. and Alberta. Canada Depart. of Mines, Geol. Surv. Mem. 55. Ottawa, 1914  
 9½ × 6½: pp. vii, 312: maps, plates.
- American Geographical Society.** Memorial volume of the transcontinental excursion of 1912 of the American Geographical Society of New York.  
 10 × 6½: pp. xi, 407: maps, plates. New York, 1915
- Among the articles are the following :—  
 Pp. 231-250. E. de Martonne, Yellowstone National Park.  
 Pp. 313-327. F. Machatschek, Ein Profil durch die Sierra Nevada, mit einem Vergleich mit der Schollenstruktur in Zentralasien.
- Auer, Harry A.** Camp fires in the Yukon.  
 Cincinnati, Stewart & Kidd, 1916. \$1.75 net.  
 8½ × 5½: pp. x, 204: maps, plates.
- A well-written account of hunting bear, caribou, sheep, moose etc., with good illustrations: and advice on all necessary outfit.
- Bowman, Isaiah.** The country of the shepherds, southern Peru. In Geogr. Rev., Amer. Geogr. Soc. vol. i, no. 6. June 1916  
 10 × 6½: pp. 419-442; map, ill.

**The Geographical Journal.** Vol. xlvii: January to June 1916.

9½ × 6: pp. viii, 523: maps, ill. London, R.G.S.: Stanford, 1916.

Among the articles are the following:—

Feb. T. H. Holdich, Geographical results of the Peru-Bolivia Boundary Commission.

April. D. W. Freshfield, The summits of Olympus.

May. Aurel Stein, Expedition in Central Asia.

**Henshaw, Julia W.** Wild flowers of the North American mountains. 1915

This work mentioned in the last Journal is now published in England by McBride, Nast and Co., Rolls House, Breems Bdg, London, E.C., price 10/6

**Hutchinson, Horace G.** Edited by. Big game shooting. The 'Country Life' Library of Sport.

London, 'Country Life' etc.: New York, Scribner, 1915. 25/-  
2 vols, 9 × 5½: pp. xiv, 301: x, 356: plates.

This contains, among other articles, the following:—

1. H. Seton-Karr, Scandinavian red deer: Continental red deer.

A. Chapman, Reindeer-stalking in Norway: Norwegian elk-hunting.

R. L. Hodgson, Chamois.

C. Phillipp-Wolley, Moose: Mountain sheep: Bears.

A. S. Reed, Ovis Dalli.

C. E. Radclyffe, Bears of Alaska: Moose of Alaska.

2. C. S. Cumberland, Hints when Hunting in Asia: Sheep and goats.

**Issel, A.** Le caverna e la loro esplorazione scientifica. Genova, C.A.I., 1915  
7½ × 5: pp. 109: ill.

**Lancaster, Samuel Christopher.** The Columbia America's Great Highway through the Cascade Mountains to the Sea.

10½ × 7: pp. 140: 34 col. plates. Portland, Oregon, Lancaster, 1915. \$3.50

The plates in this work are reproduced from colour photographs. There are some fine views of the Cascade Range.

**Le Blond, Mrs. Aubrey.** Adventures on the roof of the world.

6 × 4: pp. xiii, 382: plate. London, etc., Nelson (1916). 1/-

**Lütseh, O.** Der Märjensee und seine Abflussverhältnisse. Eine hydrologische Studie unter Mitberücksichtigung hydrographischer Erscheinungen in anderen Flussgebieten. Schweizer Department d. Innern: Annalen d. Schweiz-Landeshydrographie, Bd. 1. Bern, 1915. Frs. 15

12½ × 9: pp. xx, 358: map, plates, etc.

Contains a fine set of plates of the Märjensee. The contents are:—

Eiswand d. Gr. Aletschgletschers gegen d. Märjensee. Morphometrie. Wasserstandverhältnisse. Bewegung d. Gletscherzunge. Temperaturverhältnisse. Eis- und Schneeverhältnisse. Ursache d. Ausbrüche. Bauliche Vorkehrungen gegen die Ausbrüche. Fiescherbach und Massa, etc.

A short *résumé* in French with reproduction of a number of plates appeared in the *Echo des Alpes* for June.

**Meincke, Bernhard.** Die Bergführer von Hohendorf. Volkstück in drei Akten. Zürich, Orell Füssli (1914)

8½ × 5½: pp. 86.

**Miller, Warren H.** Camp craft modern practice and equipment.

7½ × 5½: pp. xiii, 282: plates. London, Batsford (1915). 7/6

This contains many useful hints on camping, specially in North America for which the book is written.

**Muir, John.** Travels in Alaska.

Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin, 1916. \$2.50

8 × 5½: pp. xii, 328: plates.

This work was left unfinished by John Muir at his death. It records various trips from 1879 to 1892. It is charmingly written, full of delightful descriptions of nature among the glaciers and mountains of Alaska. Most of Muir's trips were taken alone and many of them in places known only by Indians or not even by them. He had a very intimate knowledge of and great affection for wild nature. In one

place in this work, he describes how he spent a very stormy night out to hear the song of the wind in the trees. He contravened all rules of caution in his solitary glacier crossings. 'Rushing on next day, I climbed to the top of the glacier by ice-steps and along its side to the grand cataract two miles wide where the whole majestic flood of the glacier pours like a mighty surging river down a steep declivity in its channel. After gazing a long time on the glorious snow, I discovered a place beneath the edge of the cataract where it flows over a hard resisting granite rib, into which I crawled and enjoyed the novel and instructive view of a glacier pouring over my head, showing not only its grinding, polishing action, but how it breaks off large angular boulder-masses—a most telling lesson in earth sculpture. . . After a few more days of exhilarating study I returned to the river-bank.'

**Rawnsley, Canon H. D.** Past and present at the English Lakes.

7½ × 5: pp. viii, 283: plates. Glasgow, MacLehose, 1916

A pleasant gossiping work on various details to be read by those interested in the scenery and associations of the Lake District.

**v. Tschudi, Iwan.** In St. Galler-Blätter, Sonntags-Beilage. No. 25. 1916

12½ × 9½: pp. 199–200: portrait.

A short account of his life and writings, especially of his 'Tourist in der Schweiz,' in commemoration of the centenary of his birth.

**United States.** Department of the Interior. Glimpses of our national parks.

9 × 5½: pp. 38. Washington, Gov. Print. Office, 1916

— Forests of Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant National Parks.

9½ × 5½: pp. 39: plates. 1916

— Forests of Mount Rainier National Park. 1916

9½ × 5½: pp. 32: plates.

— Features of the flora of Mount Rainier National Park. 1916

9½ × 5½: pp. 50: plates.

— Proceedings of the National Park Conference held at Berkeley, Cal. March 11–13, 1915. Washington, Gov. Print. Office, 1915

9 × 6: pp. 166.

**Ward, F. Kingdon.** Glacial phenomena on the Yunnan-Tibet frontier.

In Geogr. Journ. vol. xlviii, no. 1. July 1916

9½ × 6: pp. 55–67: ill.

### Older Works.

**Alpine travellers.** In Edin. Rev. vol. civ, no. 212. October 1853

8½ × 5: pp. 433–453.

— In Bentley's Quarterly. October 1853

8½ × 5½: pp. 214–243.

**The High Alps.** In Colburn's New Month. Mag. vol. cviii, no. 431.

9½ × 6: pp. 285–305. November 1856

**Ball, John.** Observations on the structure of glaciers. In Phil. Mag. London.

S. 4, no. 96, supplement to vol. xiv. 1857

8½ × 5½: pp. 481–504.

— On the formation of Alpine Lakes. In Phil. Mag. London.

8½ × 5½: pp. 14. December 1863

[**Brewster, Sir D.**] Glaciers. In N. Brit. Rev. vol. xxxi, no. 61.

8½ × 5½: pp. 89–124. August 1859

**Carrier, Michael.** Notice biographique sur Jacques Balmat, dit Mont Blanc.

8 × 5: pp. 23: portrait. Genève, Gruaz, 1854

**Ducros, Jean François.** Chansons en patois. Annecy, Théso, 1863

8 × 5½: pp. 25.

**Forbes, James D.** Illustrations of the viscous theory of glacier motion. From

Phil. Trans. pt. 2. London, Taylor, 1846

11½ × 9: pp. 143–210: plates.

— Further experiments and remarks on the measurement of heights by the boiling point of water. From Trans. Roy. Soc. Edin. vol. xxi, pt. 2.

10½ × 8½: pp. 236–243: plate. Edinburgh, Neill, 1855

- F[orbes,] J. D.** Glacier. Art. in *Encycl. Brit.* vol. x. (c. 1850)  
 $10\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 633-640.
- Remarks on a paper 'On ice and glaciers' in the last number of the  
*Phil. Mag.* In *Phil. Mag.* March 1859  
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 6.
- Reply to Professor Tyndall's remarks, in his work 'On the glaciers of the  
 Alps,' relating to Rendu's 'Théorie des glaciers.' Edinburgh, Black, 1860  
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 28.
- On glaciers. In *Good Words*, London. (c. 1862)  
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 342-349: 404-410: ill.
- Memoir of Louis Albert Necker. Edinburgh, Neill, 1863  
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 39-62.
- Glaciers and Glacier Theories.** In *Westminster Rev.* London. n.s. vol. xi, no. 2.  
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 418-444. April 1857
- Head, F. B.** Rough notes taken during some rapid journeys across the pampas  
 and among the Andes. London, Murray, 1826  
 $8 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. xii, 309.
- India.** Gt. Trigon. Survey. Report on the Trans-Himalayan explorations  
 during 1870. Drawn up by Major T. G. Montgomerie.  
 $13\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 11, map. Dehra Doon, Office G. T. Survey, 1871
- Gt. Trig. Survey, vol. vii. Descriptions and co-ordinates of the principal  
 and secondary stations of North-West Himalaya series. . . By Major-Gen.  
 J. T. Walker. Dehra Doon, Office Trig. Branch, 1879  
 $12 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. xiii, lxxiii: 293: charts.
- Payot, V.** Note sur la végétation de la région des neiges ou florule de la Vallée  
 de la Mer de Glace. Lyon, Assoc. typogr. 1868  
 $11 \times 7$ : pp. 19.
- Peaks, Passes, 1859.** La fenêtre de Salena. Trad. par Alph. Briquet. In *Bibl.*  
*Univ.* t. 7. Janvier 1860  
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 41-67.
- Tyndall, John.** On some physical properties of ice. December 17, 1857  
 $10\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 211-229: ill.
- On the Mer de Glace. Roy. Instit. London. June 4, 1858  
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 10: ill.
- Remarks on ice and glaciers. *Phil. Mag.* London. February 1859  
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 6.
- On the veined structure of glaciers. Roy. Instit. London. March 4, 1859  
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 7: ill.
- Review of 'The glaciers of the Alps.' In *The Edinburgh New Philo-*  
*sophical Journal*, n.s. vol. xii, no. 2. October 1860  
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 250-265.

## ALPINE NOTES.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE.' VOL. I. THE WESTERN ALPS.—  
 Copies of the new edition (1898) of this work can be obtained  
 from all booksellers, or from Messrs. Stanford, 12 Long Acre,  
 W.C. Price 12s. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART I.—A new  
 edition (1907) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John  
 Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised  
 on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of A. V.  
 Valentine-Richards, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, is now

ready, and can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Messrs. Stanford, 12 Long Acre, W.C. It includes those portions of Switzerland to the N. of the Rhône and Rhine valleys. Price 6s. 6d.

‘BALL’S ALPINE GUIDE,’ THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART II.—A new edition (1911) of this portion of ‘The Alpine Guide,’ by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of the Rev. George Broke, is now ready, and can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Messrs. Stanford, 12 Long Acre, W.C. It includes those Alpine portions of Switzerland, Italy, and Austria which lie S. and E. of the Rhône and Rhine, S. of the Arlberg, and W. of the Adige.’ Price 7s. 6d.

MAP OF THE VALSESIA.—Some copies of the Map issued with the ALPINE JOURNAL No. 209, and of the plates opposite pages 108 and 128 in No. 208, are available and can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, W. Price for the set (the Map mounted on cloth), 3s.

#### THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY.—

Davies, John Llewelyn (1857, *Original Member*).

Wilson, Robert Dobie (1864).

Digby, Kenelm (1867).

Esson, William (1867).

Ewbank, Lucas (1874).

Parish, John Benniworth (1876).

Whigham, Laurence Robert (1876).

Tozer, Henry Fanshawe (1879).

Murray, Edward Douglas (1910).

Todd, Oswald Erik (1910).

Dennistoun, James Robert (1912).

On Thursday, June 29, the UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD conferred the honorary degree of D.C.L. on Mr. DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD, President of the Royal Geographical Society and ex-President of the Alpine Club. The ceremony took place in the Divinity School, in presence of a large audience, as befitted the occasion. Dr. Freshfield was presented to the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors by the Public Orator, Mr. A. D. Godley (A.C.), whose introductory speech is here subjoined.

*Insignissime Vice-Cancellarie, vosque, egregii Procuratores!*

Florent apud nos studia geographica, et inter eas artes, quas curriculum nostrum complectitur, locum sibi jampridem vindicaverunt: quo magis eum honorari oportet, qui id genus notitiæ, cui nos



favemus, quantum potuit discentibus proclivius reddidit. Scilicet hic quem videtis quod ipso nomine profitetur re assecutus est, ut novum semper aliquem campum viatoribus offerre videatur: magnam enim vitae suae partem visendis quae antea fama tantum noveramus et litteris quae viderat mandando dedit; adeo ut Alpes et propiora praetermittam (quae tamen nullo modo praetermitti debent) Caucasi, Armeniae, Imai remotas regiones juvenis adiit: quid? ne nuper quidem, si modo secreta Lunae montium (sive potius Ruwenzori vocari malunt) exploraret, frigora et calores et itinerum duritiam reformidavit. Itaque illius societatis, quae nova et incognita visere cupientium et incepta adjuvat et reperta ordine disponit, primum praemiis donatus, mox Praeses electus est: quem honorem ad hunc diem obtinuit. Ceterum, cum montes potissimum semper dilexerit, neque ullius scientiae partis, quae ad montes pertineat, non sit peritissimus, Alpinae quoque illi sodalitati, quam ego maximi honoris causa nomino—omnes enim montium amantes ad hanc velut ad arcem et sacrarium communium studiorum respiciunt—per tres annos praesedit. Neque eum ad vos duco qui non ea humanitate et eo artium liberalium studio, quo nos praecipue gaudemus, sit imbutus: cujus scripta, sicut decet primum Etonae, postea inter nos educatum, non modo utilitatem verum etiam dulcedinem et Veneres habent: immo, qui tot montium jugis victor institit, idem ne Heliconae et Parnassum quidem non conscendit. Praesento igitur vobis virum et vita et ingenio maxime vobis commendatum Douglas Freshfield, e Collegio Universitatis, Artium Magistrum, Regiae Societatis Geographicae Praesidem, ut admittatur ad gradum Doctoris in Jure Civili honoris causa.

We congratulate Dr. Freshfield on a richly deserved distinction, and we welcome the action of the University, which has once more shown that it recognises the great importance of geographical studies.

THE SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY has awarded their Livingstone Gold Medal to DR. DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD.

CORRIGENDUM.—‘A.J.’ xxx. 185. Note 10, line 3 from bottom.

For *Z’Mutt* face read *Tiefenmatten* face. The *Z’Mutt* arête is the dividing line between the two faces.

NEW ZEALAND ALPINE CLUB.—This Club, founded in 1891, was for some years, owing to its more active members being widely scattered, in a quiescent state. Vigorous steps have been lately taken to revive and widen the basis of the club. The original constitution is retained, but the rules are amended and enlarged.

It will be remembered that the Club admits (1) members duly qualified by scientific or other work in the Alps; (2) subscribers, interested in the Club’s objects, but who need not be mountaineers.

The officers are :

*President* : Arthur P. Harper.

*Vice-Presidents* : G. E. Mannering, M. J. Dixon.

*Committee* : T. N. Brodrick, J. R. Dennistoun, Malcolm Ross, H. F. Wright, Dr. Inglis, Dr. Teichelmann.

*Secretary* : H. E. Radcliffe, Mines Department, Wellington.

It is intended to continue the 'New Zealand Alpine Journal.'

As already noted in our pages, several members of the new committee are on active service in Europe, and the death of one of them from wounds received in action has, unfortunately, to be chronicled in this number.

THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA held their eleventh annual camp from July 13 to 31 on Healy Creek, below Mount Bourgeau, at an altitude of about 6000 feet. A second camp, about four miles further, was made at Simpson Pass. It is a country of beautiful gem-like lakes, such as Mummy, Shadow, Haiduk, Scarab, and Egypt Lakes, while several good peaks, such as Monarch Mt., Fatigue Mt., Citadel Peak, Mt. Bourgeau, are within reach and offer fine views of Mt. Assiniboine.

The Simpson Pass Camp was actually on the Great Divide, at an altitude of 7200 feet, amid larches, in open parkland.

At the annual meeting the following officers were elected :—

*Hon. President* : Sir Edmund Walker.

*President* : J. D. Patterson (A.C.)

*Vice-Presidents* : Lt.-Col. C. H. Mitchell and Capt. W. W. Foster.

*Secretary and Librarian* : S. H. Mitchell, Sidney, B.C.

THE ASSOCIATED MOUNTAINEERING CLUBS OF NORTH AMERICA.—In accordance with a comprehensive plan for the furtherance of mountaineering and its kindred interests in America, the Councillors of the American Alpine Club recently issued invitations to the leading organisations to become associated in a Bureau of Mountaineering Clubs for the advancement of their common aims. The invitation was very generally accepted, and the Bureau has been declared operative. Another feature of the plan, recently consummated, is an arrangement with the New York Public Library whereby it becomes the custodian of the mountaineering literature and photographs of the American Alpine Club. This combination with the already extensive collection of the Library creates a centre of mountaineering information which it is believed will prove of general service.

The Clubs joining the Association are :—

The American Alpine Club.

The American Geographical Society.

The Appalachian Mountain Club.

The Colorado Mountain Club.

The Geographic Society of Chicago.  
 The Geographical Society of Philadelphia.  
 The Mazamas.  
 The Mountaineers.  
 The National Geographic Society.  
 The Prairie Club.  
 The Sierra Club.

We are requested to state that the Alpine Club of Canada has not joined the American Association as it was felt with nearly ninety of their members absent, many of whom were among the earliest and most faithful adherents of the Club, it would be improper to consider such a step without their being present to discuss it, and the Secretary of the American Alpine Club was so advised.

SCHWEIZER ALPEN-CLUB.—The published accounts to December 31, 1915,<sup>1</sup> give the following information :—

Total number of members (including 566 new members)	13,043
Total income . . . . . fcs.	73,476 = £2939

The principal items of expenditure are :—

New huts . . . . . fcs.	29,000
Repairs to huts ; furniture insurance &c.	10,559
'Alpina,' after deduction of proceeds of advertisements &c.	14,840
Jahrbuch. Not published . . . . .	
Assurance of guides . . . . .	5728
Rescue arrangements . . . . .	2825
Various subventions . . . . .	2900
Publication of guide-books . . . . .	1000
General expenses . . . . .	10,933

77,785 = £3112

THE CLUB HUTS OF THE S.A.C.—The influence of the war is shown by the following statistics of visitors when compared with the figures given in 'A.J.' xxix. 84-5 :

	1914	1915
Bétemps . . . . .	172	257 <sup>2</sup>
Schönbühl . . . . .	173 <sup>2</sup>	218 <sup>2</sup>
Bertol . . . . .	191 <sup>2</sup>	158 <sup>2</sup>
Chanrion . . . . .	89	233
Dom . . . . .	164	196
Weisshorn . . . . .	36	56

<sup>1</sup> For the previous year's accounts see p. 83.

<sup>2</sup> Included some troops.

	1914	1915
Panossière . . . . .	102	160
Orny . . . . .	251	460
Britannia . . . . .	267	322
Blümlisalp . . . . .	590	837
Mutthorn . . . . .	418	685
Concordia . . . . .	173	208
Finsteraarhorn . . . . .	83	113
Strahlegg . . . . .	174	101
Gleckstein . . . . .	98	168
Oberaarjoch . . . . .	134	97
Dollfus . . . . .	38	45
Clariden . . . . .	551	715
Boval . . . . .	1085	924
Tschierva . . . . .	786	499

The percentage of members of the S.A.C. using the huts, compared with the total number of visitors, is for the huts in the different districts as follows :

	1914	1915
Valais . . . . .	25	30
Berne and Vaud . . . . .	22	44
Schwyz and Uri . . . . .	29	26
Grisons and Ticino . . . . .	16	19 <sup>3</sup>

Most English climbers who use the Club huts take care to obtain election to the S.A.C., so as to bear a proper share of the cost and thus avoid any trespass. It is obvious that the Swiss Club has it in its power to increase very considerably its own membership and revenue by placing some further restrictions on the use of the huts by non-members, who so often crowd them unduly, to the great inconvenience and detriment of members.

THE WAGES OF GUIDES IN THE EARLY PART OF LAST CENTURY.—In 'A.J.' xxvii. 290, line 3 from bottom, the wages were given as 25 *centimes* per day. It should have read 25 *Batzen*. The Batzen was the old Swiss 10 Rappen (or 10 centime) piece, so that the guide's wage per day was 2½ francs, equal in purchasing power to about 7-7½ francs of to-day.

THE DESCENT OF THE FIESCHER GLACIER.—My note in the last JOURNAL dealt with some records in the older Alpine literature as well as with our own descent of this difficult glacier. Mr. Todhunter has had the kindness to point out to me an interesting article in the *Écho des Alpes*, 1912, p. 121 *seq.*, where M. Louis Seylaz describes the descent of this glacier by himself and two friends in 1907.

Keeping generally to the left-hand side of the glacier, they were

<sup>3</sup> Included some troops.

able to descend the first and second icefalls without much difficulty. At the point where the glacier bends sharp to the S., that is, nearly opposite 'Beim weissen Fläsch' of the Siegfried map, it becomes very much steeper and more broken. At the bend itself the dislocation is so severe that they climbed the rock promontory, surmounted by the *côte* 2213 (Siegfried) on the left or E. bank, which, however, offered very bad going (six hours from the Finsteraarhorn hut). They took once more to the glacier, which got increasingly worse. Accordingly they kept as close as possible to its left-hand edge, the bank consisting of smooth precipitous cliffs separated from the glacier by a huge crevasse. They once more managed to gain the bank, the granite slabs of which were so horribly smooth and polished and finally impossible that they were driven back to the ice, using for a bridge a huge boulder jammed in the crevasse, to gain which the delicate manoeuvre had to be adopted of letting themselves *slide* down the polished slabs to strike the upper end of their bridge (two hours).

The vertical bounding wall was soon seen to end, and ascending a scree-slope they reached a deserted chalet perched on a little plateau apparently cut off by vertical cliffs. Failing to find any issue, they took once more to the ice and traversed to the rocky promontory marked on the S. map 'Ob. Titer,' which divides the end of the glacier into two tongues.<sup>4</sup>

On its S. side this promontory descends in fine terraced pastures. Failing, however, to find the path leading down, they were forced to descend on the right the interminable slope of an old moraine.

It will be seen that this party followed generally the left or E. edge of the glacier, with several deviations on to the left bank itself, and that they took approximately ten hours from the Finsteraarhorn hut to Fiesch.

On pages 186-188 of the same volume is a letter from M. Alph. Vaucher, describing an unsuccessful attempt made in 1893 by himself and several friends to descend this same glacier. They followed at first the middle of the glacier and then its right *side*—not *bank*. When opposite the end of the Distelgrat further progress seemed so uncertain that they gave up the attempt. Retracing their steps, they gained considerable time by traversing the rough ground at the foot of the Wannehorn.

M. Vaucher points out that this classic route is fully described

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<sup>4</sup> A reference to the Dufour map, as well as to an old (1882) edition of the Siegfried, shows these tongues very plainly, as the ice formerly descended right past the promontory. The Dufour map also shows many more chalets on the banks of the glacier than the Siegfried, as though some had been allowed to fall into ruins.

In the 1912 Finsteraarhorngebiet sheet of the Siegfried map the W. tongue has disappeared and the ice has retired on that side to opposite the Stock chalets. This is the position as we found it.

in 'Tschudi,' edition of 1888, and follows the right bank at the foot of the Wannehörner. He reminds us that it formed in days gone by the regular approach to the old bivouac, the 'Rothloch,' as well as to the Oberaarjoch.

Since writing this I happened to look through G. Studer's 'Topographische Mittheilungen aus dem Alpengebirge'<sup>5</sup> (Bern, 1844), in which one seems to find always something fresh. The only known route up the Jungfrau in those days (1842) was from the S. or Aletsch side. The Märjelen huts, the starting place, were reached from Grindelwald, on the N. side of the chain, by the round-about way of the Grimsel, the Rhone and the Viescher valleys. This route was followed by Studer on his ascent in 1842, and he mentions that the Viescher glacier at that time had *advanced* quite 'half an hour' more than shown by the latest map in Desor's 'Excursions' and actually reached to just above the houses of 'Zur Brücken.' He goes on to say that he was told that one could reach the ice from the top of the great buttress 'Auf dem Titer' and then cross the W. tongue of ice to gain the path to the 'Stock' (see Siegfried) and the Märjelen huts, but he preferred to keep to the path on the W. side of the glacier leading to the 'Stock' hut. After the ascent of the Jungfrau the party determined to return to the Grimsel by the Viescher glacier and the Oberaarjoch, and Studer devotes a chapter to an animated account of this journey (August 16, 1842). Starting from the Märjelen huts, they reached the bank of the gorge at the 'Stock' huts, and after crossing a small lateral gorge (Gletschertobel) they kept entirely to the W. bank (he writes N. bank, but it is clear from the context), ascending along steep grass slopes, as the glacier itself was terribly broken and almost impassable. After three hours they came to the foot of the Trift, a sheep-alp cut off from the glacier by steep cliffs, so that when the glacier did not allow of taking to it the sheep had to be hauled by ropes up a very narrow gully, only to be climbed with difficulty, by the side of a small torrent.

They then skirted along the pastures of the Trift, above which they crossed the glacier, which gave them much trouble as they rounded the S. side of the Rothhorn, making for the Oberaarjoch, where, to their surprise, they found a little wine-cask and some charcoal belonging, as they learned afterwards, to a young climber from Basle (Herr Sulger) who was just making the ascent of the Finsteraarhorn.<sup>6</sup>

Turning to an earlier pamphlet, the well-known 'Reise auf den Jungfraugletscher von J. R. Meyer und Hieronymus Meyer im Augustmonat 1811,' we read (translated) 'it is known that in 1712

<sup>5</sup> I see John Ball, in *P.P.G.* i. 262, calls this book 'the pleasantest travelling companion in the Bernese Overland.' It is certainly a book of perennial delight.

<sup>6</sup> *A.J.* xxvii. 298-9.

some Bernese, to escape the fury of the Valaisans, fled over the Viescher glacier to Grindelwald,'<sup>7</sup> and further that 'about fifteen years ago the engineer Weiss, when engaged on the map to the order of our father, pushed on from the Oberaar glacier to the Viescher glacier with the most incredible danger to his life. He had to let himself with his companions down into the deep crevasses and then seek or make a way through. He was compelled to pass the night in the crevasses of the eternal ice and to burn everything inflammable they had with them to protect themselves from the numbing cold.'

In 1872 M. de Déchy with the Michels, after an ascent of the Finsteraarhorn from the Kastenstein, were benighted on the Viescher glacier on a wet and stormy night.

This glacier was also the scene of one of the many extraordinary feats of endurance and superb mountain craft which Ulrich Almer can show. Little Ulrich with Emil Boss left the Schwarzegg on March 8, 1887, ascended the Finsteraarhorn by way of the Agassizjoch, and descended the whole length of the Viescher glacier *during the night*, reaching Viesch at 4 A.M. next day! But which of us can conjure up any surprise at anything the redoubtable little man does?

When describing in the last number our own descent of this glacier, I should have made it clear that, save for about ten minutes' deviation on to the rocky right bank at 'In der Trift,' where the herbage is now scantier than ever, we kept religiously to the glacier throughout. Our line was generally to the right, *i.e.* toward the W. bank, and, as stated, we finally escaped at the very end of the glacier on to the right bank.

A party, including at least one good ice-man, bound for the Finsteraarhorn hut, could be certain of an adventurous day by leaving the Eggishorn early and following the Fiescher glacier all the way. There is a well-marked path by the side of the Seebach, which acts as a discharge for the Märjelen See and in 1883 that path continued, to my knowledge, as far as Beim weissen Fläsch, so that a portion of the glacier can be avoided by the weaker brethren.

The young traveller should not fail to make the slight *détour* necessary to visit the Rothloch, a cave under a big overhanging rock at the south foot of the Finsteraar-Rothhorn. There was in 1903 a stone-man on the top of the rock. It is probably one of the oldest refuges in the Oberland. A good photograph of it would be acceptable to the JOURNAL.

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<sup>7</sup> Vide 'Die Ueberschreitung des Berner Hochgebirges im Jahre 1712, von Dr. W. A. B. Coolidge,' wherein the author concludes that the allusion is to a passage of the Lötschenpass, which would not signify much, as it was paved on the Bernese side. (*Blättern für bernische Geschichte, &c.*, Bd. ix. 1913.)

This interesting classic route ought to be reopened, and I hope one of our members will very speedily furnish a further report on its present state.

J. P. FARRAR.

**LES REFUGES NAPOLEON.**—Full particulars of these are given in 'Refuges Napoléon sur les Hautes Alpes,' by Dr. Chabrand, Grenoble, 1877. The book is not, however, in the Library of the A.C.

**THE IMSENG FAMILY IN SAAS-FEE.**—The guide Abraham Imseng (born 1850), younger brother of Ferdinand, and second guide in the first ascent of the Nordend from Macugnaga, and subsequently often employed by Sir Alexander Kennedy and other Englishmen, died at Saas-Fee on June 16, 1909. Ferdinand and Abraham were cousins of Xaver Imseng, killed on the Charmoz. The old Pfarrer Imseng was not related to this family.

The family is now represented by the two sons of Abraham, viz. Abraham aged 29 and Adolf aged 24, both of whom are guides and speak English quite well. Ferdinand was unmarried.

It is interesting to note that when Hirzel-Escher made the tour of Monte Rosa by the Moro, Turlo and Théodule passes in 1822, he put up at the 'Gemeindeammann Zurbrücken' at Saas, whose cousin Franz Zurbrücken, 'a strong man of thirty-six years of age,' was taken as guide at 25 Batzen ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  old Swiss francs) per day, all found. To shorten the next day's journey the party proceeded to Zur Mäggern [Zermeiggern],  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours higher up the Valley, and slept 'in the hay barn of the hospitable peasant Peter Josef Imseng.' It is interesting to note this early mention of these well-known names of Guide families.

**PATH FROM CHANRION TO THE OTEMMIA GLACIER.**—With reference to the note 4, page 221 of the last JOURNAL, the President of the Geneva section of the S.A.C. writes to Mr. J. A. B. Bruce as follows :

'The question of paths around Chanrion will be studied on the spot this summer; it is in any case not desirable to make too direct a path from Chanrion to the Otemmia Glacier for fear of attracting smugglers over the various Cols direct to the Hut; we shall investigate a higher sheep-track which will be but slightly marked, as will also be done for the path leading to the Breney Glacier. Our colleague Mr. W. Viollier, President of the Huts Committee, who lives at Fionnay in the summer, will attend to the matter.'

**VETERAN ZERMATT GUIDES.**—Johann Marie Kronig, who made the first ascent of the Dent Blanche in 1862 with Mr. T. S. Kennedy, Mr. Wigram, and Jean Baptiste Croz, is now nearly eighty years of age, but keeps fairly well.

Another staunch veteran is Johann Marie Perrn, who was one of



the large party which made the first ascent of the Lyskamm in 1861. He is eighty-four, but is still fairly fit for his age. He remembers vividly the Matterhorn accident in 1865, as he was one of the party which recovered the bodies.

A correspondent writes from Argentière (Chamonix), dated August 24, 1916:

‘Contrary to all expectations, the season here and at Chamonix has been good for hotel-keepers. Few English visitors, as I hear it is difficult for them to get leave to go out of England. We have had some really splendid weather, but a good deal of rain too.’

CLIMBING IN SKYE IN JULY 1916.—Mr. W. H. Ellis writes:

‘I am glad you took notice of my stray remark about Skye, as there must be a good many of our members who are feeling the inability to have their usual time in Switzerland, and although it is disappointing to have to do without snow the quality of the rock climbing in Skye is so good and varied that I felt it was a very good substitute. Another advantage is that there seem to be very few of the ordinary tourists, and therefore the accommodation at Sligachan is available for more serious visitors, and it is just the right kind of hotel for climbing people. Collie knows it very well, and would, I think, be quite willing to call attention once more to the charms of Skye in a future number of the JOURNAL. A remark of that sort would come much better from him than from me, for it would carry more weight as he is so well known in connection with climbing in Skye. At the moment there is a little inconvenience in getting there because of Inverness North and West being a prohibited area without a passport, but that point can easily be met by using the West Highlands from Mallaig, and getting across in one of the steamers that call there, or telegraphing for a motor boat to come for anyone from Armadale.

‘You may not regard these remarks as worth following up, but I mention them for what they are worth.’

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## REVIEWS.

*The Canadian Alpine Journal.* Vol. vi. (1914 and 1915).

THE latest volume of the ‘Canadian Alpine Journal’ is of altogether exceptional interest, and at the present time, when we are cut off from our principal playground, we may profitably devote a little extra space to it. The special interest begins at once with the Frontispiece, which shows us for the first time the true character and dimensions of the southern face of Mount Robson, and the

Table of Contents, where we are confronted with a new departure in geographical terminology. The Mountaineering Section is split up into two comprehensive divisions, the Northern Rockies and Southern Rockies, the Selkirks and the Purcell range being included in the latter, while the former is sufficiently elastic to comprise an ascent of Mount Natazhat on the Alaskan boundary. The story of this expedition is well worth reading, for, though no actual climbing was involved, considerable difficulties in the way of transport over snow and glacier had to be overcome, and the ascent bore a decided resemblance to that of Mount St. Elias on a much smaller scale. The climbing interest of the Northern Section centres in the achievements of the Club at the Robson camp of 1913, and of course, first and foremost, in the three ascents, partial and complete, of Mount Robson itself.

Mount Robson is a remarkable peak from many points of view, and it possesses one very marked feature which must have struck everyone who is familiar with it, but which, so far as I am aware, no one has yet tried to describe for the benefit of those who are not. Other great peaks belonging to great mountain chains (as opposed to isolated masses like Kilimanjaro and Ararat) arise throughout large parts, if not the whole, of their circumference out of huge ridges, which are already far higher than the surrounding valleys. Mount Robson, thanks to the very peculiar character of the watershed at Robson Pass immediately to the north of it, contrives to come right down to the ground floor, so to speak, all the way round, except at the very narrow neck connecting it with Mount Resplendent, now known as the '9700' pass. This characteristic adds enormously to its impressiveness, and is one of the reasons why it is so difficult of access. Other reasons, also inherent in the topography of the surrounding country, for its having guarded its secrets so long and so successfully have been already referred to in this JOURNAL.<sup>1</sup> Up to July 1913, what was known of the peak, in spite of the amount of attention it had received, was surprisingly little. The audacious ascent of Mr. Kinney and Donald Phillips was made under conditions which enabled them to bring back very little precise information; the remaining possibilities of the western face had not been at all adequately realised, while, as regards the east-face route, the impression cherished by the English party when they turned back in 1909 still prevailed—that the arête, once reached, would 'provide a sure and comparatively quick connection with the summit.' It is interesting to recall here that Conrad Kain in 1911 had ascended Mount Resplendent, the one possible place for inspecting the finish of this route. True, the day was cloudy, and his companion, Byron Harman, did not secure a photograph of Robson, to which he would undoubtedly have devoted his first efforts under favourable conditions; still the confidence with which Kain confirmed the

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<sup>1</sup> *A.J.* xxviii. 357.

impression above mentioned is remarkable; he even prophesied that the ascent could be made from a camp below Robson glacier in eight hours, once the route had been established.\* (One of the 1909 party, Inderbinen or Geoffrey Hastings, had expressed precisely the same opinion, but that was before they started.)

The photograph of Mount Robson from Mount Resplendent which forms the Frontispiece to this volume was secured on July 31, 1913. One wonders whether Kain would have reconsidered his estimate if he had been there when it was taken. On that same day he left a bivouac on the Robson glacier at 4.15 with Mr. A. H. MacCarthy, now a member of our own Club, and Mr. W. W. Foster, Deputy Minister for Public Works, British Columbia. The two narratives of the expedition which followed bristle with points of interest, and it is not often that one enjoys the opportunity of reading a detailed account of a great ascent by a traveller, immediately followed by an even fuller one written by his guide.†

The summit of the Dome (8700 ft.)‡ was reached at 7.30. The Dome itself involves some climbing; the 1909 party and Dr. Coleman's party in 1908 ascended it by the steep rocks of the face, which would form a pleasant addition to the interest of an expedition of lesser magnitude, but here merely spelt a tiresome expenditure of invaluable time. Kain chose another route, which may be a quicker one, though this is not quite clear; he speaks of dangerous ice bridges. It would probably be practicable to bivouac on the western side of the '9700' pass; by this means the foot of the eastern wall could be reached considerably earlier.

The bergschrund which stopped Dr. Coleman, and gave some trouble to the English party, again proved a serious obstacle, and then came the ascent of the eastern wall, long, tedious, and difficult, mostly over snow-covered ice, with much step-cutting. The ridge was reached at 12.30, or in five hours from the Dome. (The English party were on rock most of the way to the point where they turned back, and probably travelled rather faster, but they did not reach the sky-line.) Mr. Foster at this point says that they were now committed to a descent on the other side of the mountain, as a return down the eastern wall was too dangerous to be considered. Of the other perils of this route he does not speak, but Kain remarks significantly 'I do not know whether my *Herren* contemplated with a keen alpine eye the dangers to which we were exposed from the bergschrund' (i.e. between the berg-

\* *A.J.* xxvi. 401.

† Kain wrote a short description of the ascent of Mount Robson in the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, xxviii. 35-8. In spite of the note to p. 36, I think his route was a little to the north of that of the 1909 party.

‡ Kain says 10,000-ft., which cannot be right. His times and Mr. Foster's, though they agree pretty closely, were taken by different watches; I have followed Mr. Foster throughout.

schrund and the top of the wall); and his reference to what happened in 1909 indicates that he considered that he and his companions had been exposed to similar risks.

If the party believed that their difficulties were over they were quickly undeceived. An arduous climb, full of uncertainties, followed, through snow and ice formations of novel and fantastic character, and it was 5.15 P.M. before the summit was reached, for the first and only time, for it seems to be now quite certain that Mr. Kinney and Donald Phillips did not ascend the final snow-dome.

There was no thought of adopting Kinney's route for the descent. Kain emphatically pronounces it to be the most dangerous of all, probably on the strength of examinations made in 1911. Of other possible routes westward nothing was yet known, so the party started to find their way down what lay nearest to them, the glacier-clad southern face, which they had inspected from the Fraser valley a few days before. The descent was highly sensational and is vividly depicted in Kain's paper. The night was spent on a rock ledge, and next morning, after some more hard climbing and a hazardous traverse across the bottom of the glacier ('for ten minutes we were exposed to the greatest danger'), the south-western arête was reached at 8200 feet, and thence an easy descent led down to the Grand Forks valley.

The second assault on the mountain was made on August 4 by the western arête, and may be briefly summarised as a very long rock climb of continuous but not excessive difficulty, leading to the final ice-cap, where step-cutting became necessary. The party were unfortunately obliged, in order to secure their retreat, to turn back at 6.15 P.M. with the summit in sight, four or five hundred feet above them. They spent the night at 11,000 feet in a raging storm, and did not regain their bivouac till 1.30 on the next day. The defeated climbers were Messrs. Prouty and Darling with Walter Schaufelberger, the other professional guide attached to the camp. The two latter, and Kain and MacCarthy, started again in doubtful weather on August 11, and ascended by the S.-W. arête and face. (Bivouacs in both cases were reached by the great scree terraces that overhang the Grand Forks valley.) Progress, for once, was fairly rapid, and in seven hours the party had joined the route of July 31, less than two hours from the top, so that the second route was established; but from this point they were driven back by a blizzard and two of them again had victory snatched from their grasp when it was well in sight. Poor Schaufelberger will have no chance of retrieving his defeat, for he lost his life on a ski tour in the Bernina district in the following March. It was the express object of this last expedition to make a final effort to discover a safe and reasonably quick route up, but the attempt was not wholly successful, as the ascent included a traverse of fifty yards under overhanging ice-cliffs which exposed the party to serious and quite unavoidable danger. Mr. Darling says it is possible that this danger may be

avoided, but he clearly prefers his earlier route—the only one apparently which does not at present include unjustifiable risks.

One of these two routes will probably turn out to be the 'right way up': that by the east face may possibly be safe under exceptionally favourable conditions, but this is doubtful. Kain's line of descent down the southern face, taken under stress of circumstances, seems to have nothing to recommend it, and is not likely to be repeated, but doubtless in days to come some enterprising party, with a turn for historical investigation, will try to follow in Kinney's footsteps, and it may then well happen that an improved north-western line will be worked out. One thing is certain—that Mount Robson is still removed by a very long distance from being 'an easy day for a lady.'

Four interesting articles follow which tell us all that there is to be told about Whitehorn and Mount Resplendent, the two most considerable satellites of Mount Robson. The Robson district also figures prominently in later sections: in Mr. Wheeler's account of his observations on Robson glacier; in an article on 'National Parks as an Asset,' a subject of great importance not only to future generations of Canadians, but to all persons interested in mountaineering<sup>\*</sup>; and lastly in a most interesting, though by no means exhaustive, discussion of 'Place Names in the Vicinity of the Yellowhead Pass.' There is always a fascination about place-name problems, and the form they take in the Rockies is quite distinct from those which present themselves in any other part of the world. The writer, after giving much curious information with regard to other names, sets out to prove that the name of Robson was first betowed by Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle after their memorable North-West Passage by land. I entirely concur with the Editor in thinking that his arguments are far from convincing.

At this point fall to be mentioned three more articles in the 'Miscellaneous' Section. First in order of time comes that of Donald Phillips, who during several winter trips, on one of which he was accompanied by Conrad Kain, successfully combined trapping with exploration and produced a sketch map which, though making no pretensions to severe accuracy, sheds much light on the configuration of the intricate region immediately to the north of the area surveyed by Mr. Wheeler in 1911.<sup>\*</sup> He gives a delightfully vivid and attractive picture of the country under winter conditions. Next comes a paper by Mr. S. Prescott Fay, of the American Alpine Club, who in 1912 was attracted by the spectacle of the 'Big Mountain' noticed by Dr. Collie's party in the previous year, and in 1914, travelling by way of the Sulphur, Smoky, and Porcupine rivers, reached a point within six miles of it, photographed it, and tentatively christened it 'Mount Alexander.' About the same time Miss Mary L. Jobe, accompanied by Miss Springate, of the

<sup>\*</sup> See *ante*, p. 88.

<sup>\*</sup> See map, *A.J.* xxvi. 404.

A.C.C., started with the same goal in view, under the leadership of Donald Phillips. For most of the way they followed a trail worked out by him in his previous trips, but beyond the point already reached by him the travelling became exceedingly difficult for pack-horses, and in the last stage 'back-packing' was the only possible resort. However, Miss Jobe stuck to her guns with admirable resolution, and on August 25, some ten days after Mr. Fay's departure, she and Phillips had the satisfaction of crossing two of the glaciers at the base of the great peak, and reaching a height of 8000 ft. on one of its northerly spurs. She calls it 'Mount Kitchi,' but its name has not yet been finally decided upon by the Geographical Board at Ottawa.

Returning now to the Mountaineering Section, it has already been observed that the Southern Rockies include the Selkirks and the Purcell Mountains, and indeed, except for one article on the Freshfield group, this portion of the Journal is concerned wholly with these two ranges. Three of the climbs described took place in the region immediately south of Glacier House, relatively well-trodden ground, though in fact the number of parties which have extended their operations beyond expeditions that can be compassed from Glacier by spending a single night out is still extremely small. The traverse of Mount McBean was accomplished by an active member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, starting from Van Horne Creek, which was visited by Harold Topham in his brilliant campaign in 1890; the ascents of Mount Beaver and Mount Duncan take us just beyond Topham's southern limit and carry a little farther the work described in Mr. Palmer's recent volume.<sup>7</sup> They represent the southernmost point attained by parties coming in from the north, but to the south of these peaks there stretches a region which is still unmapped and very imperfectly known, and at the present time offers the most tempting and accessible field for exploration in Canada. A rough idea of its extent may be obtained from the sketch map accompanying Dr. Longstaff's Paper in vol. iii. of the Canadian A.J., bearing in mind that Mounts Beaver and Duncan rise close to the watershed between the two rivers which also bear those names. This region has not yet been noticed in the ALPINE JOURNAL, and deserves an article to itself, but here it must suffice to say that attention was first drawn to it in recent times by Lord Grey's visit in 1908; since then some five or six parties have entered it from the valley of the Upper Columbia, all of these expeditions, except the one described by Dr. Longstaff, being devoted to the range between Horse Thief and Toby Creeks. The doings of the two latest parties are recorded in the present volume, and include the first ascents of Mount Sir Charles (c. 10,800 ft.) and the slightly higher Mount Jumbo in 1913, by Mr. Harnden and his companions, and those of Mount Farnham (over 11,000 ft.) and Farnham

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<sup>7</sup> See *A.J.* xxix. 98.

Tower in 1914 by Mr. and Mrs. MacCarthy and Conrad Kain. The conquerors of Mount Robson speak with profound respect of the difficulties and dangers of the former expedition, while Kain pronounces the latter to be the finest rock climb he has made in Canada.

Altogether, the Alpine Club of Canada is in an enviable position, for each succeeding volume of its Journal, far from bringing nearer the time when the Alps of Canada shall be exhausted, seems to be constantly opening up vistas of new worlds waiting to be conquered.

A. L. M.

*Den Norske Turist Forening's Aarbok for 1916.*

APPARENTLY there are only four mountainous countries in Europe which are not directly engaged in the great war—I do not include Portugal for obvious reasons.

Norway is naturally one of the four, and is whole-heartedly in sympathy with us though she is not even slaying Bulgarians, as in days of yore. In early Viking days very many Scandinavians served the Greek emperors in the Varanger Guard. Harald Haardraade, who ultimately was slain in the battle of Stamford Bridge in 1066 and so gained, in England, the possession of 'seven feet of room or as much longer as he was taller than other men,' was made Captain of these Guards, and in 1041 'took part in the pillaging of the rebellious Bulgarians.' In the 'Harald Haardraade Saga' he is termed 'the burner of the Bulgars.'

Ah well! It is time for me to realise that I am reviewing an Alpine Annual which treats, not of valorous deeds in ages past, but of those now being done by heroic descendants of the Vikings during the long sunny days of summer, as well as in the short dark days of winter, amongst the petrified trolls and gnomes of their rugged rock *tinder* and huge glacier *fjelde* in a country which is fully eleven hundred miles in length.

Even as I now write, in August, my thoughts wander away to a district well within the Arctic Circle where our fellow A.C. members Rubenson and Schjelderup are now carrying on their work of mountain exploration, within sight of weird-shaped mountains up which I had the luck to accompany them only four short years ago.

The 'Norske Turist Forening' has sustained a great loss by the death of its most prominent member, Dr. Yngvar Nielsen, who was called to his long rest on March 2, 1916. Members of the Alpine Club will understand what he has been to the 'Turist Forening' when I describe him as the John Ball of Norway. During the fifty years of his active tourist days he probably gained a more intimate knowledge of the innermost recesses of his native country than any other man. Dr. Nielsen was closely connected with the Christiania University from student days to those of his Professor-

ship of Geography and Ethnography. Some years ago he attended the International Geographical Congress in London as the representative of Norway.

Amongst many other valuable publications, his 'Reisehaandbog over Norge' is still invaluable. This is proved by the fact that last year the twelfth edition issued from the press. I have carried a copy of it in my pocket or elsewhere many hundred miles. Dr. Nielsen was always ready to give valuable information out of the large storehouse of his memory and experience, and I have on several occasions received letters from him with details which I could have obtained from no one else.

At the general meeting of the Turist Forening in May, the President, Hr. J. Andersen Aars, paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of one who for eighteen years filled the presidential chair, and ended his speech by saying that 'so long as the interest in Norsk tourist life and in the sport of Norsk mountaineering continues to exist in our country, all will remember the name of Dr. Yngvar Nielsen.'

As usual, the 'Aarbok' is copiously illustrated. Some views, and notably perhaps that of Langglupdalen, facing p. 123, are beautiful. In others, if I may be allowed to say so, well recognising how high a standard of book illustration has been attained during recent years by the editor of the 'Aarbok,' there is need for the photographer to study, in some measure, the art of composition. A little, indeed very often a very little, movement to the right or the left, and a wise choice of foreground, may make all the difference between success and failure. Incidentally I may add that some well-known Norsk mountaineers whose views have enriched several Aarböcker, have proved that they are as successful in producing artistic views by the aid of their cameras as they have been in establishing their fame as first-rate mountaineers.

The maps in this year's 'Aarbok' are excellent and most welcome. A distant view of Snehættan in this year's issue, as well as one in that of last year, accentuates the neglect of mountaineers in general to recognise the sport-giving potentialities afforded by the culminating point of the Dovre Fjelde, whose name has been known to us all from early childhood. Snehættan *does* possess a good side. This I sketched many years ago and once set off to test it, but was unexpectedly diverted from my object.

The interest of two papers is much increased by the insertion of quaint accompanying sketches. The one is the reproduction of the diary of a pedestrian's tour made in the year 1863. The other is a memoir of one of the most famous Norsk pioneers of mountain wanderers, Dr. Axel Christian Arbo, a distinguished botanist and an ardent student of Nature in general. His book 'Touristskizzer,' published in 1859, was the outcome of tours made by him from the years 1847 to 1855. It contained many most interesting and quaint sketches—now reproduced in the 'Aarbok'—of wild mountain scenery with which the ordinary



unadventurous tourist has only comparatively recently become acquainted.

It is pleasing to note from this year's 'Aarbok,' as well as from that of last year, that the sport of cave exploration, or of 'mountaineering reversed,' as it was aptly termed by its greatest exponent, Monsieur E. A. Martel, is likely to be taken up in earnest within the Arctic Circle in Norway. Let us trust that, in addition to the sporting side of the subject, the importance of the scientific will be fully recognised. There is no reason why, in the dry caves at any rate, the bones of the cave bear, the mammoth, and of other extinct animals, as well perhaps as of the skeletons of prehistoric man, should not be discovered at the head of Ranen Fjord. They are not, of course, likely to be found down the pot-holes nor on the banks of the subterranean streams. The cave-hunting members of the A.C., who are not a few, wish every success to those who are engaged in this fascinating sport in the far north of the country with which we are so closely connected by ties which are unbreakable.

The excellent map in the very middle of the 'Aarbok,' plus the equally excellent view of men wading the 'big river' just below the snows, must surely tempt the readers to follow in the footsteps of Captain K. Gleditsch.

Naturally ski running has provided papers well worth the reading.

The example which our fellow A.C. member, C. W. Rubenson, set by gaining his well-deserved laurels on the heights of Kabru, has been followed by another adventure-loving Scandinavian in the person of Eilert Sundt, who made an ascent to within a few feet of the summit of Aconcagua. An account of this great undertaking appears in the 'Aarbok,' but as he has also written and published one in English, a copy of which he sent to the A.C., British readers can read the details in the Alpine Club Library. It was a most plucky and a very arduous enterprise. Sundt, who was engaged on the delimitation of the frontiers between Chili, Argentina and Patagonia, now possesses a very extensive knowledge of the Andes almost throughout their entire huge length.

Hr. P. W. Barth, Vice-President of the N.T.F., contributes an 'In Memoriam' notice on the death of Dr. A. L. Faye, an early Norsk mountaineer who added the ascent of Mont Blanc to the list of his mountain achievements. Last year the 'Aarbok' contained an all too short paper written by Hr. Barth, in which was a lovely view of Uranaastind by Dr. Halvorsen. This showed clearly the pretty but almost unknown tarn into which a portion of the Uranaas glacier projects its icy foot. Few even know of the existence of this tarn. I only discovered it accidentally when reindeer stalking in 1877. It well repays a visit.

Enthusiastic cyclists should read a paper on a very remarkable cycle tour undertaken by Hans Mohr, north of Trondhjem, in which the plucky rider visited Vårdö and Vadsö, and must have astonished the Lapps and Qvæns with whom he came in contact. He probably

was equally, but less agreeably, surprised with the millions of mosquitoes which sought to devour him. Few such cycle tours have been made. Eleven hundred kilometres were covered by him. The tour occupied five weeks of sunshine, except two or three days when there was a little rain.

Some readers may think that the number of papers which deal with purely mountain adventures is smaller than usual. This may be the case, but for all that the 'Aarbok' for 1916 fully maintains its high reputation.

Undoubtedly all lovers of mountain scenery in Norway owe much to Professor Forbes, whose 'Norway and its Glaciers' may well be considered as their mountain classic. This book has led mountaineers of several nationalities to seek their pleasure and to court adventure on many a grisly peak or intricate glacier bristling with séracs. The sketches, which are singularly good, have strong persuasive power. One of them sent a party, which I had the good fortune to join, in 1912, to attempt, and to succeed in, the ascent of the grand aiguille Strandaatind.

The far North of Norway has a wonderful inspiring effect upon those who, naturally endowed with a true artistic feeling and suitable mental temperament, are really capable of a thorough appreciation both of the stern and wild, as well as of the gentle and lovely, scenes with which Nature has so lavishly enriched these high latitudes.

Amongst Norsk mountaineers none have succumbed to the spell of the North more effectually than my friends Rubenson, Tönsberg, and Schjelderup. The case of the last-named is easily proved by reading his paper in this year's 'Aarbok.' Schjelderup is the happy possessor of a copy of 'Norway and its Glaciers.' Surely the little sketch of the Qvæangstinder in his 'Forbes' led him and his plucky young wife to take their holiday in 1915 amongst those weird sky-piercing gabbro peaks? Yes! Did he not tell me four years ago that he had often looked at Forbes's sketch and felt that it was clearly his duty to ascend them? Of course he did, and I agreed with him.

Schjelderup's paper is worthy of the writer and of his subject, and is full of enthusiasm. Though they had bad weather, much was accomplished by them. The climbing apparently closely resembled that on the Coolin in Skye. The accompanying illustrations show clearly the severity of their ascents, on which loose and steep rocks needed much care to circumvent.

Later they visited the island of Hindö and climbed the higher of the two little aiguilles near the lofty Möisadlen, which some of us photographed a few years ago. Some of the interest of the ascent of the aiguille, difficult as it was, disappeared when a horrid intrusive little cairn was seen on the summit.

When the time came for them to leave the remote Lonken fjord, or 'Lunke fjord' as it was named when we were there, Schjelderup tried to telephone from somewhere—but where that 'somewhere'

is I cannot say, as there was no house at the end of the fjord a few years ago—to a merchant at Svolvær. After an hour's waiting he got on the telephone and the following conversation took place:—

'Good day, merchant; will you be so very kind as to let me have a sack for 30 kroner?' asked a mild voice.

'I bid 35,' called Schjelderup.

'Was it 30 or 35 that you said?' asked the merchant.

'I said 35 for a boat from Lonken fjord to Svolvær,' shouted Schjelderup.

'All right,' was the answer.

Amusing, no doubt, but, as an adventure, it was poor compared with that which Collie, Woolley, and some others of us had when leaving the same fjord. When in the narrowest part of the Raftsund, as our motor-boat was facing the strong current, the engine broke down. Does Collie still remember how S. pretended to fish as our gallant craft rushed stern foremost apparently on its way to destruction on the rocks? At any rate we all *do* remember how the situation was saved by the genius of 'Tommy,' who put up a sail at once and with infinitesimally short tacks took us slowly but safely through that long and narrow strait.

The 'Aarbok' contains an excellent review of 'Norsk-Fjeld Sport,' a special publication issued by members of the Norsk Tinde Klub to celebrate the Jubilee of the Turist Forening in 1914.

The reviewer has most wisely quoted at considerable length from the opening paper in the book 'Vor Sport,' in which C. W. Rubenson has most eloquently described the delights of mountaineering in a manner worthy of Leslie Stephen or C. E. Mathews. The Alpine Club have a copy in their Library.

W. C. S.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE 'HIGH LEVEL ROUTE.'

*To the Editor of the ALPINE JOURNAL.*

DEAR SIR,—I have been reminded of a fact which I ought not to have overlooked—that A. W. Moore wrote a paper, which was published in vol. v. of the ALPINE JOURNAL, entitled 'Variations on the High Level Route.' It is, naturally, quite interesting, and in the matter of enterprise goes even further than 'the friend who . . . !' He failed to find the couloir beside the Sonadon ice-fall (which had only been discovered the year before), and crossed the Col de la Maison Blanche in 13 hours from the Valsorey chalet to the Val de Bagnes. He adds: 'A stout walker, favoured by moonlight and a good state of the snow, might probably combine

the ascent of the Combin with the passage [from Mauvoisin] to St. Pierre' ! On the next day he attempted a new pass in a dense fog, but found after seven hours' not altogether easy climbing that, instead of taking him to the Val d' Hérémence, it eventually landed him in the Val de Bagnes again, at a point a mile and a half lower down than the point where he had left it !

In 1865, after making the first ascent of the Gabelhorn, he went from Zermatt to Arolla by the now familiar route of the Col de Bertol, making this pass for the first time. He found the Arolla inn in process of building, a single bedroom being ready for occupation.

By way of a new route from Arolla to Chanrion, he climbed the Zinareffian rocks, took the first ascent of the Pigne d'Arolla in his stride (he calls the mountain a 'rank impostor'—which is unkind—but admits the splendour of the view from it),—then returned to the Col de la Serpentine and descended to Chanrion, and finally, the same afternoon, crossed the Col de Fenêtre to Ollomont—18 hours' walking in all.

Some years later, to avoid the 'somewhat circuitous route of the Col de Valpelline,' he crossed the Tiefenmatten Joch (first time) and reached a point within two hours of Prarayen about noon, in ten and a half hours from Zermatt. But 'it seemed a pity to pass the afternoon in idleness,' so he crossed the glacier, climbed up some 2000 feet of rocks to the Col du Mont Brulé, and after a total of 18½ hours' walking reached Evolena.

Finally he tried for a new route from Evolena to the Val Bagnes. Things went wrong, and a walk of six hours 'resolved itself into one of nine hours and a half ; but in spite of heavy loads, intense heat, and the roughness of the way, neither Foster nor I regretted our involuntary détour. The men, however, were not pleased, and Baumann in particular could not be persuaded to admit that the day had been interesting, unless we were admirers of stones, stones, stones !' This walk ended at the Liappey Alp, and the next day he continued the route to Mauvoisin by traversing La Salle and the Mont Pleureur, and descending by the Glacier de Giétroz,—about 9½ hours.

Yours faithfully,

ALEX. B. W. KENNEDY.

The Albany,  
Aug. 7, 1916.

## THE LAUENERS.

*To the Editor of the ALPINE JOURNAL.*

SIR,—I was greatly interested to see the Führerbuch of my old guide Ulrich Lauener once more. I notice that the certificate of our 1871 journey includes the attempt on the Aig. du Géant, and fixes the date as July 22 of that year, so that the date 1872 given in my paper in the last JOURNAL requires correction.

I regret exceedingly that I have not been able to obtain Christian's Führerbuch, which would have brought to my remembrance so many more of my climbs—amongst others, what was, I believe, the first ascent of the Ochsenhorn, one of the Fiescherhörner, straight up the face looking towards Grindelwald, and finally by its N. arête ('A.J.' xiii. 268). The weather came on so foggy that we could not descend by the way of our ascent, but had to sleep at the Eggishorn, which I certainly should have avoided if I could have helped it, as I knew my wife would be waiting for me at Grindelwald with considerable anxiety. My recollection is, therefore, that our ascent was one of considerable difficulty.

I have often been asked as to which of the brothers I considered the best guide, and my reply personally is I preferred Christian, as being all round the most dependable and certainly the most lovable man. As a cragsman, however, I am disposed to think Ulrich might be a trifle the better, but when both men were so excellent it is difficult to say which was the best. Both were very tall, and had consequently long reach, and in each case the heart was in the right place. On this the success or otherwise of an expedition so much depends.

Yours faithfully,  
E. R. WHITWELL.

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## PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, London, W., on Tuesday, June 6, 1916, at 8.30 P.M., The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Pickford, President, in the Chair.

THE PRESIDENT said: I have to call the attention of the Club to the honour which the French Government has paid to Major Strutt, one of our Vice-Presidents, by conferring upon him the Croix de Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Your notice should have been called to this before, but unfortunately I was obliged to be absent from one meeting of the Club, and in my absence the Chair was taken by Major Strutt, who, for reasons no doubt satisfactory to him, did not mention it.

I must also mention that Col. A. H. Tubby, R.A.M.C., has had conferred upon him the C.M.G. in recognition of excellent work in Gallipoli done in difficult circumstances. On behalf of the Club I offer our congratulations to Major Strutt and Col. Tubby.

I am sorry to have to mention to you the death of the last of the original Members of the Club, the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, D.D., who died quite recently at the age of ninety. He was of distinction in many ways. As a classical scholar he was known most widely to the ordinary man by his translation, jointly with his friend David Vaughan, of the 'Republic' of Plato. He was a prominent

member of the school of Churchmanship represented by his friend and master, F. D. Maurice, with whom he was closely associated in the work connected with the Working Men's College and other similar institutions. For many years he was a hardworking clergyman in London, first at St. Mark's, Whitechapel, and then at Christ Church, Marylebone, and, when in 1889 he left London for the rectory of Kirkby Lonsdale, a letter was addressed to him, signed by many distinguished men of the day, regretting his going, especially as it was not 'an incident in your promotion to some such high position in the Church as would correspond to your character, experience, and power.' For some reason not easy to understand, he never obtained high preferment in the Church, and ended his clerical career at Kirkby Lonsdale, where his services in religion and education were as valuable as they had been in London. He resigned the living in 1908. He was an original Member of the Club, but resigned in 1864. He was a guest at the dinner of the Club in its fiftieth year, and rejoined it as a Member soon afterwards in 1909 and remained a Member till his death. In his earlier period of membership he was best known as having made the first ascent of the Dom in 1858 and of the Täschhorn in 1862. After that he continued to be a constant frequenter of the mountains, though he soon ceased to be a Member of the Club.

We have also lost another old Member in Mr. Lucas Ewbank, Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge, and Bursar for over thirty years. He was an enthusiastic athlete, cricketer, skater, mountaineer, fisherman, and tennis player, and it was mainly owing to him that the new Tennis Court at Cambridge was built. He joined the Club in 1874, and in his time was an active mountaineer.

I have to ask you to confirm the arrangements for the Winter Dinner which are set out in the notice of this meeting. I am afraid that this is rather an empty form. The date of the dinner was provisionally fixed in hopes that circumstances might possibly permit of its being held this year, but I am sorry to say that I see little or no hope of any such possibility. Still I ask you formally to confirm the arrangements.

Dr. Alexander Seiler has written renewing his offer of hospitality to wounded officers and to nurses. The substance of his letter is set out in the notice of this meeting, and I am sure that all Members of the Club are grateful to Dr. Seiler for his very kind offer.

The arrangements for the Winter Dinner, should it be possible to hold it, were confirmed by the Meeting.

Mr. F. W. Bourdillon then read a Paper entitled 'Gait and Style.'

A discussion followed, in which Sir Martin Conway, Sir Alexander Kennedy, and Mr. G. E. Solly took part.

Mr. D. Freshfield suggested that Mr. Bourdillon had somewhat undervalued the influence of mountains, and of the Alps in particular, on English poetry during the past 100 years. Tennyson's knowledge of the Alps was considerable. He had once been (with the

speaker) led by François Dévouassoud over the Morteratsch Glacier. The scenery of the Alpine Idyll in 'The Princess' was drawn from Lauterbrunnen, Grindelwald, and the Vale of Meyringen. The fine lines, 'The Voice and the Peak,' were written at dawn in the inn at Ponte Grande, during the tour that began at Pontresina. The Pyrenees had also inspired some of his best-known lines. Shelley's poetry was full of the mountain spirit, and both he and Coleridge wrote odes to Mont Blanc. Byron, to whom 'high mountains were a feeling,' had, besides 'Manfred,' written some noble stanzas on the Alps. Wordsworth's lines 'On crossing the Simplon Pass' were counted among his finest by Tennyson, who was fond of repeating them. Matthew Arnold had been inspired by the Lake of Thun and the Grande Chartreuse.

A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Bourdillon for his paper was proposed by the President and was carried unanimously, and Mr. Bourdillon, in returning thanks, expressed gratitude to Mr. Freshfield for his interesting comments and remarks, supplementary and corrective, on points which had necessarily been only slightly touched on in a Paper dealing with the prose description of mountains.

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WE learn, at the moment of going to press, with the greatest regret, that Miss LUCY WALKER passed away on Sunday morning, September 10, in her eighty-first year.

The In Memoriam notice will appear in the next JOURNAL.

# ANSE ALPS

Rev. Walter Weston.

FROM THE GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL, 1915



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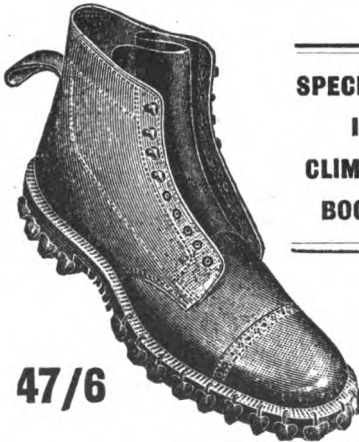
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